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PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER. III.

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MAID FROLIC OF CHARLES XII.

CHAPTER X.

THE LEAGUE AGAINST SWEDEN.

DURING the spring of 1700, the Tsar was very uneasy at receiving no favorable news

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from Constantinople, for he had made engagements to declare war upon Sweden, and he saw the favorable time passing by without being able to take advantage of it. He could not yet tell whether he might not be

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obliged to use all his forces in the South, and, at any rate, he did not wish to have two wars on his hands at the same time.

The idea of recovering for Russia the border provinces which had been seized by Sweden during the Troublous Times, and ever since retained, appears to have come into Peter's mind after his visit to Vienna, when he found that the Emperor was determined on making peace with the Turks. He saw that it would be difficult for him to make war alone against the still formidable Ottoman Empire, and now that he had used so many exertions for the purpose of creating a fleet, it was necessary for him to find a sea for it to sail upon. Although he may have felt a passing anger at his reception at Riga, it was so completely effaced by what was done for him at Brandenburg that he did not openly complain of it. In Holland the great embassy had been on the best footing with Baron Lilienroth, the Swedish ambassador at the Ryswyk Congress. The Tsar had been grateful for the three hundred cannon sent by the Swedish king, and Lefort had shown, in his correspondence with the Chancellor Oxenstjerna, the desire of his master to be on the most friendly terms with Sweden. It was not until after Peter had left Vienna, and had become intimate with the King of Poland, that he suggested his adventure at Riga as a possible cause of war. Peter was young, and felt the charm of the finished man of the world. In an outburst of enthusiasm at a supper with Count Flemming, Peter had promised Augustus to aid him against his Polish subjects if they rebelled, and in return asked his assistance to avenge himself on Sweden. It was a light and trifling talk over the wine, about which neither party thought much at the time, nor, indeed, for months. For a long time after Peter's return to Russia, he apparently had not the remotest idea of anything hostile to Sweden. After the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, Peter told of this conversation in his autograph corrections of the "Journal" of the Swedish war.

In October, 1698, there appeared at Warsaw a gentleman from Livonia, Johann Reinhold Patkul, with a plan for uniting the neighboring states in a war against Sweden. All had suffered loss to the profit of that country. Livonia, as well as Estonia and Curland, had up to the middle of the sixteenth century belonged to the Order of the Teutonic Knights. After the severe defeats inflicted on the Order by Iván the Terrible, Estonia placed herself under

the protection of Sweden, Curland became a separate duchy, the vassal of Poland, the islands of Osel and Dagö were taken by the Danes, and Livonia was united to the grand duchy of Lithuania, and in that way formed a component part of the kingdom of Poland. By a royal privilege of November, 1561, Sigismund II. (Augustus) granted to Livonia religious freedom and self-government, and guaranteed the nobility in the possession of all their estates. The attempts of the subsequent Polish kings to introduce the Polish language and laws and the Catholic religion caused great dissatisfaction in Livonia, which revolted and called in the Swedes. After a long and bloody war, the victories of Gustavus Adolphus confirmed the Swedish supremacy, and by the treaty of Oliva, Livonia, as well as the islands of Osel and Dagö, became part of Sweden, on the same conditions as they had been annexed to Poland.

The aristocracy in Sweden, which had rapidly increased in power since the death of Gustavus Adolphus, had succeeded in making itself so hated by all the other classes of the population that the Diet restored to King Charles XI. all the preceding royal, despotic, and absolute power. One of the measures taken against the nobility was the so-called "reduction," which restored to the royal domain all the crown lands which had been at different times granted to the nobles on varying tenures, and had been wrongfully treated by them as hereditary estates, sold and alienated. The measure was legally defensible, but it caused great distress, and many innocent and honest purchasers were reduced to beggary. Although, in 1678, Charles XI. had granted a charter to the Livonian nobility confirming all their rights to their estates, and expressly promising that they should not be subjected to any "reduction," yet in 1680 the "reduction" was applied in Livonia, and even to lands which had never been in the possession of the Swedish crown, but which had once belonged to the Order of the Teutonic Knights, its grand-masters, its chapters, or to the bishops and archbishops. More than five-sixths of the lands of the Livonian nobles were thus confiscated, and out of 6236 separate estates only 1021 were left in their possession, and even for those they were required to produce documentary titles dating back to 1561. Protests were made, but were disregarded by the King, who said that the "reduction" had been resolved upon as a measure necessary for



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the common weal, and that no exception could be made in favor of Livonia. The measure was unjust, and—if written charters and royal signatures mean anything—illegal; a brutal and irritated governor-general carried it out with unnecessary harshness. The Landrath Budberg and Captain Patkul were sent to Stockholm to explain and defend the privileges of the Livonian nobility, and did it with such eloquence that the King was moved, touched Patkul on the shoulder, and said: "You have spoken like an honest man for your fatherland. I thank you." But evil counselors prevailed, several high nobles were arrested, and Patkul was condemned to death on the charge of high treason. He succeeded in escaping from Stockholm, and passed several years in wandering over Europe, devoting himself to study, and, among other things, translating into French the book of Puffendorf on the duties of a man and a citizen. But he was watching for an opportunity to revenge himself, and do what he could for his native country. This opportunity he thought had come on the death of King Charles XI, when Sweden was left to the rule of a boy. Patkul was a singularly able and brilliant man, but we cannot at once admit his patriotism. He defended only the rights of his class, which included his own. That there existed in Livonia any other class besides the nobility whose rights were worth respecting, seems not to have entered his

mind any more than the mind of many nobles nowadays in the Baltic provinces, who claim an exclusive regard to their rights and privileges over the general welfare of the community. In the protest to the Swedish Government, there was no discussion of the point whether the "reduction" was or was not better for the mass of the population. All that was claimed was that it infringed on the rights of the nobility. Patkul knew that it would be impossible for the small province of Livonia to become an independent state, and if it threw off the Swedish yoke it must immediately take upon itself that of some other power. Poland was a republic of nobles, and under such rule the nobility could be sure of keeping its rights. The King, too, was a German prince who could sympathize with Germans.

It seemed to him that the misery and distress inflicted on the population by a war were of far less moment than that the nobility should be reduced from wealth to comparative poverty. Indeed, the address of the Diet at Wenden, which was drawn up by Patkul, had said this very thing, "that Livonia was reduced by the 'reduction' to such despair that if it pleased God to give them the choice of a devastating invasion of an enemy or the unendurable persecution which they were now undergoing, they would unquestionably choose the former rather than the latter misfortune." Apart from the natural feelings which make a military nobility stand up for its rights and



ULREKA ELEANORA, MOTHER OF CHARLES XII.

property, there might also have been the calculation that they would suffer on the whole less by losing their revenues for a few years, by having the houses of the peasantry destroyed, and the common people reduced to beggary, than they would if their property was entirely taken away from them, and the peasantry remained untouched.

Patkul therefore proposed to King Augus-

be the easiest of all to persuade, on account of the known hostility of the Danes to the Swedes, and especially of the dispute between the Danish king and the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, who had married the sister of the Swedish king, Charles XII., and was bound to him by ties of personal friendship. If the Elector of Brandenburg could not be persuaded to join the union, his



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tus a coalition against Sweden of Poland, Denmark, Brandenburg, and Russia, and, as an incentive to action, recalled to him that Livonia had previously belonged to the Polish crown. In his memorials given to the King, especially that of April, 1699, he explained the chances of the coalition, and the difficulties it might meet with from other powers. Denmark, he thought, would

neutrality at least could be assured by promising to aid him in his efforts to secure for himself the title of King. The Duke of Lüneberg was in the same way to be persuaded to assist them by promising to make him Elector. The assistance of Russia was in every way necessary to the success of the plan, and it was thought the Tsar might get the aid of Austria in his negotiations with



STOCKHOLM.

the Porte if he should promise the Catholic missionaries permission to travel freely through his dominions to China, and that in this way he would also get the good will of Venice and of the Pope, and especially of the influential College of the Propaganda at Rome. In making an arrangement with Russia, it was desirable that an agreement should be made for the Tsar to assist the King both with money and with troops, especially infantry, "who would be most serviceable for working in the trenches, and for receiving the enemy's shots; while the troops of the King could be preserved and used for covering the approaches." It would also be absolutely necessary "to bind the hands of the Tsar in such a way that he should not eat before our eyes the piece roasted for us, that is, should not get hold of Livonia, and should restrict himself to Ingemanland and Karelia. He should not even be allowed to attack Narva, for in that case he could threaten the center of Livonia, and take Dorpat, Reval, and the whole of Estonia almost before it could be known at Warsaw." As to other countries, Austria had too much to avenge for what she had suffered during the Thirty Years' War, and at the peace of Westphalia, to do anything to the advantage of Sweden. France would have enough on her hands, in view of the approach of a war for the Spanish succession. Although England and Holland would "doubtless make loud cries about

the harm done to their trade," they would probably not do anything. In any case, it would be best to assure them that all the hindrances to commerce which had existed in Livonia under the Swedish rule would be done away with. As further inducements, Patkul assured the King of the easy conquest of Livonia, gave him exact accounts of the fortifications of Riga, and showed him from letters that he had already formed a conspiracy in Riga itself, and was only waiting for the proper moment to act.

The King entered into Patkul's views, and agreed to the coalition and to the war. In order to cover up the secret negotiations with Denmark, he sent the Senator Galecky as ambassador to Charles XII. The greatest difficulty in the way of Augustus, was how to induce the Polish Diet to agree to the war. If the matter were discussed before the Diet, there would be great delay, and Sweden would take the alarm, and there might even be opposition and a refusal to engage in the war. If the matter were not presented to the Diet, there might be jealousy on the part of the





VIEWS IN MOSCOW.

Polish nobles, who would suspect the King of designs for aggrandizing his own family, and of taking possession of Livonia—an old Polish province—for the benefit of Saxony. Besides, there was the difficulty of getting permission for the Saxon troops to remain on Polish territory. The matter was placed before the meeting of the privy council, under the presidency of the King's friend and favorite, Flemming, and it was decided to work upon Cardinal Radziewsky, the Primate of Poland. The Cardinal hesitated, but Flemming and Patkul knew well how to overcome his scruples. After they had promised him the sum of 100,000 thalers, and given him notes for that amount, he agreed to induce the Diet, which was constantly demanding the withdrawal of the Saxon troops from Poland, to consent to seven thousand men being left in Curland, under the pretext of fortifying the port at Polangen, but in reality for attacking Riga. As an additional argument for him, he was shown a convention between the King and Patkul, as the representative of the Diet of Livonia, by which Livonia recognized the supremacy of

Augustus, and united itself forever to the Republic of Poland, preserving its internal administration, laws, and institutions. In a secret article, which was not shown to the Cardinal, the Livonian nobility agreed to recognize the sovereignty of Augustus and his successors, and to send the taxes directly to them, even in case they were no longer Kings of Poland.

To secure the entrance of Russia into the alliance, General Carlowitz, who had previously accompanied Peter from Poland on his journey home, and was much liked by him, was sent as special envoy to make a secret treaty. He was accompanied by Patkul, disguised under the name of Kindler. To prevent any rumors or any suspicious, Carlowitz took with him twelve Saxon mining engineers who had been engaged for the Russian service.

CHAPTER XI.

RUSSIA JOINS THE LEAGUE.

AFTER King Charles XII. had been declared of age and the government of Sweden had been handed over to him by his grandmother, Hedwiga Eleanora, he sent word to Moscow that he would speedily send an embassy to confirm the treaty of Cardis, as was customary on the accession of a new ruler. Knipercrona, the Swedish Resident at Moscow, was informed that the embassy would be received with pleasure if it should arrive before the end of the Carnival, because after that the Tsar was going to the south of Russia for a prolonged absence. Nothing, however, was heard of the embassy during the winter, and it was only in the middle of June, 1699, when the Tsar was with his fleet at Azof, that the Swedish ambassadors appeared on the frontier. Although Apráxin, the Voievode of Nóvgorod, gave them all facilities, they were still two months on their way to Moscow. Leo Naryshkin received them politely, but expressed his inability to understand why they should have chosen that time to come, when they must have known that the Tsar was absent, if his message had been properly delivered by the Swedish Resident. He added that the Tsar was so far off that it was impossible for them to go to him, and that they had better deliver their letters of credence to the ministry, as other envoys had done. As they were not envoys, but ambassadors come to ratify the

treaty of Cardis, and could deliver their letters to no one except His Majesty, there was nothing for them to do but to wait, and Peter did not arrive at Moscow until the 7th of October. He found there two embassies waiting for him—that of the Swedes to confirm the treaty of peace, and that of King Augustus, asking him to make war on Sweden. The Tsar was glad of the proposition of Augustus, and was perfectly ready to join in the alliance of Poland and Denmark, but on condition that he should have no open rupture with Sweden before the conclusion of peace with the Turks. He had already made a treaty of alliance and mutual aid with Denmark, but it was general in its terms and not particularly directed against Sweden. The negotiations with the Swedes went on openly at the foreign office; that with the Poles was carried on secretly at Preobrazhénsky, and none besides Peter and Carlowitz, except Golovín, the Danish minister Heins, and Shafirof, who acted as interpreter, were admitted to the secret. It was known that negotiations of some sort were going on with Carlowitz, but it was thought that they were for the purpose of concluding a treaty between the King and the Tsar in consequence of the rumored intentions of Augustus to overthrow the republic and establish an absolute monarchy in Poland. Some strength was perhaps given to this belief by the oft-repeated expression of Peter, that he loved the King of Poland as a brother, but that the Poles were good for nothing, even to the devil. The Swedes themselves apparently suspected nothing. They were received with great honor at the palace, where they gave up the presents they had brought, including, among others, a full-length portrait of King Charles XII.* In the absence of news from Turkey, it was necessary to go through the form of confirming the previous treaties with Sweden, but it was a little salve to the conscience of the Tsar that he could avoid taking an oath on the Gospels to keep them. This oath was insisted upon by the ambassadors, but was refused by the Tsar on the ground that he had already taken it when he first came to the throne, and that it was neither necessary nor customary to repeat it. In proof of this, the Russians adduced the journal of the proceedings on the occasion of the accession of Queen Christina,

* This portrait was burnt, in 1706, by a fire that destroyed the house of Prince Menshikof.



A SWEDISH QUEEN-MOTHER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

when the Tsar Michael did not repeat the oath which he had sworn once before. At the same time, complaints were made by the Russians of the treatment which the Grand Embassy and the Tsar himself had undergone at the hands of the Governor of Riga, and a demand was made for satisfaction. The ambassadors were unable to explain the affair at Riga, of which they said they had never heard, and promised to report it to the King. After many conferences, they finally agreed to accept the precedent of Queen Christina, on the faith of the Russian documents, as the Swedish

ones had been consumed in a fire, and at their farewell audience received, instead of the Tsar's oath on the Gospels, a formal letter from him to the King, confirming all the previous treaties of peace exactly the same as if he had sworn to them anew.

Nine days before this, Peter had signed a treaty with Carlowitz agreeing to make war upon Sweden. This duplicity may have been necessary, and may have formed a part of the received diplomacy of those times, but luckily in the present day sovereigns are shielded from personal moral responsibility, because they do not them-

selves personally appear in the negotiations, which are carried on by prime ministers, more or less constitutional. At that time Peter acted as his own prime minister, and took personal part in the negotiations.*

After the treaty was signed, Patkul, who had up to that time remained in the background, was presented to the Tsar and explained his plan for the conquest of Livonia, and for the concerted action of the allies. Two weeks later, Carlowitz took his departure for the Saxon army in Curland, intending to stop on the way at Riga and inspect the fortifications and defenses of the town, in order to discover their weakest places, for it had been arranged that the war was to begin on the part of the Poles by a sudden attack on Riga on Christmas-day, without any preliminary declaration of war. After Riga was taken, Carlowitz intended to return to Russia, and it was then Peter's intention to send with him his son Alexis for education in Germany. King Augustus had promised to take charge of him, and treat him as his own child. Lefort's son Henry was to join him in Dresden, and be brought up with him. The death of Carlowitz and the war put an end to these projects.

Peter now began to make serious preparations for war, and the greatest of them all was the formation of a regular army after the model of the four regiments that already existed—the Preobrazhensky, Seménovsky, Lefort, and Butýrsky. For this purpose he ordered the prelates and monasteries to send one man from every twenty-five peasant houses, and the nobles one for every thirty to fifty, according to their means, choosing especially those useless men who were not actually at work, but were hanging about the kitchens of the monasteries and the stables of the great lords. These were to be sent to Preobrazhensky in December, 1699, and January, 1700, and, in addition to this, a call was made for volunteers from Moscow, who were promised good pay. The recruits thus collected were instructed at Preobrazhensky under the personal supervision of the Tsar himself, assisted by General Ávtemon Golovin, the commander of

the guard, the brigadier Adam Weyde, and the lieutenant-colonel of the Preobrazhensky regiment, Prince Nikita Répnin, each of whom was ordered to form a division of nine regiments. General Gordon was already dead. The work of instruction went on very fast. The greatest difficulty was found with the officers, many of whom were drunken, worthless fellows, who could not even learn the use of the musket. To supply the place of those who were cashiered, many courtiers, after a little preliminary training, were enrolled as officers, and they advanced so quickly that the Tsar was delighted, and exclaimed: "Why should I spend money on foreigners when my own subjects can do as well as they?" Subsequently, nearly all the chamberlains and palace officials entered the service. The soldiers were uniformed after the pattern of the German infantry, in dark-green cloth coats, and low cocked hats, and armed with muskets and bayonets. They were taught to stand firmly side by side, to march evenly, to fire by platoons, to charge with the bayonet, to give absolute attention to the word of command, and for the least infraction of discipline were severely punished. A special commissariat was created, with Simeon Yazýkov as commissary-general, while Prince Jacob Dolgorúky was intrusted with the direction of military justice. The artillery, which was numerous and well arranged, was put under the command of Prince Alexander of Imeritia, who had studied artillery at The Hague. The articles of war were drawn up by Adam Weyde, who had thoroughly studied the organization of the Austrian army under the command of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and had taken part in the battle of the Zenta. In this way, in the course of three months, an army of 32,000 men was formed, consisting of twenty-nine regiments of infantry, two regiments of dragoons, and a special detachment at Nóvgorod. The drill and general conduct won high praise from the Saxon general, Baron Langen, in a report to King Augustus.

Toward the end of February, 1700, Peter went to Vorónezh, and busied himself about getting ready more ships for the Sea of Azof. Early in May he was able to launch his new frigate, the *Predestination*, in the presence of his son, his sister, and many boyárs, who, by command of the Tsar, were obliged to bring with them their wives. Many ladies of the German suburb were also present. While at Vorónezh, he received the news that Augustus had begun the war

* Ustríálof, who may be considered almost as the official historian of Peter, says: "Peter was not afraid either of the taunts of his contemporaries or of the judgment of posterity. Advantages gained to his country were for him higher than all other considerations, and he regarded nothing in a matter which tended to increase the greatness of his beloved Russia."

against Sweden. It had been arranged that the attack on Riga should be made on Christmas-day. The plot in Riga was ripe, the Saxon troops had been collected in Curland, close to the Livonian frontier, and yet the Swedes, and even Dahlberg, who had been so suspicious at the time of Peter's visit, apparently mistrusted nothing. But this very time had been chosen by Flemming to leave his army and to go to Saxony, to marry a lady of the famous house of Sapieha. General Paikul, who commanded the Saxon troops in his absence, knew nothing of the plot against Riga, and, however much Carlowitz tried to persuade him, refused to advance. The secret got out, and Dahlberg took such measures that any sudden attack was impossible. When Flemming returned, in February, he wrote to the King that he would immediately attack Riga, and began to move his troops on the very day on which Peter left Moscow for Vorónezh. But it was too late. All his efforts were vain, and Carlowitz was killed in an attack on Dünamünde. Flemming then went back to Warsaw, and Paikul, in spite of his proclamations, was, by the vigor of the Swedish generals, forced to retreat into Curland.

"By dissipation and inexcusable thoughtlessness, much precious time has been lost," Golovín reported to Peter.

"It is a pity," Peter replied; "but there is nothing to be done. I have not yet heard from Constantinople."

He, however, ordered Golovín to send a young engineer, Kortchmín, to Narva to buy some cannon—six, nine, and twelve pounders—that he heard were for sale, and, at the same time, to pay particular attention to the defenses and fortifications of the town, and, if possible, penetrate as far as Oréshék, "and if that be impossible, at least alongside of it. That position there is very necessary. It is the outlet from Lake Ládoga to the sea—look on the map—and very necessary to keep back the reinforcements. The child, I think, is not stupid, and can keep a secret. It is very necessary that Kniper should not find out about it, for he knows that he is well instructed."

Soon after, the news came to Moscow that the King of Denmark had begun war by invading Holstein-Gottorp with 16,000 men, and laying siege to Tönning. The time was propitious for action on Peter's part, but as yet there was nothing decisive from Constantinople. He had had no

direct reports for some time from Ukráintsef, but rumors came from all directions that the Turks were making preparations for war. These rumors disturbed Peter so much that he considered it necessary to reassure the King of Sweden as to his peaceful intentions by sending an embassy. At the end of April he therefore appointed Prince Jacob Dolgorúky, Prince Theodore Shahofský, and the scribe Domnín as ambassadors, and sent in advance Prince Andrew Hílkof to announce their arrival, and to obtain information as to the actual policy of Sweden. He was instructed to make formal inquiries against whom the King of France had concluded an alliance with Sweden, why a war had broken out between King Charles and King Augustus, why Saxon troops had attacked Riga, whether there were any Polish troops with them, and whether Sweden was at war or peace with Denmark and Brandenburg. Knipercrona, the Swedish Resident at Moscow, spoke in high terms of the members of the embassy, especially of Prince Dolgorúky, and, as an evidence of the peaceful intentions of the Tsar, reported to King Charles, on the 26th of May, as follows:

"His Tsarish Majesty, on the next day after his return from Vorónezh, visited my house, and jestingly blamed my wife for having written to her daughter at Vorónezh that Russian troops were preparing to march into Livonia, which had made a great panic among all the Swedes at Moscow. 'Your daughter,' said the Tsar, 'cried so much that I could scarcely appease her. "You foolish creature," I said to her, "do you really think that I would consent to begin an unjust war, and to break an eternal peace that I have just confirmed?"' We were all so much moved by his words that we could not refrain from tears, and when I asked him to excuse my wife, he embraced me, adding, 'Even if the King of Poland should take Riga, it would not remain in his possession. I would tear it out of his hands.'"

Prince Dolgorúky was told not to hasten, but Prince Hílkof set out for Stockholm at the end of June. He passed through Narva, inspected its fortifications, and made a report on them to the Tsar, but arrived in Sweden too late to find the King, who had already departed for the Danish war; and he was finally presented to Charles XII. in the camp before Copenhagen, at the end of August, after the conclusion of the peace. Following Hílkof, Prince Yúry Trubetzký was sent on a secret mission to Berlin to state to the Elector Frederick the intention of the Tsar to make war on Sweden as soon as he had arranged affairs with Turkey, and begging him to take part in the league on

the basis of the mutual engagement by which the Tsar and the Elector had bound themselves to assist each other. This invitation was not accepted. In July, King Augustus went in person to his army before Riga, and sent Baron Langen to Moscow to persuade the Tsar immediately to send auxiliary troops and to attack Ingria, in order to draw off the Swedes from Riga. In his letter he said: "Dear brother, I beg you to spare the bearer of this from strong drinks, because they do mortal harm to his life." Peter replied that he had no intention of injuring Langen, but that drink was evidently no novelty to him, as his gout showed. Langen was very well received, and, at his request, entirely without ceremony.

"The Tsar sent his ministers out of the room, and, with tears in his eyes, said to me in broken Dutch how grieved he was at the delay in concluding peace with Turkey, through the intrigues of the opposite party, notwithstanding that he had ordered his ambassador at Constantinople to conclude a peace or a truce in the quickest possible time, even to his own loss, so as to have his hands free to aid the allies with all his forces."

To Langen's earnest entreaties, Peter finally consented to give two-thirds of the cannon then in Smolénsk, and to send a few regiments of Little Russian Cossacks, but refused to come to an open rupture, because, although he was now sure of peace, "it was not yet signed, and the Porte had been informed by the Polish minister of the secret league, and had begun to be obstinate again as soon as it had heard of the war in the North." He said, however, that he "was waiting for a courier from hour to hour, and if he received news of peace to-day, he would move his troops against the Swedes to-morrow." Peter kept his word. On the 18th of August, the dispatch of Ukráintsef, announcing the signature of the treaty, arrived. That evening, the peace with Turkey was celebrated with "extraordinary fireworks," and on the very next day war was declared in the usual form by proclamation from the Bed-Chamber Porch, "for the many wrongful acts of the Swedish King, and especially because during the journey of His Majesty through Riga, much opposition and unpleasantness was caused to him by the inhabitants of Riga." The troops were ordered to march at once, and were put under the command of Golovín, who was created field-marshall. The same day, Peter dispatched an autograph letter to Augustus, informing him of the fact—"and we hope, by the help of God, that Your Majesty will not see other than profit."

CHAPTER XII.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

NO MORE unpropitious time for declaring war could have been chosen. The attempt of King Augustus and his Saxon troops on Riga had failed, and the King of Denmark had been awed into submission by the Swedish forces, and, on the very day that the news of the treaty with the Turks arrived at Moscow, had concluded with Charles XII. the peace of Travendal. A new and unexpected element had spoiled all the calculations of the allies. They had counted upon the youth and carelessness of the Swedish King. They were grievously disappointed.

Charles XII. of Sweden, the son of Charles XI., was born in 1682, and was therefore just ten years younger than Peter. His early years were tenderly cared for by his mother, Ulrica Eleanor, a Danish princess, whose many virtues made her beloved by all save her husband. Without being precocious, the mind of Charles was bright and active, and it was rapidly developed under the guidance of his tutor Norcopensis. His native language he neither wrote nor spoke well; German, which was then the court language of the North, he learned to speak as his mother tongue; Latin he spoke better than either, but he was only induced to learn it when told that the King of Denmark and the King of Poland habitually used it. To the study of French he always showed a repugnance, and could rarely be induced to speak it, but he understood it, read it, and enjoyed the French theater. History he studied eagerly, whether it treated of the deeds of Cæsar and Alexander, or of the Reformation and of his great predecessor, Gustavus Adolphus. He was well drilled in religion and morals, and showed a quick intelligence and much power of application, though, at the same time, great self-will and determination. His education was well begun, but the death of his mother, and then of his tutor, when he was not twelve years old, brought changes and interruptions, and it was not so carefully continued.

In his early years his health was delicate, and grief for his mother threw him into a long fever, which terminated in an attack of small-pox; but his constitution was strong, and his passion for physical sports gave him health and strength, and at the age of fourteen he was tall, slim, and wiry, and

seemed almost like a grown man. He had been put on the back of a pony at the age of four, and had even ridden at reviews of the troops. He speedily became a perfect horseman. His love of hunting developed with equal rapidity. When seven years old, he had shot a fox, and before he was twelve had killed a bear. His taste for military exercises and the art of war now took a more decided turn, and his military education was confided to General Stuart. His father delighted in the promise of the lad, and loved to take him on his hunting parties and military inspections. In this way much time was lost from study.

In April, 1697, Charles XI. died. By his will, he appointed a regency under the presidency of his mother, the Queen Hedwiga Eleanora, but fixed no time at which his son should be declared of age. By custom, the majority of Swedish princes had been fixed at the age of eighteen, but in the present case there were such disputes between the regents themselves, and among the nobles,—who were divided into Danish and French factions,—such jealousy of the nobility on the part of the other estates, such dislike to the influence of the Queen-mother, such a general appreciation of the abilities and good qualities of the young prince, and such a desire to gain his favor by being the first to please him, that little opposition was manifested to the project of declaring him of age in November of the same year, when he was just fifteen years old. The plan was matured and executed within ten hours.

Charles had given every reason for confidence. Though still a minor, he had been admitted to the meetings of the council, and had impressed every one not only by his good sense and quick decision, but by his power of silence. He had at times a gravity and determination which were far beyond his years. During the conflagration of the royal palace, shortly after his father's death, he had shown a calmness and self-restraint which were in striking contrast to the excitement and nervousness of the Queen-mother and which produced a favorable impression on every one. No sooner was he declared of age, and the sole and absolute ruler of the country, than he seemed to change. The nobles, who had counted on a mitigation of the "Reduction" edicts of Charles XI., were disappointed. The young King upheld and defended all the acts of his father. He manifested an excessive amount of self-will and obstinacy,

and made it a point of honor never to draw back from a resolution which he had once made. He at the same time showed a coldness and haughtiness in his demeanor in public which had not before been noticed. At the meetings of the council he would calmly listen for a while to the arguments and statements, and then interrupt by saying that his mind had long been made up. Once having said this he would hear no more, for his will was supreme. Some of the courtiers took advantage of this side of his character to flatter him, hoping thus to advance themselves. It was owing to this that he refused to be crowned in the ordinary way, claiming that while it was proper for elected kings to be solemnly crowned, he, as being born to the throne, had no need of it. In spite of the representations of the more conservative and moderate statesmen, in spite of the entreaties of his grandmother, the utmost that he would yield was to allow himself to be consecrated by the archbishop, in order that he might carry out the Bible injunction and be the anointed of the Lord. But the ceremony was called not the coronation but the consecration, and Charles rode to the church with his crown on his head, and refused to take the oath to govern well and justly, which, on the part of the ruler, corresponds to the oath of allegiance on the part of the subject. The superstitious found many omens for the future of the King and country; there was a violent snow-storm during the ceremony; the procession looked dismal in the black dress required by the court mourning; the King amused himself during the sermon with picking the black specks out of his robe, and, worst of all, the archbishop dropped the anointing horn, and the crown fell from the King's head and rolled upon the ground. Wise and prudent men saw more serious signs of trouble and danger in the conduct of Charles toward the Diet, in his views with regard to the coronation oath, and in the systematic way in which he tried to lower the importance of the members of the council. Too late they repented of having put themselves at the mercy of a wayward and willful youth, jealous of his own power and careless of the rights of others. Determined to show himself the supreme master, Charles constantly humiliated the old councilors and ministers by keeping them waiting for hours in the ante-rooms while he discussed affairs of state with his favorites, Piper and Wallenstedt. He transacted the weightiest affairs of state

without their knowledge or advice, convoked the Council only at rare intervals in three years, to decide questions of law, or to go through the form of signing his decisions, and even went so far as to appoint a generalissimo, to send troops out of the country, and almost to declare war, before the Council was informed or consulted.

The education of Charles was naturally at an end. What time he could spare from his duties as a ruler was devoted to military exercises and to field sports. The more dangerous the amusement, the greater attractions it had for him. He took up the idea that it was cowardly to attack beasts with fire-arms, and went bear-hunting armed with nothing but pikes and cutlasses. Soon the victory seemed to him too easily gained even in this way, and he forbade the use of cold steel as well as of fire-arms, and all were armed with strong wooden forks. The sport was to wait until the bear rose on his hind legs, catch him in the neck with the fork and throw him over backward, when the huntsmen sprang out and wound a net around his hind legs. Charles rode fast and furiously, up and down hill, through forest and stream. Frequently his horse fell with him, and he returned black and blue. Once, the snow was so deep that his horse fell upon him: he could not move, and as he had far outstripped his companions, he was nearly frozen when rescued. At another time, he rode up the side of a cliff so steep that both horse and rider fell backward, and it was considered a miracle that his life was saved. On another occasion, starting out from the palace at four o'clock in the morning, attended only by a page and a captain of his guards, he came to one of the gulfs near Stockholm, which was covered with a sheet of ice so thin from the spring rains that even foot passengers scarcely dared to trust themselves upon it. In spite of the remonstrances of his attendants, he ventured upon it, and found at the other side a clear space of water fifteen feet wide. He could not go back, plunged in, and luckily reached the shore. Finally, the old equerry, Hord, summoned up courage to remonstrate with him, and told him that God had saved his life twice in such dangers, and would be excused if, the third time, He did not interpose. "God has created beasts for the service of men, but not to help them break their own necks." In winter he amused himself with sledging parties of the most dangerous character. Sometimes the sledges were fastened

together in a long file, and the horses were then whipped to the top of their speed down the steep hills. Once, Charles found a peasant's sledge laden with wood, and with two or three companions mounted it, and set off down a steep which had been made like glass with several coats of ice. It was impossible to steer the sledge, and they came up against a heavy stake at the bottom. His companions were severely injured; he remained unhurt.

The military sports were, if possible, still more dangerous. As under Peter's direction in Russia, the sham fights in Sweden were carried on with pasteboard hand-grenades, and frequently cost many lives. In taking a snow intrenchment, the King had his clothes nearly torn off him, and many others were seriously injured. Sometimes there were sea-fights of a peculiar character. The boats were armed with fire-engines, and the crews with large squirts with which they fought. On one occasion, Arvid Horn, one of Charles's great friends, stripped himself to his shirt, rowed away from his yacht in a small-boat, and attacked the King and his suite. He was repelled with such vigor that his boat soon filled with water, and began to sink. Jumping out, Horn swam once around the yacht. Charles at last asked him if swimming were difficult. "No," said Horn, "if one is not afraid," at which the King immediately jumped into the water, but found that courage did not make up for want of skill, and would have drowned had not Horn caught him by the clothes and brought him a long distance to land. Another day, the guards were divided into two parties, led by Charles and Horn. The horses were not allowed to be saddled, and the men were armed with nothing but stout hazel sticks. No one was spared. The blows given by Horn were so vigorous that Charles, in a moment of excitement, aimed a blow at his face, and hit a boil on his cheek. Horn fell fainting to the ground, and the pain and the heat combined threw him into a violent fever, which nearly cost him his life. Charles repented, frequently visited him, and gave him two thousand thalers for his cure, promising to repeat the prescription as often as he was again wounded. All this Charles did, not for amusement alone, but in order to harden and inure himself to the fatigues of real war. He would frequently rise from bed, and sleep the rest of the night half-naked on the bare floor. One December, he slept three consecutive nights without un-

dressing, on the hay in the stables. Nothing annoyed him so much as his delicate skin and fair complexion. He used every means to get sunburned, so as to appear manly, and took a childish pride in some pock-marks on his face. He dressed simply; he wore a wig until his first campaign in Denmark, when he threw it aside forever. He ate but little, and always plain and coarse dishes. Wine he gave up after finding its effects too strong for his self-control.

Cold of temperament, of love Charles knew nothing, and cared little for the society of ladies. Six princesses sought his hand in vain, and the very mention of marriage distressed him.

The freaks of Charles, even when not dangerous, were disagreeable to those about him. Their worst point was reached during the visit of his cousin Frederick III., Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, who came to Stockholm in 1698 to marry the Princess Hedwiga Sophia. The Duke was as foolhardy as his brother-in-law, and soon acquired great influence over him. Then began what was called the "Gottorp Fury." They rode races till they had broken down several horses; they coursed a hare in the parliament-house; for days they practiced on beheading sheep in order to see which had the greater force of hand, and the greater knack with the sword—all this, too, in the private apartments of the palace, till the floors and staircases were running with blood. This was to the great astonishment of the passers-by, for the bleeding heads were thrown out of the windows.* They sallied into the streets at night, and broke the windows of the peaceful citizens. In broad daylight they made cavalades from the palace with no costume save their shirts, and with drawn sabers in their hands. They jerked off the hats and wigs of all who came near them. At dinner, when they had tired of snapping cherry-stones into the faces of the privy-councilors, they would knock the dishes out of the servants' hands, and then break all the furniture and throw the fragments through the closed windows, carrying glass and frame with them. They broke all the benches in the

palace chapel, so that the congregation had to hear service standing. Fortunately, the Duke was unable to lead Charles to acts of immorality. The people began to murmur. They accused the Duke of wishing to bring the King to his death, in order that, as the next heir, he might inherit the crown. Things got to such a pass that, on one Sunday morning, three clergymen preached on the same text: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." This remonstrance seemed to affect Charles, who was sincerely pious. When the Duke went away he entirely changed his manner of life, became quiet and reflective, and devoted himself with renewed ardor to his duties as a ruler.

A year later, in consequence of his war with Denmark, the Duke came again to Stockholm. The follies of the preceding year were not repeated, but in their turn were masquerades, balls, and festivities of all sorts. The court of Stockholm, renewing the traditions of the reign of Christina, became suddenly the most brilliant in Europe, except that of Louis XIV., and, of course, at enormous expense. There were balls which cost forty thousand thalers each, given with so much elegance that foreigners declared they were unsurpassed in Paris. A French company played the works of Molière, Corneille, and Racine during the whole winter, and the King was nearly always a spectator. There were processions of masks through the streets, which were covered with blue cloth. All the lords and gentlemen followed the example of the court, not even excepting the clergy. The pastor of the great city church, Iser, gave such a sumptuous dinner that every one went home with the headache. The King took no part in the drunken bouts, but danced sometimes until nine or ten o'clock in the morning, which necessitated several changes of clothes. Tessin, who arranged the court festivities with such taste, was rewarded with a title of nobility, and frequently went home with his pockets stuffed with gold by an unseen hand. Again this manner of life was broken by a sermon. When the court clergy did not dare to speak, Svedberg persuaded the palace chaplain to let him occupy his pulpit, and delivered a thundering sermon against the project of having a masked ball on a Sunday evening. The ball was given up. Just then came the news of the invasion of Livonia by Augustus, and the festivities were forever at an end.

* It is impossible to avoid comparing the occupations and amusements of the three strong men of that time: Charles riding horses to death and beheading sheep and bullocks; Augustus the Strong, with his 260 illegitimate children, straightening horseshoes and rolling up silver plates with one hand; Peter hammering out iron bars, filling fireworks, and building ships.

This intelligence arrived when Charles was hunting bears at his favorite country-seat of Kungsör. It seemed to make little impression on him at the time, for he turned to the French ambassador, and smilingly said: "We will make King Augustus go back by the way he came," and the sport continued. When it was over, Charles returned to Stockholm, looking firm and severe. He said to the assembled Council: "I have resolved never to begin an unjust war, but also never to end a just one without overcoming my enemy"; and on another occasion: "It is curious that both my cousins" (for Augustus as well as King Frederick IV. of Denmark was cousin to Charles) "wish to make war on me. Let it be! But King Augustus has broken his word. Our cause is then just, and God will help us. I intend first to finish with one, and then I will talk with the other."

Military preparations were pushed on with great vigor both by land and sea. The clergy and the civil officials were each ordered to furnish a regiment of dragoons, the burghers of Stockholm a regiment of infantry. A few of the higher nobility followed the old custom of arming single companies. The fleet in Karlskrona was fitted for sea, and all the vessels in Stockholm were seized on behalf of the Government for the transport service. The financial difficulty was the greatest. There was no money. Charles XI. had collected a large treasure for military purposes, and had left more than four and a half millions of thalers. All this Charles XII. had spent in two years by the extravagance of his court, by his lavish generosity to the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, to his friends and favorites, and even to families of the nobility who had been impoverished by the "Reduction." Even all the plate in the "Elephant Vault" had been melted down. During the "Gottorp Fury," Charles had spent twenty thousand thalers of pocket-money in four days, and no one knew what had become of it. Besides large sums which he gave openly as presents, he had a habit, in order to escape thanks, of secretly filling with money the pockets of his favorites. A chest filled with jewels, which had stood for years in the "Elephant Vault," was brought to Charles's bed-chamber and was speedily emptied. There had been left in the military chests of the fortresses and regiments, by the economy of Charles XI., savings to the amount of six hundred and seventy thousand thalers. Great sums had been

taken even from this. Not enough remained in the treasury of the state to pay all the expenses of his sister's marriage, and Charles wished to raise a loan by pledging Pomerania or Bremen. Now that money was still more necessary for war, it became imperative to re-impose the war tax, which had been abolished by Charles XI. This brought in a million thalers, but as it was insufficient, the King called for voluntary contributions. Piper, Wrede, and Stenbock gave among them twenty thousand thalers, though this example found few followers. The citizens of Stockholm contributed thirty thousand thalers. In order to excite enthusiasm among the nobility, Charles finally decided to cancel any further proceedings under the "Reduction" laws of his father. This important edict was signed on the 23d of April, 1700, and on the same evening the King took leave of his grandmother and his sisters, in order, as he said, to go for some time to Kungsör. In the night, he quietly left the palace, and turned southward. He never again saw Stockholm, his grandmother, or his elder sister.

There would have been no need of a war with Denmark had it not been that Charles had promised the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, when he came to him for protection in 1699, that he would right him, even though it cost him his crown. This agreement was greatly blamed by all the King's counselors, but too late—the King's word had been given. Every one disliked the Holstein-Gottorp family, and all feared the cost of a war. What the disputes were between Denmark and Holstein-Gottorp it is difficult and unnecessary to explain. The King of Denmark knew that the forts in Slesvig were occupied by Swedish garrisons, and he knew, too, the Swedish threats of interference in case he attacked the Duke. Nevertheless, in conjunction with Poland and Russia, he had resolved to run the risk.

Now that war was come, in consequence of Charles's rash promise, it was certainly wiser to finish with Denmark, the nearer and more dangerous foe, before attacking King Augustus. After leaving Stockholm, Charles made a hasty journey through the southern provinces, to assure himself of the military preparations. The fleet immediately set sail and occupied the sound in connection with the fleets of England and Holland, who had also guaranteed the peace between Denmark and Holstein. Charles resolved now to cross over to Zealand, and



PATKUL.

make an attack on Copenhagen while the Danish King was occupied with the siege of Tönning. This plan was successful. With six thousand men, which were all the troops at that time collected at Malmö, Charles crossed the straits on the 3d of August, 1700, waded ashore at the head of his men, under the enemy's fire, and secured a firm position between Copenhagen and Elsinore. The next day was stormy, and had the troops and militia of Copenhagen attacked the Swedes, they might have given them a severe check. But the time passed, and, on the next day, which was clear, seven to eight thousand more men crossed, and made the force of Charles too large for the little Danish army to resist. The assault on Tönning by the Danish troops was unsuccessful, and the King hastened back to protect his capital. He saw himself powerless, and signed a peace at Travendal, on the 18th of August, in which he agreed to recognize the sovereignty of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, and to pay him a war indemnity of two hundred and sixty thousand thalers. In two weeks from the crossing of the straits, this almost bloodless war was over. Charles for a moment thought of carrying on an independent war on his own account against the Danes; but for once—the last time if not the first time of his life—he listened to good counsel and desisted. He won more fame by this than he would have done by taking Copenhagen. By the manner in which he had treated them he had already secured the respect

and esteem of the population of Zealand (who still remembered his mother with affection). He recrossed the sound to Sweden on the 2d of September.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF NARVA.

The great object of Peter in making war upon Sweden was to obtain possession of the provinces of Ingria and Karelia on the Finnish gulf, which had once belonged to Russia, but had been seized by Sweden during the Troublous Times. Ingria, or, as the Swedes called it, Ingermanland, known in the old Russian chronicles as the land of Izhóra, was a comparatively narrow strip of country extending along the southern coast of the gulf from the Neva to the Naróva. Karelia included the country between the gulf and Lake Ládoga, as far as Kexholm and Viborg. The possession of this region would give to Russia the river Neva, and, besides the possibility of having a sea-port, would furnish Nóvgorod with free access to the Baltic by the way of the river Vólkhof, Lake Ládoga, and the Neva, and would also enable an easy communication, for the most part by water, to be made between the Gulf of Finland and Archangel. The annexation of Narva, the frontier fortress of Esthonia, was not included in Peter's plans, but he believed, especially at the time when war was declared, that the surest way for him to secure the coveted territory was to attack and capture Narva, by which means the communications of Livonia and Esthonia with the Neva would be entirely cut off. Near Narva the Russian boundary was only about twenty miles from the sea.

The orders to march on Narva were much to the distaste of Patkul, and of Baron Langen, the envoy of King Augustus. Langen wished these provinces to come to his master; Patkul, as a Livonian, did not wish his country to be conquered by any one, especially by the Russians, and hoped that, as the result of the war, it would gain a position of semi-independence.

The command-in-chief of the troops was given to Theodore Golovin, admiral and ambassador, now created field-marshall, and who was actually as Minister of Foreign Affairs. There were three divisions, respectively under Ávtemon Golovín, Adam Weyde, and Nikita Répnin. Altogether, including a force of Cossacks, 63,520 men

were assigned to this expedition. The Tsar himself, as an officer of the Preobrazhensky regiment, accompanied the advance. At Tver, he received a message from Augustus, that King Charles with eighteen thousand men would soon land at Pernau, from which he would be within striking distance both of Narva and Riga. The news was premature, but it caused Peter great perplexity, because, if true, it meant that the Danes had been beaten, and that the Swedes had finished with one ally and were free to deal with the others. Orders were given to stop the advance, but as Peter became convinced by the examination of prisoners that the garrison of Narva was small, and that no troops had yet arrived from Sweden, he resolved to prosecute the war, and arrived at Narva on the 4th of October. With the assistance of General Hallart, who had been sent by King Augustus, he immediately began preparations for a siege. Peter now found that, even although he had begun the war late, he had not made sufficient preparations for it. The roads were in a fearful state, and every one who knows what a Russian road is now can imagine what they were in a rainy autumn, when *chaussées* were unknown. The means of transport were utterly insufficient. No provisions had been made except to seize the horses and carts in the towns and villages through which the troops passed. There was no artillery harness, the carts were all bad, and the horses broke down with the bad roads and the heavy service. Peter kept sending urgent summonses from his camp before Narva, and Golovin did his utmost to hurry them on, but it was not until October 29th that the troops from Moscow and Nóvgorod arrived, suffering from cold, hunger, and exposure. The division of Répnin, which had come from the Volga country, was far behind, and the Cossacks did not make their appearance. In all, there were rather less than forty thousand men.

Narva (called also in old Russian chronicles *Rugodiv*), which was built by the Danes in the thirteenth century, on the right bank of the river Naróva, eight miles from its mouth, was then a sea-port of considerable importance for the trade coming from Nóvgorod and Pskof. In the flourishing times of the Hanseatic League it was not unknown, but it suffered so terribly from the frequent border wars that its trade at that time received no great development. The city was surrounded by a stout wall, consisting, on the land side, of six bastions,

built of earth and partly faced with stone, and of a wall and three bastions of stone on the river side. At the southern end, on a half-detached hill, was the citadel, with its old tower, still known as *Der lange Hermann*. Connected by a good stone bridge was the old and still picturesque castle of Ivángorod, built by the Russians in 1492 to overawe Narva, but at this time forming part of the defenses of the town. The fortress was well armed, but the garrison, under the command of Rudolph Horn, was small, consisting of thirteen hundred infantry, two hundred cavalry, and about four hundred armed citizens. In appearance, Narva was like many an old German town, and even now, from the public garden, the old brick gables rising above the trees and walls have a picturesque and thoroughly un-Russian air. The political and social importance of Narva has now diminished, but the foreign trade is still not inconsiderable, and the rapids of the Naróva, just above the town, furnish water-power for large cloth and linen factories.

The Russian line of circumvallation, which was entirely on the left or western side of the river, extended from near the



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rapids above the town—about where the factories are now situated—to the village of Vepsa-kylä, two miles below the city walls. In all it was about seven miles in length. Earthworks were also thrown up opposite

the castle of Ivángorod. The lines were laid out under the personal supervision of the Tsar, who took up his quarters near Vepsa-kylä, on the little grassy island of Kamperholm, which, from changes in the river's current, has long since disappeared. At Kamperholm the river was crossed by a bridge; here was the nucleus of the Russian camp, and here were the stores and ammunitions concentrated. The artillery at last arrived, and was put into position, and on the 31st of October the bombardment began from eight batteries on the Narva side, and also from the trenches in front of Ivángorod. The artillery fire continued day and night for two weeks without success. The constant sorties of the Swedes troubled the Russians, and the gun-carriages were so badly made, or so injured by transportation, that they usually fell to pieces after three or four discharges. The powder also was bad. On the 17th of November, it was found that there was not sufficient ammunition to carry on the bombardment from the new breach batteries for even twenty-four hours. It was necessary, therefore, to stand still until new supplies arrived. At the same time, information was received that King Augustus had retired from before Riga, and had shut himself up in Kokenhusen, and that Charles XII. had landed at Pernau with an army magnified by rumor to thirty-two thousand men. Sheremetiéf had been sent to Wesenberg, eighty miles west of Narva on the road to Reval, with a force of five thousand irregular cavalry, to observe the Swedish movements. At Purtis, he had a meeting with the enemy, and got a slight advantage, taking a few prisoners. After ravaging and burning the country, he wisely retreated to Pyhäjörgi, a strong pass, capable of easy defense, and blocking the only road to Narva. This pass Sheremetiéf desired to fortify, but the Tsar, who did not fully appreciate the situation, rejected the advice, blamed the retreat as well as the devastation of the country, and sent Sheremetiéf back toward Wesenberg. Instead of occupying Pyhäjörgi in force, it was decided to fortify the Russian camp on the land side against an attack by the Swedes, and meanwhile vigorously prosecute the siege. Two assaults were attempted on Ivángorod, but as no breaches had been made in the wall, they were easily repulsed.

As the first siege of Azof was marked by an act of treachery, so, now, Hummert, an Estonian by birth, an officer who had

been much favored and liked by Peter, and who had recently been promoted to be major of the Preobrazhensky regiment, went over to the enemy. He had left a wife and children in Moscow, and it was for a time thought that he had been killed or taken prisoner, and a message was sent to the town to treat him well, under threat of reprisals. Soon it was found out that he had deserted. Subsequently, Hummert, pretending that he had gone to Narva as a spy, with the design of aiding the Russians, wrote to the Tsar several letters, asking for money, and giving counsels about carrying on the war, and criticisms on the siege. He ascribed the failure to the want of discipline, to the unwillingness of the Russian officers to work and to obey orders, and to bad generalship. Hummert's letters were unanswered, and the only revenge of Peter was to hang him in effigy before the house he had given him in Moscow, of which his wife remained in undisturbed possession. The suspicious Swedes hanged him in reality. The desertion of Hummert caused a general panic. The troops in the trenches were strengthened against a sortie, and the Tsar was begged to take safer quarters.

On the 28th of November, Peter left the army and went to Nóvgorod, partly in order to hurry up the ammunition and reinforcements,—for everything moved faster when he put his hand to the wheel,—and partly to have an interview with King Augustus and decide on the future conduct of the war. He showed, at other times, proofs enough of his personal bravery to refute the charge of cowardice brought against him by his enemies, even though we remember his ignominious flight to Tróitsa in 1689. The conduct of Augustus in withdrawing from Riga seemed suspicious to him, and he had already sent Prince Gregory Dolgorúky to the Saxon camp to find out what was really going on, and whether there was any talk of overtures of peace, and to arrange an interview for him with the King. Baron Langen, in writing to the King on the very day of the Tsar's departure, presses him to appoint a place for an interview, as he could easily go from Warsaw to the Dúna in four days. The Tsar would start as soon as the courier returned. He, Langen, would go to Mitau during the Tsar's absence. All this seemed to show, not fear, but over-confidence. With the slowness of the Russian operations, neither Peter nor those about him appreciated the rapidity of the Swedish

movements under Charles, nor really understood the danger. It was expected that the siege would be still going on when Peter should return.

The Tsar took with him the field-marshall Golovin, who, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was necessary to conduct the negotiations with Augustus, and especially with Poland. Peter still had hopes of drawing the Republic into the war. The command of the army was intrusted to the Duke de Crôy. Charles Eugene, Duke de Crôy, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Margrave, Baron, and Lord of many lands, had served with distinction for fifteen years in the Austrian wars against the Turks, and had risen to be field-marshall and commander-in-chief. Having been for some reason relieved of his command, and crying out against Austrian ingratitude, he presented himself to the Tsar in Amsterdam in 1698. No arrangement was made with him at the time, and the Duke entered the service of King Augustus, and was sent by him to the Tsar just before the siege of Narva. Peter was pleased with him, took him to Narva, and had the intention of appointing him commander-in-chief, but the execution of the project was delayed. He was only forty-nine years old, and certainly had greater military knowledge and experience than any officer of the Russian army. Had he been appointed sooner, he might have served the Tsar in good stead, but it was now too late.* The Duke himself saw this, and pleaded his ignorance of the language and his want of acquaintance with the officers as reasons for refusing. He at last consented, and Peter gave him written instructions with absolute power over the whole army. In these instructions he was ordered to wait for the arrival of the ammunition before beginning the attack, and meanwhile to keep a sharp lookout for the approach of the Swedes, and prevent them from relieving the town. Langen, in writing to the King, said: "I hope when the Duke de Crôy shall have the absolute command that our affairs will take quite another turn, for he has no more wine or brandy; and being therefore deprived of his element, he will doubtless double his assaults to get nearer to the cellar of the commandant." Evidently, no one in the least expected what

a surprise was in store for them all in only a few hours' time.

Charles, after his return from Denmark, was in the south of Sweden, pressing the preparations for the expedition to Livonia, when he received the news of the appearance of the Russian troops before Narva. This made him still more anxious to start, and he was so busy that he would not even see the court, which was in the neighboring town of Christianstad, saying that he had no time to receive ladies. A private letter from Karlshamn, written about this time, gives us a notion of the feelings of the King:

"We had the hope that His Majesty would return to Stockholm, but he is resolved to go to Livonia, cost what it may. That the King has acted as though he would return to Stockholm has been in order to deceive, and especially to keep the French and Brandenburg ambassadors from coming here. For he tries to avoid meeting these gentlemen, in order not to be obliged to listen to proposals of peace, which, it is said, they are commissioned to place before him. He wishes, at any price, to fight with King Augustus, and is annoyed at anything which seems likely to hinder his doing this. One evening, as he was just about getting into bed, Count Polus came and said that important intelligence had come, which needed to be immediately communicated to him. The King turned hastily toward Polus, and made him one bow after another until, in this way, he had complimented him out of the door. He was afraid that Polus and Akerhjelm, in their reports, might let fall some words about peace and arrangement, and carried this so far that those gentlemen could never get his signature to the papers they had to send, unless when Piper sometimes came to their aid."

The whole preparations for the new war lasted less than six weeks, and, leaving Karlskrona on the 11th of October, after spurning all appeals for delay on account of the stormy season, Charles arrived at Pernau, in the Gulf of Riga, on the 16th, having suffered severely from sea-sickness on the journey. Some of the troops landed at Pernau, and others were driven, by stress of weather, to Reval,—about eight thousand in all. The fleet returned to Sweden for four thousand more men and the rest of the artillery. The first intention of Charles was to attack Augustus, but he soon received the news that the Saxons had given up the

* On hearing of the death of the Duke in 1702, Peter said: "If I had given him the command of my camp fourteen days sooner, I should not have suffered the defeat of Narva."

siege of Riga, and had retired into winter quarters at Kokenhusen. Time was necessary for the arrival of all the troops, and for obtaining accurate information of the position and movements of the enemy; but on the 15th of November Charles was able to set out from Reval, and on the 23d began the march from Wesenberg. The troops were allowed to take no baggage except their knapsacks, and in spite of the cold, the swamps, the bad food, and the difficulties of the march, reached Pyhäjörgi in four days.

The pass was not fortified, and the troops of Sheremetiéf were quickly driven back toward Narva. The strong pass of Silamäggi was also left without defense, and on the morning after Peter's departure, Sheremetiéf came into camp saying that the Swedes were closely following him. A council of war was at once held in the Russian camp, additional rounds of ammunition were served out, and the vigilance redoubled. But that day and night passed quietly. The next morning, the 30th of November, at about eleven o'clock, the Swedish forces appeared in battle array from behind the woods on the top of the Hermannsberg. There were only twenty thousand Russians fit for service, and these were extended along a line of seven miles. Although the Swedes did not number nine thousand men, it was comparatively easy for them, in their sudden onset, under cover of a cannonade, to pierce the thin Russian lines. They were assisted in this by a sudden snow-storm, which blew in the face of the Russians, and prevented their seeing more than twenty feet from them. The Russians were panic-stricken, and with the want of confidence which they had in their new general, cried out, "The Germans have betrayed us!" and fled in confusion. Sheremetiéf was one of the first to run. With his cavalry, he headed immediately for the river Naróva, near the cataracts, and succeeded in getting across, although very many men were lost in the rapids. The majority went the other way to the Kamperholm bridge. The bridge broke down, and many men were lost. Two regiments, the Preobrazhénsky and the Seménovsky, which were protecting the artillery park, and had surrounded themselves with a little fortification, held their ground. With them were the Duke de Cröy, General Hallart, and Baron Langen. Although the Russians stood firm against the enemy, yet they were in great confusion. They

cried out against the foreign officers, and killed several of them. Seeing this, and fearing for his life, the Duke de Cröy said to those near him, "The devil could not fight with such soldiers," and made his way through the swamps toward the Swedish lines, followed by Hallart, Langen, and Blumberg, the commander of the Preobrazhénsky regiment. Stenbock, who for a long time could not be found in the darkness, received them politely and took them to the King. The Russian generals, Prince Dolgorúky, Prince Alexander of Imertia, Ávtemon Golovin, and Buturlín, after holding a council in a bomb-proof, decided to surrender. They wished to keep their artillery, but the King was inexorable, and finally it was agreed that on the next day they should retreat with their banners and arms, but with only six guns. General Weyde, who was on the extreme right flank, and was wounded, knew nothing of the defeat till Buturlín sent him word of the capitulation. He then followed the example. Count Wrede wrote to his father few days afterward:

" Yet if he had had the courage to attack us, he would have infallibly beaten us, for we were extremely tired, having scarcely eaten or slept for several days, and besides this, all our men were drunk with the brandy that they had found in the Muscovite tents, so that it was impossible for the few officers that remained to keep them in order."

The confusion and panic of the Russians were very great. Hallart says:

" They ran about like a herd of cattle, one regiment mixed up with the other, so that hardly twenty men could be got into line."

The next day the bridge to Kamperholm was repaired, and the Russians were allowed to retreat, but the generals were all declared prisoners of war, on the ground that the troops had carried away with them the army chest, containing three hundred thousand roubles, in contravention of the capitulation. Nothing, however, had been said in the agreement on this point. The Russian loss was about five thousand seven hundred men. Seventy-nine officers, including nine generals, were taken prisoners. The Swedes captured, in addition, a hundred and forty-nine cannon and thirty-two mortars, including many of the guns which Charles himself had given to Peter before the war, and one hundred and forty-six banners. The Swedish loss in

killed and wounded was less than two thousand.

Charles had constantly exposed himself to great personal danger. He was always in the thick of the fight, and in order to get around a mound of corpses fell into a morass, from which he was extracted with difficulty, and where he was obliged to leave his horse, his weapons, and one of his boots. He immediately mounted another horse, which was soon killed under him, while he himself was hit by a spent ball, which was deadened by his necktie, and was afterward found in his clothes. An officer immediately sprang from his saddle and offered him his horse. The King in mounting said, laughingly: "I see that the enemy want me to practice riding."

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE fate of prisoners of war in those days was not enviable. General Hallart was obliged to give up all his private papers and the memoranda he had made of the siege, and, more than that, experienced the personal anger of King Charles because the answers to his questions with regard to the number of troops were not to his liking. Charles insisted that the Russians had at least eighty thousand men, whereas Hallart could not make out more than thirty thousand, including the disabled. All the prisoners were sent under strict guard to Reval, and the next spring to Sweden, except the Duke de Crôy who was allowed to remain at Reval with Doctor Carbonari, the body physician of the Tsar. The King respected the high personal and military rank of the Duke, and immediately after the battle sent him fifteen hundred Swedish ducats and food and wine from his own table, when the other prisoners were almost starving. While at Reval, de Crôy wrote to Peter, Menshikóf, and Golovin, asking for money, and explaining how he had paid out of his own pocket the expenses of the foreign officers who had accompanied him to Russia, and what great expense he was put to at Reval. In reply to his first letter Peter sent him six thousand rubles, but he was so lavish that this amount did not go far, and by no means sufficed for his needs. At his death, in the spring of 1702, his debts were so great that his creditors put into force an old law refusing burial to insolvent debtors. His body was kept in the

cellar of the church of St. Nicholas, the antiseptic properties of which prevented it from decaying, and up to a few years ago—when by an order of the Russian Government it was finally interred—it was still shown to travelers as a curiosity. Baron Langen and General Hallart were exchanged in 1705, but the other prisoners remained in Sweden for many years, as did Prince Hílkof, who had been arrested by royal order as soon as it had become known that the Russians had declared war. Hílkof, who had sincerely believed in the Tsar's peaceful designs, and, it is said, complained bitterly of those who had persuaded him to accept the mission to Sweden, had to pay in person for the double-dealing of his master. He was treated with great severity; all writing materials were taken from him, and at first a guard of soldiers was stationed even in his bedroom. Later the authorities contented themselves with placing a guard outside his house. He never again saw his country, but died in Vesteras in 1715. Prince Alexander of Imeritia was held by the Swedes at a high price. At one time they demanded ten kegs of gold; at another they agreed to exchange him for twenty captains, twenty lieutenants, and twenty ensigns. His father begged the Tsar to do this, but the Prince himself, who was heavily in debt, suffering from cold, and without enough to eat, wrote from Stockholm in 1710:

"It has never come to my tongue nor even into my mind to ask for anything to the detriment of the Empire in order to free me, or even those a thousand times better than I. For that are we called—to suffer and to die in the interest of our Lord and of the Empire."

The Prince was finally exchanged in 1711, together with Prince Trubetskóf, for Count Piper, but died in Finland on his homeward way. Few of these Russian prisoners returned home until after the battle of Poltáva, in 1709, which produced sufficient effect upon the Swedes for them to desire an exchange of prisoners.

The treatment of Hílkof influenced that of Knipercrona, the Swedish Resident at Moscow. When war was declared, a guard of twenty-four soldiers was placed at his door, but he was given permission to return to Sweden either by the way of Smolénsk or Archangel. The Smolénsk route was dangerous on account of the Polish war, and that to Archangel tedious from the autumn rains. He therefore pre-

ferred to remain in Moscow. When the news came of the bad treatment of Hílkof, Knipercrona was not allowed to leave his house, and was separated from his wife and four children. This lasted till August, 1701, when his family was restored to him. He was afterward sent to Stockholm, where he was living in freedom in 1709, while Hílkof was still confined in the castle.

In the early part of the war the Russians took few prisoners. The garrisons of the fortresses they captured were generally allowed to march off under the terms of the capitulations. A time came, however, when whole armies surrendered, and in the autumn of 1709, after the battle of Poltáva, there were about twenty thousand Swedes, prisoners of war, in Russia, including nearly two thousand officers, besides a great number of chaplains and civil officers. There were then so few Russians in Sweden that the exchange of prisoners made scarcely a sensible difference in the numbers. The officers received money for their support from the Swedish Government, and many of them obtained, besides, civil employment in Russia, and sometimes assistance from kind-hearted Russian governors. The soldiery were employed on the estates of the nobility, in the mines in the Ural, in the most distant provinces of Siberia, and even in the building of St. Petersburg. After the peace of Nystad, in 1721, all were allowed to go home, but some did not get away until 1724, and even later. As far as can be ascertained, only about five thousand soldiers and a thousand officers returned to Sweden. Some of them had not seen their native land for twenty years.

The battle of Narva created a great impression throughout Europe. Glowing accounts of the victory were published in many languages, and the praise of the youthful monarch was the theme for orations and poems, while satire and raillery found subjects in the "flight" of Peter and the conduct of the Russian troops. Swedish diplomats published a refutation of the reasons and additional explanations offered by Patkul in justification of the Russian declaration of war, and even Leibnitz, who had shown so much interest in Russia and the Russians, expressed his sympathy with the Swedes in no measured terms, and his wish that he could see their "young King reign in Moscow and as far as the river Amur." Medals were struck in honor of Charles with the inscriptions, "Superant su-

perata fidem," and "At last the right prevails." There was another commemorative medal of a different kind; on one side the Tsar was represented warming himself over the fires of his mortars which were bombarding Narva, with the inscription, "And Peter warmed himself at the fire"; and on the other, the Russians were shown running away from Narva, with Peter at their head: his hat had fallen off, his sword had been thrown away, and he was wiping away his tears with his handkerchief, and the inscription read: "He went out and wept bitterly."

The victory at Narva was, however, in the end more disastrous to the Swedes than to the Russians. From this time on, Charles made war the main object of his life. He became convinced of his invincibility. Certain traits of his character, especially his cold-bloodedness, his indifference to the loss of life, and even to the suffering of his soldiers, became accentuated. He even seemed to take delight in carnage. This is very plain from letters descriptive of the fight at Narva, written by Swedish officers to their friends at home. Axel Sparre rode over the field of battle afterward with the King, who pointed out to him all the places of interest, and said:

"But there is no pleasure in fighting with the Russians, for they will not stand like other men, but run away at once. If the Naróva had been frozen, we should hardly have killed one of them. The best joke was when the Russians got upon the bridge and it broke down under them. It was just like Pharaoh in the Red Sea. Everywhere you could see mens' and horses' heads, and legs sticking up out of the water, and our soldiers shot at them like wild ducks."

The afterward celebrated Field-Marshal Carl Cronstedt, General Stenbock, and Carl Magnus Posse, all express themselves in nearly the same terms about the King's obstinacy, his belief in his mission, and his refusal to listen to advice. Stenbock wrote a few weeks after the battle of Narva:

'The King thinks now about nothing except war. He no longer troubles himself about the advice of other people, and he seems to believe that God communicates directly to him what he ought to do. Piper is much troubled about it, because the weightiest affairs are resolved upon without any preparation, and in general things go

on in a way that I do not dare commit to paper."

Posse, writing in December of the same year, says :

"In spite of the cold and scarcity, and although the water is standing in the huts, the King will not yet let us go into winter quarters. I believe that if he had only eight hundred men left he would invade Russia with them, without taking the slightest thought as to what they would live on; and if one of our men is shot, he cares no more about it than he would for a louse, and never troubles himself about such a loss."

The counselors of Charles were of opinion that he should immediately accept the propositions of peace offered by King Augustus, invade Russia, take up winter quarters in the enemy's country, and use all means to foment the discontent existing there, even to proclaiming Sophia. After such a defeat, the Russians were unprepared to resist, and it would be possible to advance even to Moscow. In any case, the Swedes could get advantages of much the same sort as they had had in the Troublous Times, and could forever secure their rule in the provinces already possessed by them. Charles was at first inclined to this opinion, and forbade his troopers foraging over the frontier, lest the country should become barren, and nothing be left for the invading army. But he speedily changed his mind. His contempt for the Russians rapidly grew, and he despised them as a people not worth fighting. He had a personal feeling of hostility toward his cousin Augustus for his treachery, and feared, or pretended to fear, that if peace were made with him, he would break it the moment the Swedes had entered Russia; but more than all, he desired to put down the third enemy by force of arms.

No doubt many of those who surrounded him secretly worked on his feelings of ambition, in order that these plans might be carried out, for they feared the march through the deserted and cold districts of Northern Russia, where, with the King's temperament, they would be obliged to suffer many privations. Sending, therefore, a small force to the region of Lake Ládoga and the Neva, Charles took up his winter quarters in the castle of Lais, a few miles from Dorpat. The troops were quartered in the villages and in the open country round about. Although he might have taken up pleasanter winter quarters in Narva,

Riga, or Pernau, he did not visit these towns once during the course of the winter, and it was not until the beginning of June that he even went to the neighboring university town of Dorpat.

The time passed merrily enough in the castle, where General Magnus Stenbock invented all sorts of amusements—suppers, masquerades, spectacles, and even a great sham fight, with snow castles and snow balls. Charles paid little attention to governmental affairs, and busied himself solely with plans of war. He frequently visited the detachments of troops, but simply in order to see them drilled and go through their exercises, and not for the purpose of inquiring into their condition. Meanwhile, owing to the cold and privations, fever was making tremendous ravage in the army; two hundred and seventy of the Dalecarlian regiment died, and four hundred in that of Westmanland, so that on the return of spring less than half the troops were fit for action. The King's cousin, the Count Palatine Adolph Johann, died from fever, as well as many of the royal servants. The lack of provisions, and even of clothing, caused the soldiers, in spite of the severe orders, to pillage and plunder the villages and houses of the inhabitants. The people wondered that the King should thus harass his own subjects, when he could have lived on the enemy in the neighboring Russian province of Pskof, and the discontent which was caused among the nobility of Livonia and Estonia by the "Reduction" now extended to all classes of the population.

Peter had not got far from Narva when he received the news of the defeat. It surprised him, and almost stunned him by its unexpectedness and its magnitude, but it did not dispirit him. On the contrary, it roused him to new effort. He had the heroic qualities of perseverance and determination, difficulty but spurred him on, and, Antaeus-like, he rose, after each fall, with new energy and new courage. At a later time, after the battle of Poltáva, he was able to judge the matter calmly, and said :

"Our army was vanquished by the Swedes—that is incontestable; but one should remember what sort of an army it was. The Lefort regiment was the only old one. The two regiments of guards had been present at the two assaults of Azof, but they never had seen any field-fighting, especially with regular troops. The other regiments

consisted—even to some of the colonels—of raw recruits, both officers and soldiers. Besides that, there was the great hunger, because, on account of the late season of the year, the roads were so muddy that the transport of provisions had to be stopped. In one word, it was like child's play. One cannot, then, be surprised that, against such an old, disciplined, and experienced army, these untried pupils got the worst of it. This victory was then, indeed, a sad and severe blow to us. It seemed to rob us of all hope for the future, and to come from the wrath of God. But now, when we think of it rightly, we ascribe it rather to the goodness of God than to his anger; for if we had conquered then, when we knew as little of war as of government, this piece of luck might have had unfortunate consequences. * * * That we lived through this disaster, or rather this good fortune, forced us to be industrious, laborious, and experienced."

But there was no time then for calm consideration of the causes and consequences of the Russian defeat. Every moment was necessary for action. The Swedes might at any time invade the country. Peter met, near Lake Sámsa, Prince Nikita Répnin, who had collected his division in the Volga country, and was marching toward Narva. He was at once turned back to Nóvgorod, and instructed to bring into order the regiments which had left Narva "in confusion." Work was immediately begun on the fortifications of Nóvgorod, Pskof, and the Petchérsky monastery near Pskof. Men, women, and children were all put to the work, and the services in the churches were given up in order that the priests and monks could help. Houses were pulled down and churches were destroyed where they stood in the way of the new fortifications. Peter set the example by laboring with his own hands at the first intrenchment at Nóvgorod, and then intrusted it to Lieutenant-Colonel Shénschin. On coming back afterward and not finding Shénschin there, he had him mercilessly whipped at the very intrenchment, and then had him sent to Smolénsk as a common soldier. At Moscow, Leontius Kókoshkin was hanged because he had taken a bribe of five rubles when engaged in receiving carts at Tver, and another official, Poskótchin, was hanged at Nóvgorod for a similar offense.

Three weeks after the battle, when the stragglers had all come in, it was found

that, out of the three divisions of Golovín, Weyde, and Trubetskóy, there remained twenty-three thousand men. Adding to these the division of Répnin, Peter still had an army of thirty-three thousand men. The irregular cavalry and the local levies had practically disappeared, and were unserviceable. Orders were at once given to Prince Boris Galitsyn to make new levies, and especially to raise nine regiments of dragoons of a thousand men each. Volunteers were also again asked for from Moscow, but the prohibition against enlisting the old Streltsi was still kept in force. In a few months, the army was much larger than before, and, according to the testimony of foreigners, was in excellent condition.

Peter staid two weeks in Nóvgorod, to do what was most indispensable for the protection of the frontier. He then went to Moscow, and his activity was visible everywhere.

It was necessary to make new artillery, for nearly all had been captured by the Swedes. Vinius was charged with this task, and, in default of other metal, was ordered to melt down the bells of the churches and monasteries. The old man set to work with all his energy, and, in spite of the difficulty in finding workmen, in spite of the delays of the burgomasters in sending on metal, he was able, by the end of 1701, to furnish three hundred cannon, and prided himself on having done this so well, for not only were the pieces faultless, but they had been made at a saving of ten thousand rubles over previous cost. Besides this, he had founded a school, where two hundred and fifty boys were learning to become artillermen and skilled workmen. Old as he was, in 1702 he even undertook a journey to Siberia to investigate the copper found there. Vinius, perhaps, exaggerated the difficulties under which he labored, but what he complained of most was that, in being appointed inspector of the artillery, he had been deprived of the charge of the post-office, and inquired whether it was on account of any anger toward him. Peter replied:

"I have received your letter, in which you write about the readiness of the artillery, and how you are working at it. The business is very good and necessary, for time is like death. You ask me if the post was not taken away from you so unexpectedly from some anger of mine. But does not your conscience at all accuse you? For I long ago talked to you about it, and you

are quite aware that many people talked about it, and even gave something. The post was taken from you for no other reason than that, while you had it, it was not a profit to the state, but only to you; for, often as I have talked to you about correspondence with other places, my words were vain. For that reason it has been

the artillery and the medical stores. Vinius was at the same time Director of the Apothecary Department, the Artillery Department, and the Siberian Department. Peter immediately wrote to Prince Ramondofsky:

"There is great delay to our work here. It is even impossible to begin. I myself



given to another, from whom, also, if such rumors be vain, it will be taken away again."

For a long time Vinius did wonders, but finally his energy began to flag, and he too openly filled his pockets at the expense of the state. In 1703, Peter came to Schleswig-Holstein, and was very indignant to find that there had been great delay in forwarding

have often spoken to Vinius, but he answered me with the Muscovite 'immediately' (*seitchas*). Be good enough to inquire of him why he manages so carelessly such an important matter, which is a thousand times dearer than his head. Not an ounce of medicine has been sent from the apothecary stores. We shall be forced to cure those who take so little care."

Vinius, who tried to excuse himself, and threw the blame on others, was subsequently accused by Menshikóf, who was charged with another investigation, of giving him large bribes to let the matter drop. The

wrath of Peter could not be appeased. Vinius lost his friendship forever, was deprived of the direction of the Siberian and Artillery Departments, and was fined thirteen thousand rubles.



THE BATTLE OF NAVARRE.

THE LONDON THEATERS.

THE author of these remarks was on the point of prefixing to them a different title from the one he has actually made use of, when it occurred to him that the latter would give a much better idea of his subject. "The London Theaters" stands for something that may, more or less profitably, be talked about, but "The English Stage" is a conception so purely intellectual, so confined to the region of theory, or reminiscence, or desire, that it eludes the most ingenious grasp. There are a great many theaters in London, enjoying various degrees of credit and prosperity; but there is nothing cynical in saying that there is no such thing in existence as an English stage. The stage is a collective organism, composed of the harmonious vitality diffused through a number of individual play-houses, which are nourished by a dramatic literature

native to the country, and expressing its manners and feelings, and which work together to an effective end. When it substantially exists, it is usually summed up, typified to the world, in a theater more distinguished than the rest, in which the education of the actor has reached its highest point, and in which it is the supreme ambition of the dramatic authors of the country to see their productions represented. There is a stage in France, of which the *Comédie-Française* is the richest expression; and we are told that there is a very honorable stage in Germany, where two or three excellent theaters—literary theaters—maintain the standard of finished and brilliant acting. It appears to be generally conceded that there was formerly a stage in England. In the last century, the English theaters went hand-in-hand with a literature which

sprang substantially from the English mind itself, and which, though it has not proved of any value to posterity, ministered, for the time, to what we have called the vitality of the stage. At that time the actor's profession was looked upon as a hill of difficulty, not to be scaled at a bound, nor trodden by every comer. His art was not thought an easy one to master, and a long probation, an apprenticeship of humility, was the portion of even the most promising aspirants. The two great "patented" houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, performed very much the same function that the *Comédie-Française* has long been supposed to discharge (in spite of many lapses and errors) on the other side of the Channel. They protected the drama, and they had a high responsibility. They monopolized, in London, the right to play Shakspere and the poetical repertory, and they formed the objective point of actors and authors alike. They recruited themselves from the training-school which the provincial theaters then supplied, and they rewarded merit, and consecrated reputations. All this is changed, as so many things are changed in literature and art. The conditions of production are immensely different from those of an age in which the demand for the things that make life agreeable had not become so immoderate as to create a standing quarrel between the quality and the quantity of the supply. The art of writing a play has apparently become a lost one with the English race, who are content to let their entertainment be made for them by a people whose whole view of life is, however ingenious, essentially different from their own. The comparatively simple and homogeneous character of the English stage has become a sort of musty tradition, and in its place we have several dozen small theatrical enterprises, some of which are very successful, and others not at all so, but all of which live entirely on what the French call "expedients," and compass their degree of success by methods decidedly incongruous.

It is of the actual, however, that we pretend to speak, and not of the possible or impossible. Talking simply of the actual, the first thing to say of it is that the theater is nowadays decidedly the fashion in London. People go to it a great deal, and are willing to pay high prices for the privilege; they talk of it, they write about it, and, in a great many of them, the taste for it takes the form of a desire to pass from the passive



MR. AND MRS. BANCROFT IN "SCHOOL."

to the active side of the foot-lights. The number of stage-struck persons who are to be met with in the London world is remarkable, and the number of prosperous actors who are but lately escaped amateurs is equally striking. The older actors regard the invasion of this class with melancholy disapproval, and declare that the profession is going to the dogs. By amateurs we mean young men "of the world" (for of the other sex, naturally, there is much less question) not of theatrical stock, who have gone upon the stage after being educated for something very different, and who have managed to achieve success without going through the old-fashioned processes. The old actors are probably right from their own point of view—the point of view from which a long course of histrionic gymnastics was thought indispensable, and from which the touchstone of accomplishment was the art of delivering the great Shaksperean speeches. That way of considering the matter has lost credit, and the clever people on the London stage to-day aim at a line of effect in which their being "amateurs" is almost a positive advantage. Small, realistic comedy is their chosen field, and the art of acting as little as possible has—doubtless with good results in some ways—taken the place of the art of acting as much. Of course,

the older actors, with all their superfluous science, as they deem it, left on their hands, have no patience with the infatuation of a public which passes from the drawing-room to the theater only to look at an attempt,

of patronage. There is no want of patronage to complain of when many hundreds of people are found every night prepared to pay the sum of ten shillings for a stall. The privilege of spending the evening in



MR. AND MRS. KENDAL IN TENNYSON'S PLAY OF
"THE FALCON."

at best very imperfect, to reproduce the accidents and limitations of the drawing-room.

All this tends to prove, however, that the theater is what is called an actuality, and that if it labors under appreciable disadvantages, these are not the result of a want

a stall at any theater in London is dearly purchased at that cost; the disparity between the price paid for your entertainment and the quality of the entertainment provided is often almost ludicrous. It is in the power of an enterprising play-goer to endeavor to extract a portion of that large



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS "OPHELIA."

amount of pleasure which is represented (to our possibly too frugal sense) by two dollars and a half, from a spectacle not unworthy of a booth at a fair. Pleasure, however, is usually expensive in England, and the theater conforms simply to the common law. Books are dear, pictures are dear, music is dear, traveling is dear. Play-going, in other ways besides, comes under the usual London disadvantages—the great distance to be traversed before reaching the theater, the repulsive character of many of the streets through which your aesthetic pilgrimage lies, the necessity of dining earlier than usual and of dressing

as if for a private entertainment. These things testify to the theater's being the fashion among a certain class, and the last luxury of a few, rather than taking its place in the common habits of the people, as it does in France. The difference in favor of the French is indicated by the very much more convenient form that play-going assumes in Paris, where the various temples of the drama are scattered along the clean, bright Boulevard, and are guarded by no restriction, tacit or other, as to the costume of their frequenters. In New York as well, in these respects, we are better off than the good people who embark for an evening of

the play in London. The New York theaters are all more or less adjacent to the great thoroughfare of the town, and the ceremony of "dressing" does not, even feebly, impose itself. It must be admitted, however, that when once you are dressed and seated in London, your material comfort is greater, too, than it is in Paris, greater, too, than it is in New York. The atmosphere, for inscrutable reasons, is a very much less poisonous compound than the suffocating medium through which the unexhausted Parisian is condemned to witness the masterpieces of Molière and Victor Hugo, of Sardou and the younger Dumas. You are much better seated, less crowded and jostled, than in Paris, and you are not bullied and irritated by the terrible tribe of *ouvreuses*. Your neighbors sit quietly and reasonably in their places, without trooping out between the acts, to the deep discomfort of your toes and knees. You have, in a word, the sense of passing your evening in better company than in Paris, and this, if it be not what you go to the theater for, and if it be but a meager compensation for a lame performance, may, nevertheless, be numbered among the encouragements to play-going. These encouragements, in all matters independent of the great matter,—the acting itself,—have multiplied greatly in London during the last few years, and have now reached a very high perfection. Everything has been done that can be done by beauty of scenery, completeness of furniture and costume, refinement of machinery, to put the auditor into good humor with what he is about to listen to. What will it matter what he listens to if he have real buhl cabinets, Persian carpets, and Venetian mirrors to look at? These tendencies have found a sumptuous home, within a small number of months, in three theaters which divide between them the honor of being the most important in London. To a stranger, inquiring which should be deemed the first of these houses, it would be difficult to give a very definite answer. "Oh, the Lyceum," it might be said, "because at the Lyceum they play Shakspere." Yes; at the Lyceum they play Shakspere; but the question is, *how* they play him. The greatest of poets is not, to our mind, interpreted at the Lyceum in a manner to assign a very high place to the scene of the attempt. At the St. James's, they play translations of MM. Bayard and Scribe, and original productions of Mr. Tom Taylor. At the Haymarket, they play Lord Lytton and

M. Sardou. It is a nice question whether it is a nobler task to render Shakspere inadequately, or to represent with sufficient skill rather pale adaptations of French *vau-de-villistes*. It is a question, however, that we are not called upon to solve, and we will content ourselves with saying that at the three theaters just mentioned a great many things are very cleverly done.

Upward of two years ago the Lyceum passed into the hands of Mr. Henry Irving, who is without doubt at present the most distinguished actor in England. He had been acting at the Lyceum for some years before, while the house was under the management of the late Mr. Bateman, and then of his widow, who has within a few months, with a great deal of courage and zeal, attempted to awaken the long dormant echoes of Sadler's Wells—a theater which had its season of prosperity (many years ago), but which finally, in its out-of-the-way position, was left stranded by ebbing tides. Mrs. Bateman, to whom much of the credit of originally introducing Mr. Irving to the public belongs, succeeded in some degree, we believe, in turning the tide back to the little theater to which the late Mr. Phelps's "revivals" at one period attracted the town. Mr. Irving for the last two years, then, has had his own way at the Lyceum, and a very successful way it has been. *Hamlet* and *Shylock* have constituted the stock of his enterprise, though he has also acted several of the parts in which he built up his reputation—*Richelieu*; *Eugene Aram* and *Charles I.*, in Mr. W. G. Wills's plays; *Louis XI.*, in a translation of Casimir Delavigne's rather dull drama, and *Matthias* in "The Bells." During the whole of last winter, however, "The Merchant of Venice" held the stage, and this performance disputes with that of "Hamlet" the chief place in his list of successes as an actor. Among his triumphs as a manager, the former play, we believe, quite heads the list; it has every appearance of being an immense financial success, and startling stories are told of the great sums of money it brings into the happy lessee of the theater. It is arranged upon the stage with a great deal of ingenuity and splendor, and has a strong element of popularity in the person of Miss Ellen Terry, who is the most conspicuous actress now before the London public, as the picturesque *Shylock* of her *Portia* is the most eminent actor. Mr. Irving has been a topic in London any time these five years, and Miss Terry is at least

as much of one. There is a difference, indeed, for about Mr. Irving people are divided, and about Miss Terry they are pretty well agreed. The opinion flourishes on the one side that Mr. Irving is a great and admirable artist, and on the other the impression prevails that his defects outnumber his qualities. He has at least the power of inspiring violent enthusiasms, and this faculty is almost always accompanied by a liability to excite protests. Those that it has been Mr. Irving's destiny to call forth have been very downright, and many of them are sufficiently intelligible. He is what is called a picturesque actor; that is, he depends for his effects upon the art with which he presents a certain figure to the eye, rather than upon the manner in which he speaks his part. He is a thoroughly serious actor, and evidently bestows an immense deal of care and conscience upon his work; he meditates, elaborates, and, upon the line on which he moves, carries the part to a very high degree of finish. But it must be affirmed that this is a line with which the especial art of the actors, the art of utterance, of saying the thing, has almost nothing to do. Mr. Irving's peculiarities and eccentricities of speech are so strange, so numerous, so personal to himself, his vices of pronunciation, of modulation, of elocution so highly developed, the tricks he plays with the divine mother-tongue so audacious and fantastic, that the spectator who desires to be in sympathy with him finds himself confronted with a bristling hedge of difficulties. He must scramble over the hedge, as best he can, in order to get at Mr. Irving at all; to get at him, that is, as an exponent of great poetic meanings. Behind this hedge, as we may say, the actor disports himself with a great deal of ingenuity, and passes through a succession of picturesque attitudes and costumes; but we look at him only through its thorny interstices. In so doing, we get glimpses of a large and various ability. He is always full of intention, and when the intention is a matter of by-play, it is brilliantly carried out. He is, of course, much better in the modern drama than in the Shakspearean; because, if it is a question of sacrificing the text, the less we are obliged to sacrifice the better. It is better to lose the verses of Mr. Wills than to fail to recognize those of the poet whom the French have sometimes spoken of as Mr. Williams. Mr. Irving's rendering of Shakspeare, however, is satisfactory in a varying degree. His *Macbeth* appeared to us wide of the

mark, but his *Hamlet* is very much better. In *Macbeth*, as we remember his performance, he failed even to look the part satisfactorily—a rare mistake in an actor who has evidently a strong sense of what may be called the plastic side of the characters he represents. His *Hamlet* is a magnificent young prince: few actors can wear a cloak and a bunch of sable plumes with a greater grace than Mr. Irving; few of them can rest a well-shaped hand on the hilt of a sword in a manner more suggestive of the models of Vandyke. The great trouble with the *Hamlet* was that it was inordinately slow—and this, indeed, is the fault throughout of Mr. Irving, who places minutes between his words, and strange strides and balancings between his movements. Heat, rapidity, passion, magic,—these qualities are the absent ones, and a good general description of him is to say that he is picturesque but diffuse. Of his *Shylock* during last winter, it was often said that it presents his faults in their mildest and his merits in their highest form. In this there is possibly a great deal of truth; his representation of the rapacious and rancorous Jew has many elements of interest. He looks the part to a charm, or rather we should say, to a repulsion, and he might be painted as he stands. His conception of it is a sentimental one, and he has endeavored to give us a sympathetic, and, above all, a pathetic *Shylock*. How well he reconciles us to this aspect of the character we ourselves shall not undertake to say, for our attention was fixed primarily upon the superficial execution of the thing, and here, without going further, we found much to arrest and perplex it. The actor struck us as rigid and frigid, and above all as painfully behind the stroke of the clock. The deep-welling malignity, the grotesque horror, the red-hot excitement of the long-baffled, sore-hearted member of a despised trade, who has been all his life at a disadvantage, and who at last finds his hour and catches his opportunity,—these elements had dropped out. Mr. Irving's *Shylock* is neither excited nor exciting, and many of the admirable speeches, on his lips, lack much of their incision; notably the outbreak of passion and prospective revenge after he finds that *Antonio* has become forfeit, and that his daughter has fled from him, carrying off her dowry. The great speech, with its grim refrain: "Let him look to his bond!" rising each time to an intenser pitch and culminating in a pregnant menace, this superb opportunity



HENRY IRVING AS "VANDERDECKEN" ("THE FLYING DUTCHMAN").

is missed ; the actor, instead of being "hissing hot," as we have heard Edmund Kean described at the same moment, draws the scene out and blunts all its points. The best thing that Mr. Irving does is, to our taste, the *Louis XI.* of Casimir Delavigne, a part in which his defects to a certain degree stand him in stead of qualities. His peculiarities of voice and enunciation are not in contradiction to those of the mumbling old monarch and dotard whom he represents with so much effective detail. Two years ago he played *Claude Melnotte* for several months, sacrificing himself with the most commendable generosity to the artistic needs of Miss Ellen Terry, who was the *Fauline* of the season. We say sacrificing himself, for his inaptitude for the part was so distinct that he must have been aware of it. We may mention two other characters in which Mr. Irving composes a figure to the eye with brilliant taste and skill,—the *Charles I.*, of Mr. Wills, and the *Vanderdecken*, of (if we mistake not) the same author. His *Charles I.* might have stepped down from the canvas of Vandyke, and his *Vanderdecken* is also superb. We say he looks these parts, but we do not add that he acts them, for, to the best of our recollection there is nothing in them to act. The more there is to act, and the less there is simply to declaim, the better for Mr. Irving, who owes his great success in "The Bells" to the fact that the part of the distracted burgomaster is so largely pantomimic.

Miss Terry is at present his constant coadjutor, and Miss Terry is supposed to represent the maximum of feminine effort on the English stage. The feminine side, in all the London theaters, is regrettably weak, and Miss Terry is easily distinguished. It is difficult to speak of her fairly, for if a large part of the public are wrong about her, they are altogether wrong, and one hesitates to bring such sweeping charges. By many intelligent persons she is regarded as an actress of exquisite genius, and is supposed to impart an extraordinary interest to everything that she touches. This is not, in our opinion, the truth, and yet to gainsay the assertion too broadly is to fall into an extreme of injustice. The difficulty is that Miss Terry has charm—remarkable charm ; and this beguiles people into thinking her an accomplished actress. There is a natural quality about her that is extremely pleasing—something wholesome and English and womanly which often touches

easily where art, to touch, has to be finer than we often see it. The writer of these lines once heard her highly commended by one of the most distinguished members of the Comédie-Française, who had not understood a word she spoke.

"Ah, Miss Terry, for instance ; I liked *her* extremely."

"And why did you like *her* ?"

"*Mon Dieu*, I found her very natural."

This seemed to us an interesting impression, and a proof the more of the truism that we enjoy things in proportion to their rarity. To our own English vision Miss Terry has too much nature, and we should like a little more art. On the other side, when a French actress is eminent she is eminent by her finish, by what she has acquired, by the perfection of her art, and the critic I have just quoted, who had had this sort of merit before his eyes all his life, was refreshed by seeing what could be achieved in lieu of it by a sort of sympathetic spontaneity. Miss Terry has that excellent thing, a quality ; she gives one the sense of something fine. Add to this that though she is not regularly beautiful, she has a face altogether in the taste of the period, a face that Burne-Jones might have drawn, and that she arranges herself (always in the taste of the period) wonderfully well for the stage. She makes an admirable picture, and it would be difficult to imagine a more striking embodiment of sumptuous sweetness than her *Ophelia*, her *Portia*, her *Pauline*, or her *Olivia*, in a version of Goldsmith's immortal novel prepared for the Court Theater a couple of years ago by the indefatigable Mr. Wills. Her *Ophelia*, in particular, was lovely, and of a type altogether different from the young lady in white muslin, bristling with strange grasses, whom we are accustomed to see in the part. In Miss Terry's hands the bewildered daughter of Polonius became a somewhat angular maiden of the Gothic ages, with hair cropped short, like a boy's, and a straight and clinging robe, wrought over with contemporary needle-work. As for her acting, she has happy impulses ; but this seems to us to be the limit of it. She has nothing of the style, nothing of what the French call the authority, of the genuine *comédienne*. Her perception lacks acuteness, and her execution is often rough ; the expression of her face itself is frequently amateurish, and her voice has a curious husky monotony, which, though it often strikes a touching note in pathetic passages, yet on the whole interferes seriously with finish of elocution. This

latter weakness is especially noticeable when Miss Terry plays Shakspere. Her manner of dealing with the delightful speeches of *Portia*, with all their play of irony, of wit and temper, savors, to put it harshly, of the school-girlish. We have ventured to say that her comprehension of a character is sometimes weak, and we may illustrate it by a reference to her whole handling of this same rich opportunity. Miss Terry's mistress of Belmont giggles too much, plays too much with her fingers, is too free and familiar, too osculatory, in her relations with *Bassanio*. The mistress of Belmont was a great lady, as well as a tender and a clever woman; but this side of the part quite eludes the actress, whose deportment is not such as we should expect in the splendid spinster who has princes for wooers. When *Bassanio* has chosen the casket which contains the key of her heart, she approaches him, and begins to pat and stroke him. This seems to us an appallingly false note. "Good heavens, she's touching him!" a person sitting next to us exclaimed—a person whose judgment in such matters is always unerring. But in truth there would be a great deal to say upon this whole question of demonstration of tenderness on the English stage, and an adequate treatment of it would carry us far. The amount of kissing and hugging that goes on in London in the interest of the drama is quite incalculable, and to spectators who find their ideal of taste more nearly fulfilled in the French theater, it has the drollest, and often the most displeasing effect. Of such demonstrations French comedians are singularly sparing; it is apparently understood that French modesty may be ruffled by them. The English would be greatly—and naturally—surprised if one should undertake to suggest to them that they have a shallower sense of decency than the French, and yet they view with complacency, in the high glare of the foot-lights, a redundancy of physical endearment which the taste of their neighbors across the channel would never accept. It is wholly a matter of taste, and taste is not the great English quality. English spectators delight in broad effects, and English actors and authors are often restricted to them. It is a broad effect, it tells, or "fetches," as the phrase is, to make a lover and his mistress, or a husband and his wife, cling about each other's necks and return again to the charge, and when other expedients are wanting, this one always succeeds. It is when the embrace is strictly conjugal that it is especially

serviceable. The public relish of it is then extreme, and is to be condemned only on aesthetic grounds. It speaks of the soundness and sincerity of the people, but it speaks also of their want of a certain delicacy. The French contention is that such moments, such situations should be merely hinted at—that they are too sacred, too touching to linger upon, and that, moreover, at bottom they are not dramatic. Mr. George Rignold, an actor who has had some success in America, has lately been playing in "Black-eyed Susan," Douglas Jerrold's curiously antiquated drama, which tells so strange a tale of what the English stage had become fifty years ago; and this performance consists almost exclusively of the variety of situation in which the unfortunate *William* presses his devoted spouse to his bosom. It is admirable, but it is too admirable; and it is as great a mistake to give us so much of it as it would be to represent people saying their prayers. We have a vivid recollection of the tone in which a clever French lady narrated to us her impressions of a representation of Robertson's comedy of "Caste," which she had seen at the Prince of Wales's Theater. One of the principal incidents in this piece is the leave-taking of a young officer and his newly wedded wife, he being ordered away on foreign service. The pangs of parting, as the scene is played, are so protracted and insisted upon that our friend at last was scandalized; and when the young couple were indulging in their twentieth embrace—"Mais, laissez donc le rideau!" she found herself crying—"Put down the curtain! Such things are not done in public!"—while the company about her applauded so great a stroke of art, or rather, we ought to say, of nature,—a distinction too often lost sight of in England.

In speaking of the performances of Shakspere at the Lyceum just now as "inadequate," we meant more particularly that no representation of Shakspere can be regarded as at all adequate which is not excellent as a whole. Many of the poet's noblest and most exquisite speeches are given to secondary characters to utter, and we need hardly remind the reader how the actors who play secondary characters (putting, for the moment, those who play primary ones quite aside) are in the habit of speaking poetic lines. It is usually a misery to hear them, and there is something monstrous in seeing the most precious intellectual heritage of the human race so fearfully knocked

about. Mr. Irving has evidently done his best in distributing the parts in "The Merchant of Venice," and with what sorry results this best is attended! What an *Antonio*! what a *Bassanio*! what a *Nerissa*! what a *Jessica*! The scene between *Lorenzo* and *Jessica* on the terrace at Belmont, in which the young lovers, sitting hand in hand, breathe out, in rhythmic alternation, their homage to the southern night—this enchanting scene, as it is given at the Lyceum, should be listened to for curiosity's sake. But who, indeed, it may be asked, can rise to the level of such poetry? who can speak such things as they should be spoken? Not, assuredly, the untrained and undedicated performers of whom the great stock of actors and actresses presenting themselves to the English and American public is composed. Shakspere cannot be acted by way of a change from Messrs. Byron and Burnand, Messrs. Robertson and Wills. He is a school and a specialty in himself, and he is not to be taken up off-hand by players who have been interpreting vulgarity the day before, and who are to return to vulgarity on the morrow.

Miss Marie Litton, an enterprising actress, has lately been conducting the small theater attached to the Westminster Aquarium, and wooing success by revivals of "old comedies." Success, we believe, was at first rather coy; for about the Westminster Aquarium there hovers a sensibly bad odor. The impurities of its atmosphere, however, are chiefly perceptible after nightfall, and Miss Litton has conjured away ill-fortune by giving her performances during the more innocent hours, and renaming the little play-house the "Afternoon Theater." It is a dusky and incommodeous establishment, with that accidental, provincial look which is so fatal to the spectator's confidence in a would-be "home of the drama." But, such as it is, it has lately witnessed an attempt to bring out "As You Like It" in style, as they say at the restaurants. The style consists chiefly in Miss Litton's doing *Rosalind*, in Mr. Lionel Brough's doing *Touchstone*, and in Mr. Herman Vezin's doing *Jaques*. Mr. Herman Vezin, who is of American origin, is one of the best actors in London. He plays a remarkable variety of parts, and plays some of them extremely well. He is what is called in London an elocutionist—he speaks blank verse more artfully than most of his neighbors. His *Jaques*, however, appeared to us to lack color and vivacity, humor and irony.

The last occasion on which we had seen Mr. Lionel Brough was that of his playing in a fierce burlesque, at the Folly Theater, in conjunction with Miss Lydia Thompson. As for Miss Litton herself, she has this qualification for the part of *Rosalind*, that as *Rosalind*, during most of the play, endeavors to pass herself off as a young man, so the actress's natural organism is remarkably man-like. Miss Litton is too bulky for *Rosalind*'s nimble wit. But what an artistic education it supposes, a proper rendering of the part! What grace, what finish, what taste, what sentiment, what archness! In London there is no House of Shakspere, as there is in Paris a House of Molière, and in his undomiciled condition, between the Lyceum and the "fishy" Aquarium, the poor great poet has strange bedfellows.

Among the three or four best theaters there has lately been a changing of hands. The company of the Prince of Wales's have lately established themselves at the Haymarket, which has been "done up," as they say in England, with great magnificence; and that of the Court has transferred itself to the St. James's, where, for a long time, no such promise of prosperity had reigned. The two forsaken theaters have meanwhile re-opened their doors in creditable conditions. The Prince of Wales's, indeed, has been the scene of an interesting performance, of which we shall presently speak. The Haymarket has gained by being taken by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, but we are not sure that this humorous couple have bettered themselves with the public by leaving the diminutive play-house to which they taught the public the road. The Prince of Wales's is a little theater, and the pieces produced there dealt mainly in little things—presupposing a great many chairs and tables, carpets, curtains, and knickknacks, and an audience placed close to the stage. They might, for the most part, have been written by a cleverish visitor at a country-house, and acted in the drawing-room by his fellow-inmates. The comedies of the late Mr. Robertson were of this number, and these certainly are among the most diminutive experiments ever attempted in the drama. It is among the habits formed upon Mr. Robertson's pieces that the company of the Prince of Wales's have grown up, and it is possible that they may not have all the success they desire in accommodating themselves to a larger theater. Upon this point, however, it is quite too early to pro-

nounce; and meanwhile Mr. Bancroft has transformed the Haymarket—which was an antiquated and uncomfortable house with honorable traditions, which had latterly declined—into the perfection of a place of entertainment. Brilliant, luxuriant, softly cushioned and perfectly aired, it is almost entertainment enough to sit there and admire the excellent device by which the old-fashioned and awkward proscenium has been suppressed and the stage set all around in an immense gilded frame, like that of some magnificent picture. Within this frame the stage, with everything that is upon it, glows with a radiance that seems the very atmosphere of comedy.

So much for the house, but for the rest, there is less to say. As soon as we come to speak of a theater of which the specialty is the comedy of contemporary manners, our appreciation stumbles into the bottomless gulf of the poverty of the repertory. There can be no better proof of such poverty than the fact that the *genius loci* at the Prince of Wales's was always the just-mentioned Mr. Robertson. This gentleman's plays are infantile, and seem addressed to the comprehension of infants. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's actors and actresses could not go on playing them for year after year without falling into the small manner. It is not incumbent on us to say that this manner has been found wanting on being applied to larger things, for the simple reason that it has been rarely put to the test. To consecrate his new enterprise, Mr. Bancroft has brought forward the late Lord Lytton's hackneyed comedy of "Money," and the acting of this inanimate composition cannot be said to make formidable demands. That it should have been brought forward at all at a moment when a brilliant stroke was needed, speaks volumes as to the degree in which an English manager may be unacquainted with the *embarras de choix*. In opening anew the best of English theaters, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were probably conscious of high responsibility; they had apparently decided that they ought to be local and national, and that it would be a false note to usher in their season with a drama extorted, after the usual fashion, from the French. They looked about them for an "original" English comedy, and it is certainly not their fault if they found nothing fresher nor weightier than this poor artificial "Money," covered with the dust of a hundred prompters' boxes, and faded with the glare of a thousand foot-lights.

An original English comedy is not to be had by whistling—no, nor apparently even by praying—for it. There are, however, members of the company at the new Haymarket who are fit for better things; fit, some of them, for the best things. The weak side, as on the London stage throughout, is that of the women. With the exception of Mrs. Bancroft, there is not an actress who calls for mention. Miss Marion Terry, who does the young ladies, is a pale reflection of her sister, and, although a graceful and sympathetic figure, has, as an actress, no appreciable identity whatever. It will be interesting to see what they will do at the Haymarket when they have to mount a piece with an important part for a young woman. What they will do apparently will be—not to mount it. Mrs. Kendall (Miss Madge Robertson), at the Prince of Wales's, used to play the important young women; but Mrs. Kendall has now passed over to the new St. James's, the management of which her husband divides with Mr. Hare. Mrs. Bancroft in the line of broad comedy is a delightful actress, with an admirable sense of the humorous, an abundance of animation and gayety, and a great deal of art and finish. The only other actress in London who possesses these gifts (or some of them) in as high a degree is Mrs. John Wood, who is even more broadly comic than Mrs. Bancroft, and moves the springs of laughter with a powerful hand. She is brilliantly farcical, but she is also frankly and uncompromisingly vulgar, and Mrs. Bancroft has more discretion and more taste. The part most typical of Mrs. Bancroft's best ability is that of *Polly Eccles*, in "Caste," of which she makes both a charming and an exhilarating creation. She also does her best with *Lady Franklin*, the widow with a turn for practical jokes, in "Money," but the part has so little stuff that there is not much to be made of it. Mrs. Bancroft is limited to the field we have indicated, which is a very ample one; she has made two or three excursions into the region of serious effect, which have not been felicitous. Her *Countess Zicks*, in a version of Sardou's "Dora," is an example in point.

Since we have begun to speak of the ladies, we will remain a little longer in their company—apologizing for our want of gallantry in again expressing our vivid sense of the fact that they do not shine on the London stage at the present hour. It takes more to make an accomplished actress than

the usual Englishwoman who embraces the profession can easily lay her hands upon; a want of frankness, of brightness, of elegance, of art, is commonly, before the foot-lights, this lady's principal impediment. The situation may be measured by the fact that Miss Adelaide Neilson (whose principal laurels, we believe, were won in the United States) was one of its most brilliant ornaments. Miss Neilson was a remarkably pretty woman; but she added to this advantage, so far as we could perceive, none of the higher qualifications of an actress. We shall not soon forget a visit we paid over a year ago to the musty and fog-haunted Adelphi, where Miss Neilson was then representing the character of *Julia* in "The Hunchback." The performance lingers in our mind as something ineffaceably lugubrious. Mr. Herman Vezin did *Master Walter*, and Mr. Henry Neville, *Sir Thomas Clifford*. They are both clever actors; but either they were very much out of place, or they were playing without their usual spirit; for a sense of melancholy poverty lay heavy upon the auditor's mind, which was not enlivened by the manner in which Miss Lydia Foote, an actress enjoying great credit, expressed the characteristics of the merry-making *Helen*. We have passed some bad hours at the Adelphi—an establishment which we remember in the "good old" days, as they are called, of Mr. Benjamin Webster and Madame Celeste. Mr. Benjamin Webster used to be very effective in "The Dead Heart," a drama of the French Revolution, pervaded by the clanking of chains and the uproar of rescuing populace. As for Madame Celeste, who that ever saw her in the "Green Bushes" can forget the manner in which, as *The Huntress of the Mississippi*, she stalked about the stage with a musket on her shoulder, her fine eyes rolling, as the phrase is, all over the place, and her lower limbs, much exposed, encased in remarkably neat Indian leggings? It is not these memories that are painful, but several more recent ones. We spoke of the Adelphi just now as a "fog-haunted" house, and literally, from some mysterious reason, of winter nights the murky atmosphere of the Strand is as thick within the theater as outside of it. It is a very palpable presence at most of the London theaters; but at the Adelphi a perpetual yellow mist, half dust, half dampness, seems to hover above the stalls, and to stretch itself across the stage, like a screen of dirty gauze. Was it because we

beheld it through this unflattering medium that a certain performance of "Nicholas Nickleby," which Mr. Andrew Halliday had done into a drama, recently appeared to us a terribly abortive entertainment? We are unable to say; but we remember receiving the impression that it was vain to attempt to galvanize the drama into life by expensive upholstery, for a public whose taste could resist the shock of such a performance. There was a vulgar ferocity, a shabby brutality about it which were quite indefinable; and we felt that the taste of the community that could tolerate it really offered no soil in which the theater might revive. If that was possible, better things were impossible. Mr. Herman Vezin, Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Lydia Foote, were again in the cast, together with Mrs. Alfred Mellon, a praiseworthy actress, who many years ago was almost brilliant, and who now, in a costume worthy of a masquerade in Bedlam, gave visible form to the savage humors of Mrs. Squeers. In spite of the valuable aid of these performers, however, there is nothing comfortable in our recollection of "Nicholas Nickleby," unless it be the acquirement of a conviction. We mean the conviction that it is a great mistake to attempt to transform Dickens's works into dramas. The extreme oddity of his figures, which constantly endangers them for the reader, is doubled when they are presented to the eye. Dramatic effect is not missed, but overdone, and we receive an impression of something intolerably salient and violent. Add to which the simple cutting up of a novel into episodes, tacked together anyhow, is always an abomination.

Mrs. Kendal (to return to the ladies whom we have left) is a thoroughly accomplished, business-like, lady-like actress, with a great deal of intelligence, a great deal of practice, and a great deal of charm. She is not, we should say, highly imaginative, but she has always the manner of reality, and her reality is always graceful. At the St. James's she carries the weight of the whole feminine side of the house—she reigns alone; and it is a proof of the great value which in London attaches to a competent actress, once she is secured, that Mrs. Kendal does all sorts of business. Yesterday she was a young girl, of the period of white muslin and blushes; to-day she plays *Mrs. Sternhold*, in a revival of Tom Taylor's "Still Waters." The former Court and the former Prince of Wales's

(that is, the St. James's and the Haymarket) keep very well abreast of each other, and their rivalry is altogether friendly; but as we cited the recent revival of "Money" at the second-named of these houses as an evidence of scanty resources, so we may say that it was rather pitiful to see Mr. Hare, when he came to open his new theater, with nothing to set out as a birthday feast but an adaptation of a stale French vaudeville of twenty or thirty years ago, entitled "Le Fils de Famille." This performance had not even the merit of novelty, for it had been played at the Court for many weeks before Mr. Hare left this house. "The Queen's Shilling," however, as the English version of the play is called, offered Mr. Kendal some opportunities for very good acting. He and his wife, a few weeks after the opening of the St. James's, undertook the grave responsibility of making a success of the little drama which Mr. Tennyson has lately contributed to the stage. "The Falcon" is an attempt to convert into a poetic comedy one of the most familiar and most touching of the tales of Boccaccio, a tale which a dozen poets have reproduced in narrative verse. Mr. Tennyson's verse, in this last reproduction, aspires to be dramatic; but it works in awkward conditions. The story of the poor gentleman who, to give a breakfast to the proud lady whom he secretly adores, sends his falcon—a solitary treasure—to the pot, and then learns that the purpose of the lady's visit (she is a noble widow, of the neighborhood) had been to ask for the gift of the bird for her little boy, who is lying ill and has taken a fancy to it—this simple and affecting tale is capital reading, but it is very indifferent acting. The *dénouement* consists exclusively in the poor man's saying "My falcon? why, madam, you have had it for your breakfast!"—and before an audience with an irreverent sense of the ridiculous such a *dénouement*, in a pathetic piece, might have provoked a dangerous titter. The English public, however, is not ironical, nor analytic; it takes things on the whole very simply. "The Falcon" therefore was for a few weeks a moderate success—the author having taken the precaution not to bid for loud applause by any great splendor of verse. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, on the other hand, who recited the text with a great deal of care—the former indeed with a degree of ready art remarkable in an actor who has formed his manner upon current colloquialism, and has had the fear of

the artificial constantly in his eyes—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in their Italian dresses of the fifteenth century, were splendidly picturesque figures. The arrangement of the stage also remains in our mind as a supremely successful thing of the kind—the cool, inclosed light of a thick-walled cabin among Italian hills, with a glimpse of a glowing summer's day outside. So you stand and look, from a window with a deep embrasure, at the country about Siena.

We have spoken of Miss Ellen Terry, of Mrs. Bancroft, of Mrs. Kendal; but we have not spoken of the most interesting actress in London. It is agreeable to be able to say that she is an American; but as she is doubtless as well known in New York as in London, we ought perhaps to do no more than briefly allude to her. Miss Genevieve Ward's appearances in London take place at considerable intervals, and she has seemingly never made it her business to obtain a regular footing here. Indeed, to the best of our knowledge, she has not, until within the present year, made what is called a hit. This fact is remarkable when Miss Ward's exceptional ability is considered. She acts with a finish, an intelligence, a style, an understanding of what she is about, which are as agreeable as they are rare. We know not whether she was born under an evil star, or whether there is an insufficient demand for her peculiar qualities to produce a reputation; at any rate, the actress strikes us as having hitherto been less appreciated than she deserves. It may be hoped that now she has made a hit she will obtain her deserts; it is only a pity that her success is not bound up with a more solid opportunity. "Forget-Me-Not," the piece in which Miss Ward has lately appeared at the Prince of Wales's under the new management (she had already brought it out, shortly before the close of the summer season at the Lyceum), is the joint production of Messrs. Herman Merivale and Crawford Grove. The play is of a very slender pattern, being almost totally destitute of action, and much overburdened with talk. The worst of it is that the talk is about nothing worth while—hovering perpetually round the question of whether a low French adventuress, whom the authors have not attempted to make anything but sordid, shall or shall not quarter herself upon certain young English ladies in Rome, with whom she is connected by mysterious ties. An English gentleman, befriending his young countrywomen, un-

dertakes to dislodge the intruder, who resists with great energy, but is finally eliminated. Of these materials Miss Ward has made herself a part. It is a very bad one, but such as it is, she plays it with uncommon brilliancy. Her natural advantages are great, and, to our perception, she comes nearer than any other actress upon the London stage to being a mistress of her art.

At the Haymarket, among the men, Mr. Arthur Cecil is easily first—first, we mean, in the sense of being most of an artist. His art is the art of pure comedy, but it never loses sight of nature; it is always delicate and fine. Few English actors, we suspect, have ever achieved such a command of laughter with an equal lightness of touch. It is true that we remember Charles Mathews. There was more of Charles Mathews than of Arthur Cecil—he was much greater in quantity; but we doubt whether he was more exquisite in quality. Mr. Arthur Cecil is young; but it is his fate to represent elderly men—though when he occasionally does one of his own contemporaries (*Sam Gerridge*, for instance, in "Caste") he loses nothing of his cunning. An actor whose situation is the same, who in the vitality of youth is often condemned to depict senility, is Mr. Hare, of the St. James's. He does many things admirably, his line, however, being less humorous than Arthur Cecil's. He is less genial and less comical, but his old men, whether natural or grotesque, are always minutely studied, and brought before us with elaborate art. He should be seen in a little piece called "A Quiet Rubber" (an adaptation of "Une Partie de Piquet"), in which his *Lord Kildare*, an impoverished and irascible Irish nobleman, whose high temper and good-breeding are constantly at odds, is a remarkable creation. Among the actors of the younger school, the votaries of that quiet realism which brings down on the heads of those who practice it the denomination of "amateurs," John Hare certainly divides with Arthur Cecil the first place. Among the latter's companions, at the Haymarket, Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Conway must be mentioned. Mr. Bancroft has always had a specialty—that of the well-dressed, drawling, empty-headed but presumably soft-hearted heavy dragoon, or man about town, of whom a specimen is usually found in the comedies of Mr. Robertson. Mr. Bancroft represents him with a humor that is not too broad, and in which

the characteristics of the gentleman are not lost sight of. But he recently gave proof that he was capable of more serious work; and his *Count Orloff*, in the version of Victorien Sardou's "Dora," played at the Prince of Wales's two years ago, was a vigorous and manly piece of acting. In "Diplomacy," indeed, several of the performers we have mentioned, with two or three others, showed to exceptional advantage. Mrs. Kendal was not so good as the heroine as we have sometimes seen her; she was too mature for the part. We have also said that Mrs. Bancroft, as the *Countess Zicka*, showed a good deal of misdirected energy. But Arthur Cecil, Mr. Kendal, and Mr. Clayton were all excellent, and the critical scene of the play, the scene of the three men, which on the first production of the piece in Paris did so much to secure its success, was rendered by the two latter gentlemen and by Mr. Bancroft in a manner which left little to be desired. We may say here, in parentheses, that the part of the mother, in "Diplomacy," the grotesque old widow of a South American general, was weakly filled. We mention the fact as a sign that on the London stage there is a plentiful lack of accomplished old women. There is no one that seems to us half so good as that wonderful Mrs. Vernon, who for so many years was the delightful old lady of comedy at Wallack's. Mr. Clayton, of whom we just spoke, deserves a paragraph to himself—though he has lately, if we are not mistaken, been playing in New York, and taking care himself of his credit. He is one of the best representatives of what may be called the man of the world in the contemporary drama. He has an agreeable combination of polish and robustness, and he cultivates ease without that tendency to underact which is the pitfall of the new generation. He made a great hit some five or six years ago in the "All for Her," of Messrs. Herman Merivale and Palgrave Simpson, a drama suggested by Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." We remember thinking his acting picturesque, but the piece infelicitous. At the time we write, he is playing *Sir Horace Welby*, the gentleman who fights a duel with Miss Genevieve Ward in "Forget-Me-Not." The part is a painfully weak one, but Mr. Clayton acts it in a manner which shows that he is capable of much more brilliant things. Mr. Conway, whose name we set down above, is at present an ornament of the Haymarket, where he plays the

young lovers. We say an ornament advisedly; for Mr. Conway's first claim to distinction is his remarkably good looks, which may be admired, along with those of the other professional beauties, at half the photograph shops in London. Mr. Conway follows the same line as that elegant young actor, the late Mr. Montague, who was for several years, at Wallack's, the admiration of New York. He acts with care and intention; but the spectator can hardly rid himself of the feeling that the cut of his garments bears an unduly large part in his success. He has been playing *Alfred Evelyn* in the revival of "Money," of which we have already spoken, and he throws a great deal of effort and animation into the part. But he is overweighted by it, flimsy as it is, and he labors under the disadvantage of a harsh and inflexible voice. We remember seeing Mr. Charles Coghlan play *Alfred Evelyn*, upward of five years since, when the play was brought out at the Prince of Wales's. He did it better, for Mr. Coghlan is a serious and interesting actor. Mr. Coghlan is *par excellence* a votary of quiet realism; the only criticism we shall make of him is that he sometimes confounds the real with the quiet. He has lately been playing in an English arrangement of an American piece—"The Banker's Daughter." "The Old Love and the New," as it is renamed, was brought out by the new management of the Court, with every appearance of success. There is something so truthful, touching and manly in Mr. Coghlan's acting that it is a satisfaction to see him; but he should remember that good acting consists in doing, not the real thing, but the thing which from the scenic point of view *appears* the real thing—a very different affair. This would be a guarantee against his turning his back too much to the audience and delivering too many of his speeches into corners and cupboards. We cannot speak of "The Old Love and the New" without a word of applause for a very clever actor, Mr. Anson, who plays the part of a New York commercial traveler with remarkable comic force. The wonder of it is that the actor is not, as we at first supposed, an American. His rendering of the part is a real study in linguistics. The intonation, the accent of his model, are reproduced with a verity and a sobriety together which do great honor to Mr. Anson's powers of observation. He has caught the vulgar side of his dealer in "samples" so well that for the actor's sake we could not wish the former less vulgar.

We have reached our limits, and we have left a great many things unsaid and a great many names unnoted. We have pretended only to mention the actors of the moment; we have no space even for immediate retrospect. We have omitted, for instance, to say anything of Mr. Toole, who has at present a small theater of his own, an establishment of frivolous traditions, known as the "Folly." Mr. Toole is a rich and elaborate comedian, whom we remember seeing and enjoying in all his parts when he visited the United States some years ago; but in London, we must confess, he does not interest us so much as he did in America. This is partly, we suspect, because much of the quality that we enjoyed in him, the savor of the soil, the cockney humor, was generic, as we may say, and not individual. In London this quality is in the air; every one, in certain classes, has a little of it; so that it becomes commonplace and ceases to be picturesque. Moreover Mr. Toole sometimes nods, and when he does, it is portentous. No less an adjective than this will express the lugubrious quality of his unsuccessful attempt to produce a great comic effect in Mr. Byron's dreary little drama entitled "A Fool and his Money." The source of laughter, for the spectator of this misguided effort of actor and author alike, converts itself into a fountain of tears,—tears of humility for our common liability to err. Though we have not said it hitherto, we must here say a good word for Mr. Charles Warner, who for unnumbered months distinguished himself as the Anglicized hero of the dramatization of Emile Zola's "Assommoir," which Mr. Charles Reade did into English (under the name of "Drink") for the Princess's. Mr. Warner's *Coupeau* is one of the best pieces of acting seen in London for many a day; it revealed, as the French say, the actor, who, though he had played much, had never played half so well. His *Coupeau* was an inspiration. We know not whether Mr. Edward Terry, who is the comic gentleman at the Gaiety, ever has inspirations, but it would be a happy one for him that should lead him to escape from the baleful circle of the punning farces and burlesques of Messrs. Byron and Burnand. He is one of the most amusing actors in London, and strikes us as having a comic vein that might be worked much more profitably than we see it worked in "Little Doctor Faust" and "Robbing Roy." The same may be said of his comrade, Miss

Nelly Farren, whom we ought to have included in our group of noticeable actresses. Many knowing critics in London will tell you that Miss Farren is a great actress, and that if she only had a chance her genius would kindle a blaze. This may be; but meanwhile the chance is wanting. We have seen Miss Farren in two or three parts in which she gave a glimpse of original comic power; but these bright moments were swallowed up in the inanities and vulgarities of the comic drama, as practiced by the indefatigable punsters we have mentioned. Both she and Mr. Terry appear to be sacrificed to that infantile conception of dramatic entertainment which is the only contribution of the English imagination of the day to the literature of the theater.

POSTSCRIPT.—LONDON, November, 1880.

Since the foregoing pages were written, nothing has occurred to falsify the various judgments they contain. Very little, indeed, has occurred in any way—the months of August, September, and October being usually a period of theatrical repose and sterility. At the present writing, however, most of the play-houses are open, and the winter season may be said to have begun. The writer may add that if he was warranted a few months since in deplored the destitution of the English stage,—its want of plays, of authors, of resources,—he is to-day even more justified by the facts. Mr. Irving, desiring to open his winter brilliantly at the Lyceum, can invent nothing better than a revival of that hackneyed and preposterous drama, "The Corsican Brothers"—a piece of which the principal feature is a gentleman of supernatural antecedents, in a blood-stained shirt, moving obliquely along a groove in the stage, under a shower of electric light. "The Corsican Brothers" is brilliantly mounted, with that perfection of detail, that science of the picturesque, which, in default of more pertinent triumphs, is the great achievement of the contemporary stage. It contains a little of everything except acting. Mr. Irving's proceedings in the first act of this drama, and especially the manner in which he delivers himself of the long explanatory narrative put into the mouth of the hero, are of a nature to cause a fiendish satisfaction on the part of such critics as may hitherto have ventured to judge him severely. An incident which

points in exactly the same direction as this extremely successful, but none the less significant, enterprise at the Lyceum is the production (unattended in this case with great success) of "William and Susan" at the St. James's. "William and Susan" is an arrangement of "Black-eyed Susan." Douglas Jerrold's first two acts have been rewritten and provided with scenery as trim and tidy as a Dutch picture—Mr. Wills being the author charged with the delicate task of pouring the old wine into new bottles. Mr. Wills has made a flat and monotonous little play, into which even the singularly charming and touching acting of Mrs. Kendal has failed to infuse the vital spark. Mrs. Kendal is natural and delightful; she has the art of representing goodness and yet redeeming it from insipidity. Mr. Kendal, who plays the high-toned and unfortunate tar, is a graceful and gentlemanly actor, but he is not another T. P. Cooke. He has not the breadth and body the part requires. The play, as it now stands, is of about the intellectual substance of a nursery-rhyme. The *mise en scène* is as usual delightful.

By far the most agreeable theatrical event that has lately taken place in London is the highly successful appearance of Madame Modjeska, who is so well known and generally appreciated in America. This charming and touching actress has hitherto appeared but in two parts; but in these parts she has given evidence of a remarkably delicate and cultivated talent. There are actresses in London whose proceedings upon the stage are absolute horse-play by the side of the quiet felicities of Madame Modjeska. A dismal translation of "La Dame aux Camélias" (in which the situation of the heroine is enveloped in the most bewildering and mystifying pruderies of allusion) permitted Madame Modjeska to achieve a success which was not assisted by any element of the real or the reasonable in the character represented. But she has lately been playing a business-like version of Schiller's "Mary Stuart," and in this case has shown herself able to handle with brilliancy a part of greater solidity. She is a very exquisite and pathetic Queen of Scots. Madame Modjeska is the attraction of the hour; but it only points the moral of these desultory remarks that the principal ornament of the English stage just now should be a Polish actress performing in a German play.

THE EXPENSIVE TREAT OF COLONEL MOSES GRICE.

BESIDES an incipient ventriloquist who had included it in a limited provincial tour which he was making in some hope of larger development of his artistic powers, the only show that had visited Dukesborough thus far was the wax figures. The recollection of that had ever remained unsatisfactory. I can just remember that one of the figures was William Pitt, and another the Sleeping Beauty; that the former was the saddest and the yellowest great statesman that I had had opportunity, thus far, to look upon, and the latter—well, it is not pleasant, even now, to recall how dead, how long time dead, she appeared. When Aggy, my nurse, seeing me appalled at the sight, repeatedly asseverated, "De lady is jes' a-tired and a-takin' of a nap," I cried the louder, and plucked so at Aggy that she had to take me away. Though not thus demonstrative, yet even elderly country people acknowledged to disappointment, and there was a general complaint that if what had been was the best that could be done by Dukesborough in the way of public entertainment, it might as well take itself away from the great highway of human travel, suspend its school, sell out its two stores at cost, abolish its tavern and post-office, tear down its blacksmith's and shoe shops, and, leaving only its meeting-house, resolve itself into the elements from which it had been aggregated. Not that these were the very words; but surely their full equivalents were employed when William Pitt, the Sleeping Beauty, and their pale associates had silently left the town.

As for a circus, such an institution was not known, except by hearsay, even to Colonel Moses Grice, of the Fourteenth Regiment Georgia Militia, though he was a man thirty-five years old, over six feet high, of proportional weight, owned a good plantation and at least twenty negroes, and had seen the theater as many as three times in the city of Augusta. The ideas the Colonel had received there were such, he said, as would last him to the end of his days—a period believed to be remote, barring, of course, all contingencies of future wars. To this theatrical experience he had been desirous, for some time, to add that of the circus, assured in his mind that, from what he had heard, it was a good thing. It happened once, while on a visit to Augusta, whither he had accompanied a wagon-load of his cotton,

partly on that business, but mainly to see the great world there, that he met, at Collier's tavern, where he sojourned, a circus fore-runner, who was going the rounds with his advertisements. Getting soon upon terms of intimacy with one who seemed to him the most agreeable, entertaining, and intelligent gentleman that he had ever met, Colonel Grice imparted to him such information about Dukesborough that, although that village was not upon the list of appointments,—Dukesborough, in point of fact (to his shame the agent confessed it), not having been even heard of,—yet a day was set for its visitation, and when visited, another was set for the appearance there of the Great World-Renowned Circus, which claimed for its native homes London, Paris, and New York.

It would be entertaining to a survivor of that period to make even small boys, from families of most limited means in this generation, comprehend the interest excited by those advertisements, in huge black and red letters, that were tacked upon the wall of Spouter's tavern. From across Beaver Dam, Rocky Creek, the Ogeechee, from even the head-waters of streams leading to the Oconee, they came to read over and spell over the mighty words. Colonel Grice, who had been found, upon his own frank admission, to be the main mover, was forced to answer all inquiries concerning its magnitude, its possible influences upon the future of Dukesborough, and kindred subjects. There would have been a slight drawback to the general eager expectation, on grounds moral and religious; but the World-Renowned had anticipated and provided against that, as will hereafter appear. Then Colonel Grice had signified his intention of meeting the impending institution on the occasion of at least two of its exhibitions before its arrival and should take it upon himself to warn it of the kind of people it was coming among.

The Colonel resided five miles south of the village. He had a wife, but no child (a point on which he was perhaps a little sore), was not in debt, was hospitable, an encourager, especially in words, of public and private enterprises, and enthusiastically devoted, though without experience in wars, to the military profession, which—if he might use the expression—he would call his

second wife. Off the muster-field he habitually practiced that affability which is so pleasant because so rare to see in the warrior class. When in full uniform and at the head of the regiment, with girt sword and pistol-holster, he did indeed look like a man not to be fooled with, and the sound of his voice in utterance of military orders was such as to show that he intended those orders to be heard and obeyed. When the regiment was disbanded, the sternness would depart from his mien, and, though yet unstripped of weapons and regalia, he would smile blandly, as if to re-assure spectators that, for the present, the danger was over, and friends might approach without apprehension.

The Colonel met the circus even further away than he at first had intended. He had determined to study it, he said, and he traveled some seventy miles on horseback, attending daily and nightly exhibitions. Several times during this travel and afterward, on the forenoon of the great day in Dukesborough, he was heard to say that, if he were limited to one word with which to describe what he had seen, that word would be—*grandeur*. "As for what sort of a people them circus people are," he said, "in a moral and in a religious sense, now—ahem! you know, gentlemen and ladies, especially ladies—ah, ha!—I'm not a member, but I'm as great a respecter of religion as can be found in the whole State of Georgia. Bein' raised to that, I pride myself on that. Now, these circus people, they aint what I should call a highly moral, that is, a strictly religious people. You see, gentlemen, that aint, so to speak, their business. They aint goin' about preachin', and havin' camp-meetin' revivals, and givin' singin'-school lessons. They are—I wish I could explain myself about these circus people. These circus people are a-tryin'—you know, gentlemen, different people makes their livin' in different ways; and these circus people are jest a-tryin' to do exactly the same thing in jest exactly the same way. Well, gentlemen, *grandeur* is the word I should say about their performances. I should not confine myself to the word *religion*. Strictly speakin', that word do not embrace all the warious varieties, so to speak, of a circus. *My* word would be *GRANDEUR*; and I think that's the word you all will use when that tent is up, that door is opened, and you are rushin' into its—its—I don't know whether to use the word *jaws* or *departments*. But, for the sake of decency, I'll say—*departments*. As for moral

and religious, gentlemen,—and 'specially ladies,—I tell you, it aint neither a camp-meetin', a 'sociation, a quarterly meetin', nor a singin'-school. I'm not a member, but I'm a respecter; and as to all that, and all them, Dukesborough may go farther and fare worse. That's all I got to say."

On the day before, Colonel Grice, by this time grown intimate with the manager, and as fond of him as if he had been his own brother (some said even fonder), in the fullness of his heart had invited the whole force to breakfast with him on the way to Dukesborough, and the invitation had been accepted. What was consumed was enormous; but he could afford it, and his wife, especially with distinguished visitors, was as hospitable and open-hearted as himself.

Other persons besides boys believed in their hearts that they might not have been able to endure another day's delay of the show. For a brief period the anxiety of school children amounted to anguish when the master expressed doubts as to a holiday; for holidays then were infrequent, and school-masters had to be over-persuaded. But the present incumbent yielded early, with becoming reluctance, to what seemed to be the general desire. The eagerly expected morning came at last. Many who knew that the circus was lingering at Colonel Grice's went forth to meet it, some on foot, some on horseback. Some started even in gigs and other carriages, but being warned by old people, turned, unhooked their horses, and hitched them to swinging limbs in the very farthest part of the grave-yard grove, and then set out on foot. The great show had put foremost its best wagon, but nobody had any sort of idea what things those were which the military gentlemen who rode in it carried in their hands. One person, known generally to carry a cool head, said that one of these things looked to him like a drum, though of a size comparatively enormous, but the idea was generally scorned.

"Where you goin' there, Poll Ann?" said Mrs. Watts to her little daughter, who was opening the gate. "Stay behind there, you, Jack, and you, Susan! You want to git eat up by them camels and varmints? I never see sich children for cur'osity. They've got as much cur'osity as—as—"

"As we have," said Mrs. Thompson, laughing, as she attempted in vain to drive back her own little brood.

The effect of the music in the long, covered wagon, drawn by six gray horses

slowly before the long procession, no words can describe. It put all, the aged and the young, into a tremor. Old Mr. Leadbetter, one of the deacons, who had been very "jubous," as he said, about the whole thing, was trying to read a chapter somewhere in Romans, when, at the very first blast, his spectacles jumped off his nose, and he told a few of the brethren afterward, confidentially, that he never could recollect, afterward, where he had left off. As for Mrs. Bland, she actually danced in her piazza, for, probably, as many as a dozen bars, and, when "had up" about it, pleaded that she couldn't help it. It might have gone hard with the defendant had not some of her triers been known to march in time to the band, and, besides, they had staid after the close of the animal show, contrary to the special inhibition against the circus. For the World-Renowned had provided against the scruples of the straightest sects by attaching to itself a small menagerie of animals, whose exhibition had been appointed for the opening. There were a camel, a lion, a zebra, a hyena, two leopards, a porcupine, six monkeys, a bald eagle, and some parrots. By some means, never fully known, the most scrupulous of the spectators had gotten (late during this first act) to the very loftiest and remotest seats in the amphitheater, and when the animals were shut from the view, these persons, though anxious, were unable to retire without stepping over the shoulders of those beneath—a thing that no decent person could be expected to do. So Mrs. Bland got off with a mild rebuke.

As the cavalcade proceeded, it was a sight to see those who came in late in vehicles hastily turning in, apprehensive of the effect upon their horses of the music and the smell of the wild animals. For the first and only time in the history of Dukesborough, there was momentary danger of a blockade of wheels in its one street.

"A leetle more," said old Tony to the other negroes at home that night—he was the driver of the Booker carriage—"a leetle more, and I'd 'a driv' right into the camel's mouth."

For some reason, possibly its vast size and the peculiar dip of its under-lip in the pictures, the camel seemed to be regarded as the most carnivorous of the wild beasts, and especially fond of human flesh.

The place selected for the tent was the area west of Sweep's shoe-shop, at the foot of the hill on which the Basil mansion

stood. When the door was opened at last, the crowd surged in. Colonel Grice waited long, in order to see that no one of any condition was excluded for want of the entrance fee. For at last this was regarded by him rather as a treat of his own to his neighbors, and he wanted it to be complete. Then he walked in with the deliberateness of an owner of the establishment, and contemplated everything with benignant complaisance. Those ladies and gentlemen who were within the sound of his voice, as he went the rounds of the boxes containing the animals, were fortunate.

"Be keerful there, boys—be keerful," he said kindly but seriously to some little fellows who were leaning against the rope and studying the porcupine. "Be keerful. That's the cibilated pockapine. You see them sharp things on him? Well, them's his quills, and which, when he's mad, he shoots 'em like a bow'-narrow, and they goes clean through people."

The boys backed, although the little creature looked as if his quiver had been well-nigh exhausted in previous wars.

"That's the hyner," said the Colonel, moving on, "and they say he's the most rhinoceros varmint of 'em all. Of all victuals he loves folks the best, though he some rather that somebody or something else would kill 'em, and then him come on about a week or sich a matter afterward. They scratches up grave-yards, and in the countries where they raise, people has to bury their kin-folks in stone coffins."

"Oh, goodness gracious, Colonel! Let's go on!"

This exclamation was made by Miss Angeline Spouter, the thinnest of the party, who was locked arm in arm with Miss Georgiana Pea, the thickest.

"No danger, Miss Angeline—no danger at all," answered the Colonel, briskly raising his arm aloft that all might see what was between them and the beast, at which he looked as if it were his own pet hyena and would not think of leaving its lair without his order. "No danger whatsomever. Even if he could git out, he'd have to ride over me, and, besides, it's mostly corpses that he'd be arfter, and—ah—I don't think, anyway, that *you'd* be in the slightest danger."

As he said this, the Colonel looked rather argumentatively, and at Miss Pea more than Miss Spouter.

"Oh," said Miss Pea, gayly, "if the creetur could git out, and then took a

notion for live folks, I'd be the one he'd make for, certain sure."

Just as the party was about to pass on, the wretched beast, stopping for a moment, his snout pressed to the roof, uttered several short, loud, hoarse, terrific howls. Miss Spouter screamed, Miss Pea laughed hysterically, and Colonel Grice, before he knew it, was on the outside of his knot of followers. Recovering himself,—for he was without his sword and pistol-holster,—he stepped quickly back to the front, looked threateningly, and afterward disdainfully, at the hyena, who had resumed his walks, and said :

" You rhinoceros varmint, you ! Thinkin' of them grave-yards you've robbed, and hungry for some more of 'em, ah ! These is live folks, my boy ; and they aint quite ready for you yit, nor wont be for some time, I hope." Then he led on to the monkeys.

"Hello, Bill ! I knowed you'd be here ; got your boys with you, too, I see."

The person addressed by Colonel Grice was a tall, stout young farmer. Over his other clothes he wore a loosely fitting round jacket, of thick, home-made stuff, with capacious pockets. In each of these were one foot and a considerable portion of a leg of a child about two years old. Their other feet rested easily in the man's hands, which were tucked up for that purpose, while one arm of each was around his neck. The children were exactly alike, except a shade's difference in the color of their eyes. This was Mr. William Williams, who, three years before, had been married to Miss Caroline Thigpen. At this double birth, Mr. Williams was proud and even exultant. Out of the many names suggested for the twins, he early selected those of the renowned offspring of Mars and Rhea Sylvia. Modifying them, however, somewhat for his own reasons, he called and so wrote them in his Bible, "Romerlus" and "Remerlus."

"Remus, Mr. Williams," urged the friend who had suggested the names. "Remus, not Remulus : Romulus and Remus are the names."

"No, Philip," he answered ; "it's Romerlus and Remerlus. One's jest as old as 'tother, or nigh and about ; and he's as big, and he's as good-lookin', and his brother's name sha'n't be no bigger'n his'n."

As soon as they were able to stand without harm, he accustomed them to this

mode of travel, and he was never so contented as when he and they went out thus together.

"I knowed you'd be here, Bill, and your boys."

"Yes, Kurnel, I thought comin' to see the beastesses and varmints might sort o' be a start to 'em in jography. You, Rom—you, Reme, you needn't squeeze me so tight. They aint no danger in *them* things."

The children, plucky for their age, and with considerable experience in travel, had gone easily enough thus far ; but when they looked upon these creatures, so like yet so unlike mankind, they shrank from the view, and clung closely to their father. Colonel Grice, recovered from the embarrassment occasioned by the hyena, was pleased at the apprehension of the twins.

"Natchel, Bill, perfec'ly natchel. You know some folks says monkeys is kin to us, and the boys, mebbe, don't like the looks of their relations."

"They aint no kin o' mine, Kurnel, nor their'n," answered Mr. Bill. "Ef you think they're humans, supposin' you—as you haint no children of your own—supposin' you adopt one of 'em."

Mr. Bill suspected that the Colonel might be alluding to the fabled she-wolf. The Colonel, however, had never heard of the distinguished originals of Roman story. His remark was a mere *jeu d'esprit*, springing naturally from the numerous sources of satisfaction of the occasion.

The wild beasts were finally hidden from view, and all repaired to their seats. Colonel Grice sat high, and near the entrance of the rear tent from which the circus performers were to emerge. Mr. Williams sat on the lowest tier, near the main entrance. He had taken his boys out of his pockets and held them on his knees. The Colonel, when he could get an opportunity, quietly, and in a very pleasant way, called the ring-master's attention to him, who smiled and nodded. Then the curtain was pushed aside from the rear tent, the band struck up, and the pie-bald horses came marching in with their silent riders, who, at first, looked as if they had just come from the bath and had had time for only a limited toilet. Old Miss Sally Cash, cousin and close neighbor of Colonel Grice, exclaimed :

"Lor'a-mercy, Mose ! Them aint folks, is they ? Them's wax figgers, aint they ?"

"I assure you, Cousin Sally, that they're folks," answered the Colonel, with marked

candor. He had great respect for his cousin Sally, and some awe.

"I thought they was wax figgers, set on springs. They aint like no folks that I've ever saw, and I've saw a good many people in my time, both here and in Agusty." It was one of Miss Cash's boasts, which few countrywomen of that generation could make, that she had once been to that famous city. After a short interval, she added: "I b'lieve yit they're wax figgers."

At that moment the clown, all spotted and streaked, bringing up the rear, shouted: "Here we all are, my masters."

"My Lord-a-mighty!" exclaimed Miss Cash and some three hundred other females. Only Colonel Grice, and a very few others who had been at yesterday's exhibition, could preserve any amount of coolness. The rest abandoned themselves to unlimited wonder.

"I'm sixty-nine year old," said old Mr. Pate, "and I never see sich as that before, and I never 'spect to see sich as that."

As they made their involutions and evolutions, destined, apparently, to be endless in number and variety, the old man looked on as if in his age he was vouchsafed the witness of the very last and highest achievement of human endeavor.

"Do you think that's decent, Mose?" asked Miss Cash. The performers were then in the act of the "ground and lofty tumbling," turning somersaults forward, backward, over one another, lying on their backs, throwing up their legs, and springing to their feet, etc., until they were panting and blue in the face. Miss Cash was not disposed that her Cousin Mose should know how much she was interested in this performance.

"I shouldn't say it was ondecent, Cousin Sally."

"I don't say it is," said Miss Cash.

"You know," said the Colonel, winking slyly to his wife, and other friends of both sexes, "nobody is obligeed to stay and see the show. Anybody can go that wants to. They aint no law agin goin', if anybody's desires is to git away."

"No," answered Miss Cash, downright. "I've paid my half a dollar, and they sha'n't cheat me out of it, nor nary part of it."

The next scene was one which Colonel Grice had eagerly anticipated. A steed rushed into the ring. He was as wild, apparently, as Mazeppa's, and the clown, when the ring-master inquired for the rider, answered, in a pitiful tone, that he was sick, and none other of the *troupe* would dare to

take his place. Then followed the usual fun of the master ordering the clown to ride the horse, and the clown, after vain remonstrance, trying to catch the horse, and the horse refusing to be caught; and, finally, the giving up the chase, and the master lashing the recusant beast around the ring, and wishing in vain for a rider to set him off properly. In the midst of this, an extremely drunken young man, homely clad, came through the main entrance, after a dispute and a scuffle with the door-keeper, and, staggering to where Mr. Bill Williams sat, looked down upon him.

"Two babies. One (*hic*) yours, s'pose."

"Yes," said Mr. Bill.

"And (*hic*) t'other —"

"My wife's; but that aint nobody's business but ourn. You pass on."

The stranger declined, and fixing his muddled attention on what was going on in the ring, said:

"I can (*hic*) ride that horse —"

The words were no sooner uttered than the man stumbled upon the track, just after the horse had dashed past. The whole audience, except Colonel Grice and the select few, rose and cried out in horror.

"Take him out, Bill! Take him out!" cried Colonel Grice. Indeed, Mr. Bill had already slid his babies into his wife's lap, and was dragging the man out of the ring. He insisted upon returning.

"Look a-here, my friend," said Mr. Bill. "I don't know you, nor nobody else don't seem to know you; but if I didn't have Rom and Reme —"

The fellow made another rush. Mr. Bill took hold of him, but receiving a trip he fell flat, and the stranger fell into the ring, rolling out of the track in lucky time. The ring-master seemed much embarrassed.

"Oh, give him a little ride, Captain!" cried out Colonel Grice. "If he falls, he's too drunk to git badly hurt."

"It's a shame, Mose!" remonstrated Miss Cash. "I didn't come here and pay my money to see people killed. Notwithstanding and nevertheless the poor creeter's drunk, and not hardly fitten too live, he ought by good rights to have some time to prepare for the awful change that —"

But by this time Mazeppa was mounted and dashing away; and, but that Miss Cash had made up her mind not to be cheated out of any portion of her money, she would have shut her eyes, or veiled her face, as the maddened animal sped along, while the infatuated inebriate clung to his mane. An an-

ious time it was. Kind-hearted people were sorry they had come. In the struggle between life and death, the stranger seemed to be beginning to sober. Sooner than could have been expected, he raised himself from the horse's neck (Miss Cash twisting her mouth and screwing her neck as he reeled back and forth from side to side), gathered up the reins, shook from his feet the thick shoes he was clad with, flung aside his old hat, brushed up his curly hair, and before Miss Cash could utter a word, was on his feet. Then began that prolonged metamorphosis which old Mr. Pate was never satisfied with recounting, whether to those who saw it or those who saw it not.

"Coat artert coat, breeches artert breeches, gallis artert gallis, shirt artert shirt, ontwell he shucked hisself nigh as clean as a ear o' corn."

When everybody saw that the stranger was one of the showmen, the fun rose to a height that delayed for full five minutes the next scene. As for Colonel Grice, his handkerchief was positively wet with the tears he shed. Even Mr. Bill forgot his own discomfiture in the universal glee.

"It's a shame, Mose," said Miss Cash, "to put such a trick on Bill Williams, and that right where his wife is. It would be a good thing if he could put it back on you."

Even at this late day, a survivor of that period can scarcely recall without some exaltation of feeling that young girl of eleven (who had been advertised as "Mademoiselle Louise, the Most Celebrated Equestrienne in the World"), as she ran out with the daintiest of frocks, the pinkest of stockings, the goldenest of flounces, the bluest of belts, the curliest of hair, the peachiest of cheeks, kissed her hand to the audience, put one foot into the clown's hand, and flew into the saddle. As she went around, dancing upon that horse in full gallop, hopping over her whip and jumping through rings, and, when seated, smoothed down her skirt and waved her sleeveless arms—well, there was one boy (his name was Seaborn Byne) that declared he "would be dinged if it wasn't enough to melt the hearts clean outen a statute."

In the interval before the last, named "The Wonderful Tooth-Drawing-Coffeepot-Fire-cracker Scene," an incident occurred that was not on the programme—an interlude, as it were, improvised by the exuberant spirits of both spectators and showmen. Colonel Grice, deeply gratified at the success of what, without great stretch, might

be called his own treat, was in the mood to receive special attention and compliment from any source. When the pretended inebriate had been lifted upon Mazepa, the clown took a bottle from his pocket, tasted it when he had gotten behind his master, smacked his lips, set it down by the middle pole, and, being detected in one of his sortings to it, was reproached for not inviting some one to drink with him. They were on the portion of the ring next the main entrance.

"Why don't you invite Colonel Grice?" said Mr. Bill Williams, in a low voice. "He expects it."

The master turned to notice from whom the suggestion proceeded, and, before he could determine, the clown, though with some hesitation, said :

"If Colonel Grice ——"

"Stop it!" whispered the master.

But he was too late. The Colonel had already risen, and was carefully descending.

"Is you goin' there, Mose, sure enough?" said Miss Cash. "It do look like Mose is complete carried away with them circus people and hisself."

Having gotten safely over the intervening heads and shoulders, the Colonel stepped with dignity into the ring, at the same time feeling somewhat of the embarrassment which will sometimes befall the very greatest warrior when, without his weapons, he knows himself to be the object of the attention of a large number of civilians, both male and female. This embarrassment hindered his observation of the captain's winks, and the clown's pouring a portion of the liquor upon the ground. He walked up rapidly and extended his hand. The clown, with an effort at mirthfulness, the more eager because he was doubtful of perfect success, withdrew the bottle from his grasp, spread out his legs, squatted his body, and, applying the thumb of his disengaged hand to his nose, wriggled his fingers at the Colonel's face, winking frantically the while, hoping the latter would advance the joke by insistence.

In this he miscalculated. Persons who claimed to have seen Colonel Moses Grice, on previous occasions, what was called *mad*, said that that was mere childish fretfulness compared with his present condition of mind, when, after the withdrawal of the bottle, the whole audience, Miss Cash louder than all, broke into uproarious laughter. Fortunately the enraged chieftain had nor sword, nor pistol, nor even walking-cane. His only weapon was his tongue.

Stepping back a pace or two, and glaring upon the ludicrous squatter, he shouted :

" You spotted-backed, striped-legged, streaked-faced, speckled-b-breasted, p'intaed-hatted son-of-a-gun ! "

With each ejaculation of these successive, uncommon appellations, the poor clown lifted himself somewhat, and, by the time their climax was reached, was upright, and, dressed as he was, seemed most pitiful.

" My dear Colonel Grice — " he began.

" Shet up your old red mouth," broke in the Colonel. " I didn't *want* your whisky. I got better whisky at home than you know anything about. But as you asked me to drink, like, as I thought, one gentleman would ask another gentleman, I didn't feel like refusing you. I give the whole of you your breakfast, your blasted varmints and all; I put at least twenty into your cussed old show, and arter that — "

" My dear-est Colonel Grice ! "

" Oh, you p'intaed-hatted, streaked-fac-ed, speckled-b-breasted — " beginning, as it were, a back-handed stroke by reversing the order of his epithets.

At this moment the ring-master, who had not been able thus far to get in a single word, said in a loud but calm tone :

" Colonel Grice, don't you see that it was a mere jest, and that the suggestion came from one of your neighbors ? The bottle contains nothing but water. We beg your pardon if you are offended; but I can but think that the abusive words you have used already are quite enough."

" Come, Mose ! come, Mose !" cried Miss Cash, who had just been able to stop her laughter. " Give and take, Mose. You put it on to Bill Williams, and he stood it; and he put it back on to you, and now you can't stand it, eh ? " And the old lady again fairly screamed with laughter, while hundreds of others joined.

The Colonel stood for a moment, hesitating. Then he suddenly turned, and, remarking that this was no place for a gentleman, walked toward the entrance.

" You goin' to let 'em cheat you out of the balance of your money that way, Mose ? " asked Miss Cash. He turned again. Finding himself wholly without support, and unwilling to lose the great scene of the "Tooth-Drawing," etc., he halted and stood until it was over. By that time, he was considerably mollified, and the manager approaching, apologized for himself, the clown, and all his *troupe*, begged that he would join in a glass of the genuine at Spouter's tavern.

How could the Colonel refuse ? He could not, and he did not.

" Go with us, wont you, sir ? " said the manager, addressing Mr. Williams. " We had some little fun at your expense also; but I hope you bear us no malice, as we never intend to hurt feelings."

" Sperrits," answered Mr. Bill, " is a thing I sildom takes—that is, I don't tech it riglar; but I'll try a squirrel-load with you—jes' a moderate size squirrel-load."

At Spouter's all was cordially made up. Mr. Bill set Rom and Reme on the counter, and the clown gave them a big lump of white sugar apiece.

" They seem to be nice, peaceable little fellows," said he. " Do they ever dispute ? "

" Oh, no great deal," answered Mr. Bill. " Sometimes Rom—that's the bluest-eyed one—he wants to have all his feed before Reme gits any of his'n, and he claws at the spoon and Reme's nose. But when he does that, I jes' sets *him* right down, and I makes him wait on well Reme's fed. I 'tends to raise 'em to be peaceable, and to give and take, and to be friends as well as brothers, which is mighty fur from bein' always the case in families."

Mr. Bill knew that Colonel Grice and his younger brother Abram had not spoken together for years.

" Right, Bill," said the Colonel. " Raise 'em right. Take keer o' them boys, Bill. Two at a time comes right hard on a fellow, though, don't it, Bill ? Expensive, eh ? " and the Colonel winked pleasantly all around.

" Thank ye, Kurnel; I'll do the best I can. I shall raise 'em to give and take. No, Kurnel, not so very hard. Fact, I wa'n't a-expectin' but one, yit, when Reme come, I thought jest as much o' him as I did o' Rom. No, Kurnel, it wouldn't be my desire to be a married man and have nary ar—to leave what little prop'ty I got to. And now, sence I got two instid o' one, and them o' the same size, I feel like I'd be sort o' awk'ard 'ithout both of 'em. You see, Kurnel, they balances agin one another in my pockets. No, Kurnel, better two than nary one; and in that way you can larn 'em better to give and take. Come, Rom, come, Reme—git in; we must be a-travelin'." He backed up to the counter, and the boys, shifting their sugar-lumps to suit, stepped aboard and away they went.

After that day Dukesborough thought she could see no reason why she might not be named among the leading towns of Middle Georgia.

IN ALBANIA WITH THE GHEGS.

"Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
 Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
 Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
 Who can so well the toil of war endure?
 Their native fastnesses not more secure
 Than they in doubtful time of troublous need;
 Their wrath how deadly! But their friendship sure
 When Gratitude or Valor bids them bleed,
 Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead."

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto II.



TOMB OF SKANDERBEG AT ALESSIO.

On the eastern shores of the Adriatic, at the southern extremity of the olive-clad coast of Dalmatia, a short distance beyond Cattaro, the Austrian rule over the Slav ceases, and the Turkish province of Albania begins. Geographically, the position of the country is described as "conterminous with the ancient Epirus and with the southern provinces of ancient Illyria," and as including part of the classic soil of Macedonia and Chaonia. The serrated coast of Albania is washed in the north by the waters of the Adriatic, and by the Gulf of Arta in the south. On the east it is separated from Servia and the Turkish province of Rumili by the rocky barrier of the Pin-

dus and Scardus Mountains; Greece lies upon its southern frontier, and to the north it is bounded by Montenegro and Bosnia. From north to south Albania is barely three hundred miles in length, or a trifle shorter than Ireland; from the sea eastward to the Pindus and Scardus chain it nowhere extends inland beyond one hundred miles at its northern or broadest extremity, and this narrows down to thirty on the southern border. Ethnologically, Albania is broadly divided by the two great tribes or clans of Ngege, Ghegides, or Ghegs, who inhabit northern or Illyrian Albania, and the Toskides, or Tosks, who people the southern or Epirotic portion of the country. Colonel

Leake and Johann George von Hahn, the only reliable authorities on the subject of Albania, mention a third clan called the Liape, a poor and predatory race who live in the mountains between the Toke and Delvius. The principal Gheg towns are Dulcigno, Scutari, and Durazzo, and the chief Tosk cities are Berat and Elbassan. The Albanians themselves, however, know no such scientific distinctions as Gheg or Tosk. In their own language, which recent research has pronounced to be an independent branch of the Indo-European family and, according to Humboldt, "the floating plank of a vessel that has been sunk in the ocean of time and lost for ages," they call themselves *Scipetār*, or "highlanders." The Turks in a like manner ignore all tribe distinctions, and term them broadly *Arnauds*.

The common belief is that Albania is thinly peopled. Square mile for square mile, no country on the borders of Albania possesses more populous centers. Scutari alone, the capital of the north, has a population of almost 27,000, and Joannina, the metropolis of the south, has quite as many inhabitants; Ochrida, Prisrend, Elbassan, and Berat are all considerable cities; nor are the minor towns of Dulcigno, Alessio, Durazzo, Croya, Jakova, and Ipek by any means thinly peopled. Hardly more exact is Dr. Arnold's oft-quoted saying that Albania "is one of those ill-fated portions of the earth which, though placed in immediate contact with civilization, has remained perpetually barbarian." Disguised in one form or another, this opinion has given color to English encyclopedias, until Albania has come to be regarded as a "very Botany Bay

in moral geography"—a black, barbaric spot in Europe surrounded by a perfect halo of Slav civilization. That its people are, as yet, very far from the acme of civilization, all who know them will readily admit; but that they are so wofully behind the social advancement of their Slav neighbors is easy enough to disprove.

In the first place, the Albanians are not only industrious and skilled in various handicrafts, but the country has several representative manufactures which would not disgrace the art productions of our Western capitals. Can this be said of the Montenegrins, the Bosnians, or the Servians? In the towns of Ipek and Jakova, gold and silver filigrees are made, far superior to Maltese work, both in the artistic feeling exhibited in the design, and the marvelous intricacy and delicacy of the finish of the workmanship. This glittering, lace-like Jakova work is eagerly sought for in every bazaar, and the costliest

"Gold cups of filigree, made to secure
The hand from burning."—

as mentioned by Byron in "Don Juan," and which are generally placed under the tiny Turkish coffee-cups,—are always of Albanian manufacture. Prisrend is famous for its carpets, but more particularly for the production of the magnificent silver-mounted pistols and chased and jewel-hilted yataghans, which lend such splendor to every opulent Albanian's girdle; while Scutari is celebrated for the skill of its cloth-workers, and the dexterity of its gold embroiderers. Have the Slavs on the northern and eastern borders any industries such as these?

Much has been said and more written of late concerning the turbulent spirit of the Albanians. But it must be remembered that the country is most exceptionally constituted, composed as it is of three opposing religious bodies, governed by a foreign power. The southern, or Tosk, Albanians belong, for the most part, to the Greek church; central Albania is chiefly Mahomedan; and northern, or Gheg, Albania is principally Roman Catholic. Add to this the fact that nearly all the Mahomedan Albanians are descended from *Bektashes*, or renegades from the Christian faith, and that, bitterly as these tripartite factions hate one another, they detest the Porte still more, and the only wonder left us is that internal strife and rebellion have not long ago decimated the population. Yet the Albanians are not



ALBANIAN HORSE WITH WOODEN PACK-SADDLE.



A MIRIDITE BY THE LAKE OF SCUTARI.

so constantly at loggerheads with each other or their rulers as one might suppose. The existing troubles, for instance, cannot be traced to these sources. They have been brought about solely by the re-adjustment of the Albanian frontier under the decrees of the Berlin Treaty. By these stipulations a very considerable portion of the country has been awarded to the Arnauds' hereditary foes, and Montenegro, Servia, and Greece each claim a portion of the Albanian border. Now, the Albanians are as distinct in race and language from their borderers, the Greeks and Slavs, as from their Moslem rulers. Even the most pronounced Slavophiles are compelled to regard the Scipe-

taars not merely as a tribe, but a nation. Moreover, their antiquity is as high as any of their neighbors'. Long before the Turkish conquest of Constantinople, Albania had its independence under a number of petty princes. The people are wont to boast of themselves as the only northern race who, in the fifteenth century, successfully checked the conquering arms of Mahomet the Great. This they did for twenty-four years under the leadership of the deathless George Castriot, or Skanderbeg, as the Turks called him. Such is the veneration of the Ghegs for his memory that his chivalrous deeds are the constant theme of their songs, whilst to this day—more than four hundred years



A CHRISTIAN LADY OF ALBANIA.

after his death—the Christian mountaineers wear a short black mourning jacket or *jurdin* over their white woolen dress, in memory of him whom they love to style the champion of Albanian liberty. Thus, as the Montenegrins carry the *kappa*, so the Ghegs wear the *jurdin*—as a memento of their long struggle for liberty in days gone by, and as a symbol of the freedom which they believe is yet to come. It would be strange, indeed, then, if a nation with such a history, and with these aspirations, should tamely submit to see their country parcelled out and divided among those who cannot claim to have beaten them in war.

Much has been said and more written of late about the predatory habits and ferocious nature of the Albanian race. According to popular notions, the lowlanders are cut-throats and the highlanders brigands. The nearer the traveler gets to Albania, the louder and more positive become the dismal predictions concerning his fate on entering the country; and it was with many misgivings that Dick and I stepped from the *louдра* which

had brought us across the Lake of Scutari from Montenegro, and set our feet on Albanian soil preparatory to entering the ancient town of Scutari or Skodra. We had our rifles and our revolvers with us, loaded against any emergency.

But our first experience of Albania dispelled the dark stain which ignorance had placed upon the people's character. And after wandering in some of the wildest districts of the north,—among the Miridite mountaineers when we visited the tomb of Skanderbeg at Alessio, and through the heart of the Clementi tribes when we tried to get into Gusinje,—I can say that the only instance of brigandage which came to our knowledge was practiced by the lake boatmen, when they charged us a quadruple fare for rowing us from Karadagh to Scutari, and that the Albanians' regard for the sanctity of our personal effects was such that we never had our saddle-bags stolen, as we did in "honest" Montenegro. The closing portion of this article will show that in our expedition to Gusinje we ran some risk of losing our heads, but the reader will also learn that the men who wanted to kill us were Bosniac Mahomedans, and that we were saved by the staunch fidelity of the Albanian Ghegs.

Candor compels me to mention an ugly blemish in the national character which, although little known to the outer world, is none the less observable in the race. I allude to the prevalence of blood-feuds amongst the various clans and religious factions in the country. If it were my object to palliate this savage custom, I might show that the vendetta has been time out of mind a rude form of retributive justice peculiar to most primitive highland races, and that, in maintaining this cowardly code of retaliation, the Albanians are neither better nor worse than were until within recent years the natives of the Basque provinces, the Corsicans, or even the Montenegrins. With these people, however, it was a barbarism of the past; with the Arnauds it is an all-prevailing practice of the present. Under these blood-feud laws, the most cowardly and cold-blooded murders—one can call them by no milder name—are of daily occurrence. The entire population is armed to the teeth against this ceaseless vendetta, and the burial-places are crowded with its victims; yet there is no authority in the country powerful enough to suppress it. So the barbarous custom prevails from one extremity of the country

to the other,—alike in the crowded bazaars and on the lonely hill-side, wherever the avenger and the victim meet,—and the Porte is powerless to punish because it is not strong enough to rule. The blood-feud, however, is confined by the people to the settlement of their own private quarrels, so that, unless a stranger is injudicious enough to intermeddle, he need have no alarm about his own safety in the country.

It would be difficult to point to a country within nine days' traveling distance from Paris so picturesquely quaint as Albania. It is a land above all others for the artist—a country locked within itself—a little stationary world within our vast whirligig outer one, where mediævalism is preserved in the most delicious freshness. It is the land of Iskander as when Iskander himself ruled over it. The billowy landscapes of the mountainous north are far more changeful than the people, for nature under the thin highland air is as various as the chameleon—now iridescent with the rainbow lights of dawn, next gleaming white and azure under the fierce midday sun, and anon wrapped in the violet mantle of the night. But time may come and go, and show the mountains and the lakes under a thousand different aspects, and yet the people have only one—that of their forefathers.

The splendid costume of Albania is brought vividly before the untraveled mind by Byron's memorable description of

“The wild Albanian kirtled at the knee,
With shawl-clad head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroidered garments fair to see.”

Decked in this white and red and golden magnificence, he is to-day as picturesquely prominent in every Albanian bazaar as when the poet saw him in the south at the commencement of the century. But accurate as is this picture of a Tosc Albanian,—for Byron never traveled north,—it cannot be applied to the Christian Gheg. Curiously enough, the snowy kilt or festan is affected only by the lowland Mohammedans in the north. From the days of Iskander the mountain tribes have worn their own peculiar white woolen garments, and by these the clans are distinguishable at a glance.

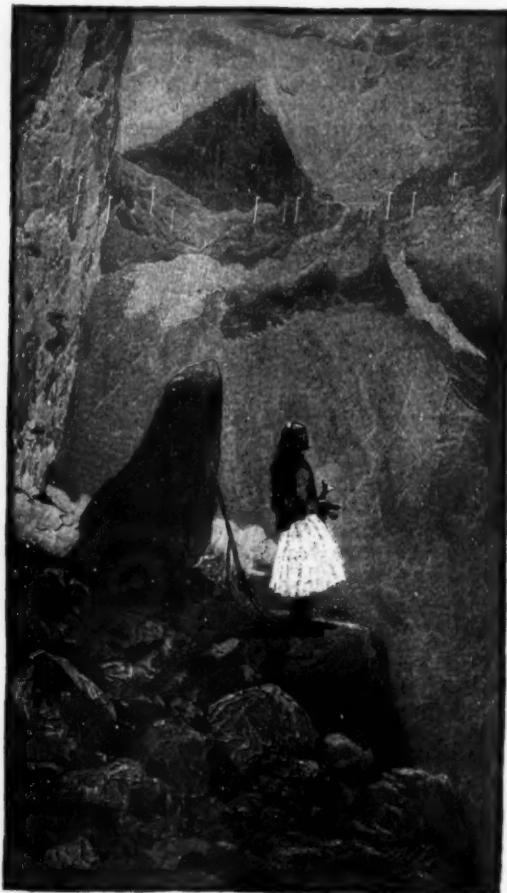
In my article on Montenegro, I ended by saying that the peace which the Prince looked forward to so hopefully was hourly threatened, at the time of our sojourn in the country, by the troubles on the Albanian border, arising from the annexation of terri-

tory at Gusinje by the Montenegrins. On our arrival in Scutari, we found the people in a patriotic ferment, and the outbreak of a war with the Slavs—for which we had waited some time in Podgoritz—a appeared to be imminent. This warlike demonstration against the Montenegrins appeared to be a purely popular one, for which the Turkish authorities were in no degree answerable. The little border rebellion,



THE FRONTIER GUARD.

we were told, had been entirely organized by a patriotic secret association styling itself the Albanian League. While I was in Scutari, I made it my business to interview several chiefs of this League, so as to become acquainted with the governing principles of a secret society which is at the present moment sufficiently strong not only to openly defy the Turkish Government, but to number among its members some of the foremost officials of the Porte in Albania. In my opinion, the Albanian League is the forerunner of a general rebel-



A FRONTIER GUARD ON DUTY.

lion against Ottoman rule. In its infancy, the League was, no doubt, encouraged by the Turks as a convenient "cat's-paw," where-with to tease the irritable Slav. But now the Government stands aghast and almost paralyzed at the hot-blooded ferocity of the very creatures they helped to create. The anarchy and lawlessness existing lately at Prisrend, where the European consuls were imprisoned by the mob in their consulates, and where the Russian representative was shot at through his own door, are but slight illustrations of the utter inability of the existing authorities to cope with the present disorder and anarchy; while the unavenged murder of Mehemet

Ali at Jakova shows too plainly how powerless is all justice in the land.

The following are the guiding principles of the Albanian League, as given to me by one of the most influential chiefs of that body in Scutari:

The Albanian League is a purely patriotic association, composed of all grades of Albanians, having for its object the determined resistance of any annexation of territory by foreign powers. Thus Montenegro, Servia, and Greece—countries which have all received portions of Albania, under the conditions of the Berlin Treaty—are, each, in turn, to be vigorously opposed in any effort to occupy the land awarded

them. The head-quarters of the League, my informant said, were at Prisrend; but the leader of the fraternity, Ali Pasha, was then at Gusinje, organizing the revolt against the Montenegrin occupation of that district. Money, I was told, had been subscribed for the purpose at Scutari and other Albanian towns; and in the event of the League succeeding against Montenegro, it was their determination to fight Servia or Greece, as soon as either country endeavored to take an acre of Albanian ground. Further, I learned, in the event of this programme proving successful, it was the intention of the Albanians to declare their independence. Turkey, according to the notions of the League, was not capable of governing its own affairs, and Albania was the most flagrant example of the mal-administration of its provinces, for here the officials of the Porte not only robbed and plundered the people, but left them without soldiers or *gensdarmes* to protect their lives and property. For these reasons the Albanians were determined to cast off the Ottoman yoke, and at all hazards to try and establish their country once more as an independent principality. In the event of the aspirations of the League proving successful, they had decided to offer the rulership of Albania to Midhat Pasha, the only man, my informant said,—but it must be borne in mind that he was a Mahomedan,—who had proved himself a thoroughly honest and capable statesman.*

As we had by this time become very much interested in the ultimate conclusion of the Gusinje question, we determined, if possible, to visit the place, and judge for ourselves as to the probable success of the Albanian cause. No sooner, however,

were our intentions mentioned at the Hotel Toschli, than the utmost powers of the Scutarine Christians who frequented the *café* were exerted to dissuade us from our contemplated journey. Toschli himself was tearfully supplicative on the subject. Were we mad?—he asked. Did we not know that a Christian's life in Gusinje would be as brief as an infidel's days in Mecca? Were we aware that Their Excellencies the Frontier Commissioners had been stoned and pelted with mud by the Mahomedans when they tried to enter even the neighborhood of Ali Pasha's head-quarters? And, above all, had we no regard for our honored heads? Finding, at last, that we were determined upon our projects, our friends ceased from troubling, and confined themselves to looking at us with that melancholy cast of countenance peculiar to those who gaze upon the condemned.

The shortest route from Scutari to Gusinje was by the mountain passes cleaving through the heart of the districts of Kastrati and Clementi. The reported ferocity of the northern mountaineers, however, rendered our journey impossible without a safe-conduct, and the method of procedure in order to obtain one is sufficiently peculiar to warrant a few words upon the subject. As the Ghegs of the highlands are all Roman Catholics, it is necessary for them to appoint at the Pashalik of Scutari a Mahomedan representative, who acts in their behalf much in the same manner as a consul represents his nation in a foreign capital. This worthy is called the Boluk-Bashi of the tribe, and among the various duties of his office it is his province to grant safe-transit passes to all persons who may have business within his district. Armed with a passport from a Boluk-Bashi, escorts are unnecessary, and the traveler may wander unharmed through the wildest mountain passes, with much more security than he has in the streets of Scutari. A safe-conduct pass, however, is by no means easy to procure, as the Boluk-Bashi will only grant them to such persons as he can prudently permit within his territory. Foreigners, too, are looked upon with considerable suspicion by the mountaineers, and a recommendation from an official of the Porte to a Boluk-Bashi is more likely to prejudice him than to allay his suspicion. The existing relationship, indeed, between the mountaineers and the Turkish Government is none of the most cordial kind. The Ghegs of the hills and the Mahomedans of the plains have neither

* Even as I write these lines, five months after my interview with the chief of the League, the following proclamation has been issued by that patriotic body to their fellow-countrymen:

"Albanians: Europe has created a principality for the Bulgarians, has delivered Bosnia and the Herzegovina to Austria, has endowed Servia and Montenegro with territorial aggrandizement and independence, has given Roumelia autonomy; but what have we received? Absolutely nothing. We Albanians, who are not immigrants, but natives of the soil of this country, who obtained our independence centuries ago, must claim the right to create a State for ourselves. Thessaly, Epirus and Albania proper are the fatherland of the three million Albanians, and this our fatherland must be free and independent, and governed by a prince. We will obtain that or die in the attempt."

From this it is evident that the League has now cast aside all secrecy, and that open revolt to the Ottoman rule is an accomplished fact.



A SCENE IN A BAZAAR.

race nor religion in common, so that it requires considerable diplomatic tact and delicate manipulation on the part of the Pasha to prevent the Arnauds breaking out in open hostility to the Porte. As it is, no Turkish official will trust himself without a strong escort in the neighborhood of the mountains, while soldiers seldom venture,

except in companies, through the northern passes. Indeed, at this moment it is the invariable custom of the Arnauds to pounce upon all military stragglers, and ease them of their Peabody-Martini rifle,—a weapon which the Government would not allow them to carry, preferring, as a precautionary measure, to serve out the inferior Snider to

them when the tribes were armed by the Porte against Montenegro in the last war. The number of Martinis which must have been "lifted" from the Government in this unceremonious manner may be computed

that our nationality was mentioned to the consul of the Clementi highlanders, we were promised not only free entrance and safety among the northern hills, but a hearty welcome from every mountaineer in the Boluk-



A BANQUET IN THE MOUNTAINS.

when I state that, during my journey north, I passed through a territory occupied by 5000 hill men, and that every mountaineer on the rocks, every plowman at his plow, every shepherd tending his flock, and every driver with his team of pack-horses, carried the Government Martini upon his shoulder. But the mountaineers are too proud a race to steal, preferring exchange to robbery, so it is their invariable custom, whenever a luckless soldier comes in their way, to make a point of presenting him with their obsolete Sniders in consideration of the more approved Martini.

The independence of the mountaineers being a natural outcome from the security of their position, fortified as they are in the hills among ramparts of rock and citadels of stone, considerable circumspection is necessary before the stranger trusts himself within the reach of a race trained almost from infancy to the use of arms, and rendered ferocious by almost ceaseless border wars. It was, therefore, with a fixed determination to remain in Scutari should our efforts fail, that we set to work to procure a safe-conduct pass from the Boluk-Bashi of the Clementi tribe. The moment, however,

Bashi's district. But, despite this protection, our attempt to get into Gusinje was considered sufficiently desperate among the Scutarines to preclude all chance of our hiring dragoman to accompany us on the journey. In vain we tried the force of argument and the weight of Turkish gold—usually a most alluring bait in Albania, where the currency looks remarkably like tin-plate. So at sunrise on a November Sunday of 1879 we went dragomanless to the house of our Boluk-Bashi, with about ten words of Albanian and as many Bosniac verbs in our vocabulary, bound on a three-days' ride through the Clementi Mountains to learn the true state of affairs in Gusinje.

It was flattering to find, on our arrival at the house, the Boluk-Bashi himself mounted and equipped, and ready to escort us to Selza, the principal village of Clementi. His presence with us was intended to make security doubly secure. Adem-Agar, as he was named, had discarded his town dress, with its voluminous white kilt and innumerable red embroidered waistcoats, and sat in the saddle, clad in the handsome white-woolen, black-braided, tight-fitting hose and waistcoat of the Arnaud mount-



ADEM-AGAR, THE BOLUK-BASHI.

aineer. The low Albanian fez, with its ponderous blue-silk tassel, was no longer on his head, but in its place he wore the white felt skull-cap, with its picturesque Arab-like turban—the traditional head-gear of the immortal Skanderbeg. Thus we found him in the inclosed court-yard of his house, sitting erect upon a small white half-bred Arabian mare—a handsome, well-knit figure, and armed at all points, with a couple of silver-hilted pistols and a formidable yata-

ghan at his waist, three or four silver-gilt cartridge-boxes around his middle, and a Peabody-Martini rifle slung by its strap from his shoulder.

Our route to Selza lay north along the flat, marshy ground of the eastern or Turkish shore of the lake of Scutari—a tolerable road for an Albanian highway, over which we could even occasionally indulge in short canters, checked, ever and anon, by small lakes of mud, through which our horses

waded fetlock deep. Adem-Agar, we soon discovered, was well known on the road. The purport of our journey was put to him interrogatively by every peasant we passed; but the word "Gusinje" invariably met with a dubious shake of the head, most unpleasantly significant of the perils awaiting us at our journey's end. At Koplik we made a brief halt at a way-side khan for a hurried meal of maize bread and sour goat's-cheese and coffee, taken *à la Turque*, squatting on the mud-floor around a blazing log-fire, for already the weather was none of the warmest, and then, after an inspiriting pull at the raki-flask, we took saddle for the village of Kastrati, where we were to pass the night. An hour's ride from Koplik the easy character of the road began to change, and our ascent commenced up the bleak northern mountains. As we advanced, the track gradually narrowed down from a road broad enough to take a country cart, into a thin, ribbon-like course, suggestive,

from its rugged rockiness, of the channel of a mountain stream. It is astonishing how unerringly the sure-footed Albanian horses pick out from among a labyrinth of stone the crevices and fissures of the track, which generally winds and twists over bowlders worn smooth as polished marble, or plunges down through loose angular crags as sharp as spear-heads. And this is the more wonderful, perhaps, when we notice the manner in which the horses are shod. Both in Montenegro and Albania the horseshoes are made in the shape of plates, with a small central hole, which completely cover the hoof and frog. These shoes are attached by strong arrow-head nails, bent over the plate in such a manner as to allow the horse to obtain a grip with their angular edges. They seem to answer their purpose admirably, although apparently opposed to our notions of scientific farriery. Slipping and stumbling over rocks and down ravines, now dismounting to ease our weary horses



A WAY-SIDE KHAN.

when the track was easy, and mounting again when our untrained feet could no longer find secure foot-hold, we reached at night-fall the village of Kastrati.

The hospitality of the house that gave us shelter was unbounded. Small trees were heaped upon the fire in the center of the floor, and scarcely were we seated by the ruddy glow which centered around a circle of smiling faces, than there was a sound without as of the strangulation of a hen. Presently some men entered bearing a newly slaughtered sheep, still warm and dressed entire, with a huge wooden spit running through the steaming carcass from head to tail. We smiled approvingly, and, for lack of language, bowed our acknowledgments and ejaculated "*Mir! mir!*" (good! good!) with great heartiness; for in Albania the *mish ipikitaun*, or sheep roasted whole, is the greatest mark of consideration and friendship a mountaineer can offer his guests. Who could describe the orgies which followed upon the dismemberment of the *mish*? We took our food after the primitive custom of the country, sitting on the floor and using one hand for a plate and our fingers for knives and forks. We swallowed lumps of tepid mutton-fat, and washed them down with draughts of a peculiar home-brew which tasted like rancid mead. Then we had a course of hot lard and honey-cakes, followed by an *entrée* of sheep's kidneys. Next a big gourd full of raki was put into circulation, and once again we returned to our mutton. But it was fearfully trying work, and after an hour or so of persistent muttonizing I tried to feign sleep as the only possible escape from apoplexy. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, however, when our host pressed a warm sheep's-trotter into my reluctant hand, with a reproachful gesture which said too plainly, *revenons à nos moutons!* During all this feasting the women-folk sat apart in a corner of the cabin, twirling yarn from their distaffs, and ever and anon casting anxious glances at the rapidly disappearing meat. Late in the night, when the *mish ipikitaun* was almost exhausted, and we had coiled ourselves up like sated boa-constrictors under our several blankets, they were permitted to sup upon our broken viands; for not even in the mountains in Albania are the women permitted to join their lords in the pleasures of the table. For want of any other accommodation we slept that night where we had supped—upon the floor, with our toes toasting at the em-

bers of the fire, and our heads pillow'd on our saddle-bags. But before I was wafted into the land of Nod I saw one of the mountaineers still picking at a blade-bone of mutton, and when it was perfectly clean he held it up to the light of the fire, and, according to the invariable custom of the country, began to explain aloud to a group of eager listeners the prophetic pictures which every mountaineer believes are to be



NIKLEKA, CHIEF OF THE CLEMENTIS.

traced in the transparent portions of the bone.

In northern Albania, the hours of travel are limited by the nature of the mountain tracks to daylight. It is fearfully slow work, too, scaling ladders of stone and stumbling down giant staircases of smoothly worn boulders; so that three miles an hour on horseback, and about three and a half on foot, may be reckoned as a fair average of speed in the highlands. The second day of our journey toward Gusinje lay through some of the most magnificent scenery in Albania;

along elevated plateaux covered with the red-berried arbutus, up purple-hued, snow-capped mountains seamed with a thousand cascades of snow-water, through forests of beech aglow with autumn tints, and resounding with the shepherds' guns as they drove their flocks by firing blank cartridges at them ; by the rugged plain of Arapschia, and thence over the towering summit of the wooded Velikci, from whence our descent commenced by a perilous zig-zag path—a veritable *via mala*, where we dismounted, and, following the Boluk-Bashi's example, hung on to our horses' tails at each angle of the track to prevent them plunging head foremost into the abyss beneath—into the ravine where, at the bottom, the rushing Zem marks the boundary between the leafy heights of Albania and the gray ramparts of Montenegro. At the head of this defile, bounded on the north by the mountains of Triepsci and on the south by those of Nikci, we crossed the little bridge of Tamar, at the point where the river makes a fork and is joined from above by the waters of the Vukoli. Three hours' riding up the valley of the Zem brought night-fall upon us ; but soon the welcome sound of baying dogs told us we were nearing a village, and, sure enough, ten minutes later the yelping curs of Selza were snapping and snarling at our horses' heels as we entered the yard in front of the cottage of Nikleka, *cru* or chief of the tribe of the Clementis. Here the mission of our Boluk-Bashi ended. From this point Nikleka was to put his highland wits to work to try and smuggle us safely into Gusinje. We soon learned, however, that Nikleka was not at home, being at the time of our arrival in Selza, in the stronghold of Ali Pasha. But his brother, who welcomed us to the cottage in the chief's absence, at once volunteered to take our letter of recommendation to Nikleka in Gusinje. He was on the point of arming himself before setting out for this purpose, when a cheery-looking Franciscan monk came bustling into the cottage and saluted us in Italian. The sound of something approaching to an intelligible tongue was most welcome to our ears, for hitherto our powers of conversation in the Albanian language had been limited to inquiries respecting such necessities of life as coffee, bread, cheese, and mutton ; so that the more elaborate efforts of sociability or conviviality had always to be conveyed by us through the primitive signs of pantomime and facial contortion. In the Franciscan *padre*, however, we found, at length,

and where we least expected it, a pleasant and a courteous dragoman, with whom we conversed in a marvelous jargon of French, Latin, and Italian, and which we were astonished to find he comprehended sufficiently to translate into Albanian. Padre Gabrielle, as the monk was called, was overcome with astonishment on hearing that we were *en route* for Gusinje, and abandoned himself to many pious ejaculations of despair on finding that we were not to be shaken from our purpose by the picture he drew for us of a town in which anarchy and lawlessness reign supreme, and where six thousand of the Mahomedan rabble of Ipek, Jakova, and Prisrend were being incited to bloodshed by fanatical Mollahs and the ferocious instigators of the murder of Mehemet Ali. One thing, however, we were surprised to learn from the Franciscan, which was that the Christian Arnauds were holding sternly aloof from the machinations of the Albanian League. His statement we subsequently discovered to be true, and, from inquiry among all classes of mountaineers, it became evident to us that the League was a purely Mahomedan institution, and that the rebels in Gusinje had neither the sympathy nor the aid of the surrounding Albanian Christians. Nikleka being absent in Gusinje, where he held house property about which he was anxious on account of its proximity to the cannon of the Montenegrin captain, Marko Milano, it was suggested by Padre Gabrielle that the only safe method of insuring our heads in the rebel town was to get written permission from Ali Pasha to visit him. Accordingly, a letter asking for an interview with the rebel chief was written on our behalf by the monk and dispatched forthwith by Nikleka's brother. It was also arranged that we were to await an answer at a khan at a place called Groppa, some three hours' march from Gusinje. At noon on the following day, after a night's most hospitable entertainment at the little Franciscan mission-house, we started for a four-hour's ride through the ice and snow of the lofty northern peaks to await Ali Pasha's answer at the Groppa khan. The kindly monks had stored our saddle-bags before we left them with bread and mutton and a goat's skin full of wine ; nor was their thoughtfulness unappreciated when we discovered, on our arrival at Groppa, that the khan was the only habitation which gave a name to the locality, and that it was destitute of every necessary of life save coffee. In this



ENTRANCE TO A FISHING-VILLAGE OF ALBANIA.

wretched and gloomy little shanty, bare of either windows or chimney, and blackened by the tar of wood-smoke to such a degree of shiny pitchiness that the rough-hewn walls look as though they were built out of coal, we whiled away the day squatting around a log-fire and listening to the dismal drone of the *gusla*, while the son of the landlord beguiled the hours with an interminable chant laudatory of the deeds of the great Skanderbeg. At dusk we huddled together under our blankets by the embers—the landlord, with his wife and family, retiring to a little pen in the corner of the cabin which served them for a common sleeping-chamber, while the fowls roosted on the charred rafters immediately over our heads. In the depth of the night our sleep was broken by the baying of dogs, and Nikleka, the Clementi chief, entered the khan, the bearer of a letter to us from Ali Pasha. We could make nothing of it, however, as it was written in Albanian, and

as neither Nikleka nor the landlord could read writing, there was no help for it but for the chief to go on to Selza and get it translated by Padre Gabrielle.

It was a bitterly cold morning, with a biting *bora* blowing up the snow-clad valley of Groppa, when the Franciscan father came to us at the khan. We could tell at once, from the serious expression on his generally jovial face, that Ali Pasha's reply to our letter was unfavorable. His answer ran as follows: "I salute the reverend father. I have read, I have understood, and also have assembled the chiefs, who will go to the khan Budoch. We cannot suspend operations. If these persons will guarantee that the Slavs will retire, let them come. Not being sureties, they need not come, as they cannot protect us." Read between the lines, this letter said, as plainly as a Turk can write: "If you come to us, and the Montenegrins do not withdraw immediately from the heights commanding

Gusinje, you will answer for it with your heads." Moreover, Nikleka told us that at the council of the chiefs, assembled by Ali Pasha to discuss our letter, most of them insisted upon our being Russian diplomatic agents, sent to spy into the strength of their position. In the face of Ali Pasha's letter, and Nikleka's statement, therefore, we saw no other way of keeping our heads safely on our shoulders than by giving up our enterprise, and clearing out of the neighborhood as quickly as possible. Indeed, our safety at the khan was extremely hazardous, owing to its proximity to Gusinje—as it appeared from what Nikleka further told us, that immediately on the dissolution of the council of chiefs in Gusinje a party of thirty soldiers had resolved to set out in the night with the object of surrounding our hut and firing upon us in our sleep. It was fortunate for us that their scheme came to the ears of Ali Pasha, and that his authority, in a place given up to the wildest anarchy, was strong enough to prevent them putting their murderous plans into execution. While we were still discussing the blood-thirsty fanaticism of the Gusinjeans rebels, and Nikleka was telling us that he himself had fled the town, for no Christian was safe within its walls since the Mollahs had armed themselves and were inciting the mob, there entered, suddenly, at the door of our cabin two armed Turks, who seated themselves unceremoniously by our side at the fire. The face of the Franciscan blanched, as he whispered in our ears in Latin, "*Milites Gusiniani.*" There was a sudden pause in our conversation, succeeded, on our part, by an involuntary motion toward the wall of the hut, where our revolvers hung. But as the Gusinjeans soldiers remained calmly smoking their cigarettes, squatting by the fire, and looking, outwardly, at least, "the mildest-mannered men that ever cut a throat," we prudently left our weapons where they were, and awaited the speaking of our unwelcome guests. The men were both Bosniac Mahomedans, one of them wearing a patched and threadbare Turkish artillery uniform, and the other merely a pink striped shirt and red embroidered waistcoat, and the regulation Turkish trowsers. Both were fully armed with pistols, cartridge-belts, yataghans, and breech-loading rifles, which they retained in defiance of the custom of the country, which obliges every friendly traveler to hang his arms upon the wall on entering a khan in the mountains. It was obvious,

from the upshot of Padre Gabrielle's conversation with these fellows on our behalf, that the object of their coming was to try and decoy us from the khan, and nearer to Gusinje, under the pretext of a parley with some chiefs of the League at the Budoch khan, in order either to murder us there, away from the protection of the mountaineers, or, failing this, to take us prisoners into Gusinje, where, as we were by this time aware, the sight of us would be sufficient to excite the Mussulmans into a fury from which it would be impossible even for Ali Pasha to save us. Finding that we were firm in our determination to remain where we were, one of them calmly and dispassionately asked the mountaineers assembled in the hut to aid them in killing us where we stood. The proposition was made in the Bosniac tongue, by the Mahomedan in the ragged artillery uniform, at the very moment when the villain was sipping some coffee we had given him. But the fierce answer which seemed literally to flash from Nikleka, as mouthpiece of his tribe, was evidently of such an unexpected kind, that both the rascals jumped to their feet, and hurried out of the khan with the utmost precipitation. Whereupon, the mountaineers posted a guard up in the rocks to prevent a surprise in numbers, and we rode rapidly back to Selza, where, in the sanctuary of the Franciscan mission-house, we could more safely congratulate ourselves upon our narrow escape, and thank Nikleka for delivering us from the cut-throats of Gusinje. The bitter Albanian winter had already set in with some severity when we left the worthy Franciscan brothers of Clementi, and journeyed back over the ice and snow to the northern capital. Our attempt to get into Gusinje had proved a failure; yet our disappointment was moderated by the knowledge that, in traveling to the Groppa khan, we had penetrated farther than had any foreigner before into the fastnesses of the northern highlands.

Nikleka himself escorted us to Scutari, and we made much of him at the Hotel Toschli. We had no *mish ipiktaun* to offer the Clementi chieftain, but the Greek cook gave our valiant highlander such a novel succession of gastronomic surprises, that Nikleka declared to us he would banquet on the recollection of them for many a day.

On our part, we shall long remember the unflinching friendship and hospitality that was shown us when we sojourned with the Ghegs in Albania.



J. F. Millet

PORTRAIT OF MILLET, FROM CRAYON SKETCH BY HIMSELF IN 1846-7.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET—PEASANT AND PAINTER. V.

HIS LAST YEARS—DEATH OF ROUSSEAU—MILLET'S ART VIEWS.

MILLET soon abandoned these Biblical compositions, and devoted himself to Theocritus, whose works a young friend, M. Chassaing, had sent him. He found subjects of country life, and we shall see him criticise sharply the translator for his ignorance of country things.

The letter is addressed to M. Chassaing :

“ BARBIZON, July 20.

“ DEAR SIR : I have received the two books which you sent me, Theocritus and Robert Burns, and I am doubly grateful, first, for your kind thought in sending them, and then for the pleasure which the works themselves have given me.

“ I must tell you that I seized first Theocritus, and did not leave it till I had devoured the contents. It has a naive charm, peculiarly attractive, which is not to be found in the same degree in Virgil. It is when I translate it word for word that I am most delighted; I find things much better there than in the translation at the end. Why are not words used to depict, instead of weakening the meaning by an obscure sound, and often a pretentious conciseness? If I could talk to you about it, I could doubtless make myself understood. I feel I am making a mistake in starting a question of this kind, but I will nevertheless try to give you a little sample of what I mean.

“ In the first idyl, on the vase upon which all kinds of things are sculptured, among others is a vine, full of ripe grapes, which a little fellow guards, sitting on a wall; but on both sides are two foxes; one surveys the rows, devouring the ripe grapes. Does not ‘surveys the rows’ show you the planting of a grape-vine? Does it not make it real, and can’t you see the fox trotting up and down, going from one row to another? It is a picture, an image! You are there. But in the translation this living image is so attenuated that it would hardly strike you. ‘Two foxes, one gets into the vineyard and devours the grapes.’ O translator, it is not enough to understand Greek—you must also know a vineyard to be struck by the accuracy of your poet’s image, that it may spur you to the exertion of rendering it well. And so on with everything. But I come back to that: I can’t see the fox trotting in the translator’s vineyard. I stop—I have come to the end of my paper.

“ I must tell you that Burns pleases me greatly; he has thoroughly his own flavor—he smacks of the soil. We will talk about it, I trust.

“ My friend Sensier writes that you have been to see him. He says he will soon have some proofs taken, and that he is only waiting for a solution which you, perhaps, can hurry along. This is what he says. As for myself, I work a great deal, and the reading of Theocritus proves to me that one is never so Greek as in painting naively one’s own impressions, no matter where they were received, and Burns proves it also. It makes me wish more ardently than ever to express some of the things of my own home, the home where I lived.

“ Accept again, dear sir, my thanks, and if it is at all possible, come from time to time and spend a day here.

J.-F. MILLET.”

“ BARBIZON, 4th Aug., 1863.

“ SIR : I am very happy to hear that you are soon coming, and that for a double reason, for I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and at the same time I can tell you all I have thought of them [the books], for I will be able to say to you in five minutes more than I could write in two hours. I will only say, in general, that it is a great while since I have read anything modern that has such a quality. Even if I were capable of the task, I should not wish to measure him [Mistral] with Homer, Dante, Shakspere, etc., but I am convinced that he belongs to the same family, whatever his stature. We will talk about it—it is worth it; we will talk also about the little volume, ‘Au Village,’ which you put in with ‘Mireio.’ I will not say any more, for I would rather talk than write.

“ Believe me that I will be delighted to have you come, and receive my thanks beforehand.

“ J.-F. MILLET.”

“ BARBIZON, 14th Oct., 1863.

“ The pleasure, M. Chassaing, which you have given me in sending me Shakspere is very great, and a double pleasure—first, because of your wish to please me, which I think a great deal of, and then because it would be impossible to have chosen anything better adapted to that end. But, as there is no pleasure without pain, one thing distresses me in all this, and that is the trouble which you give yourself for me. I am overwhelmed and almost ashamed. And to think that this is not all, and that Dante will be added to Shakspere! * * *

“ J.-F. MILLET.”

M. Chassaing had been struck with the just and profound reflections which Millet made upon the great classic authors, among others Shakspere and Dante. He sent him translations by François Victor Hugo and by Lamennais. Millet’s notes, written on the margin, were certainly those of a profound observer.

Theocritus pleased Millet greatly. He found pictures painted by the Greek poet which he easily translated into the language of his own art. He divided his time between the compositions inspired by the antique and a certain shepherdess, about whom he spoke to no one, but who had taken possession of his heart and soul—a shepherdess in the fields, fresh and sturdy, yet pensive as a Joan of Arc “listening to the voices,”—one of his most beautiful pictures. We will speak of this shepherdess later.

But he came back to Theocritus, and had a plan, formed on the advice of M. Chassaing, to publish a first idyl. He was soon stopped by the difficulties of such an undertaking. No publisher would compromise

himself by venturing to bring out *Theocritus* translated by Millet.

“ BARBIZON, Nov. 8, 1863.

“ * * * M. Chassaing thinks that the best thing for the *Theocritus* would be to offer an idyl to a publisher—an idyl already printed and illustrated—that he thinks no publisher could resist, and would then be willing to carry on the work.

“ He said he would combine with his friend Rollin for means to get the necessary funds together to accomplish this much. He explained them a little to me, but the devil take me if I remember these things, which I don’t even understand while they are being explained to me. He will doubtless write to you, and you can judge whether his idea is practicable. Anyhow, I have begun to scribble some compositions for the first idyl: Thyrus and a goat-herd seated near Pan’s grotto,—Thyrus playing the syrinx and the other listening. There will be a vase, of which the figures in sculpture will be reproduced; I will treat them naturally. A beautiful woman, a divine creature, whom two men are quarreling about; an old man fishing with a net in the sea; a child sitting on a wall to watch a grape-vine beside it, but so taken up with braiding a straw cage to catch grasshoppers that he does not see two foxes nearby—one filching away his breakfast, the other eating the finest grapes in the vineyard: these are the three subjects of the vase.

“ There remains the death of Daphne, which is the subject which Thyrus plays upon the syrinx, and at whose death are present Mercury, Venus, Priapus, the goat-herds, and shepherds. Five subjects in all, and I really must do them, all five. All the idyls would not take so many; some could be expressed with one picture, or two at most.”

Millet had often pondered on the subject of decorative art. He loved to look at the gorgeous and facile way in which Rosso, Primiticcio, Fréminet, Ambroise Dubois, and all the school of Fontainebleau covered with their paintings the great walls and wide ceilings. Their science, their splendid ruggedness of expression, attracted him like the powerful fantasies of a race of giants.

One of us, a friend who understood him, proposed to him to paint four large subjects for a house in the Boulevard Haussmann. These paintings, destined to decorate a fine dining-room, were to be the four seasons. Millet received the order with delight, though still working on his shepherdess.

“ BARBIZON, 23 Jan., 1864.

“ * * * The picture (the shepherdess) for M. Tessé is finished, but you know what the last days always are; scruples arise, and we try to strengthen the thing—to express it with all our might. * * * Could M. Tessé spare it for another week? ”

“ BARBIZON, 5 Feb., 1864.

“ * * * One of these days I want to tell you some of the pleasures that from time to time I have had in the midst of my sorrows, and to leave you in writing, to the best of my ability, an acknowledgment of all

the good you have done me. I want you to know that I know that you have been, if not the only one, certainly my strongest support, and should ‘the sheep’ ever come over to my side in a flock, I could only consider it a *causa et vana et falsa*.”

The public exhibition of the works of Delacroix began the 16th of February, 1864. Millet came to Paris to see them, and was deeply moved by them. He found the means, poor as he was, to pick up fifty sketches, which he studied a long time with conscientious admiration.

The following letter is a little interlude in our anxieties with regard to the decorations and other works. It points to the introduction of Japanese art in France. It may be remembered with what enthusiasm this art was received by the artists. I was the first to point it out to Rousseau and Millet, who lived like hermits. Rousseau was taken with it as with a fever; he wanted everything himself, and if Millet or I went hunting and discovered some new bit of this strange art, it seemed to him that we had robbed him.

“ BARBIZON, 16 March, 1864.

“ DEAR SENSIER: What plaguey wind is this that blows on us from Japan? I, too, came near having a very disagreeable affair with Rousseau in regard to some pictures which I brought back from Paris. While I wait to hear what happened between you and Rousseau, I want you to believe that no sort of meanness has been done by me toward you. I want all this made plain before my journey, for I should be a most unhappy man all the rest of my life if for one cause or another any cloud should come between us. I have left my work to say this to you. If you have no other news from me before then, come to see me and my picture before it goes.

“ J.-F. MILLET.”

Millet and Rousseau had an explanation; it was only a lovers’ quarrel. As for me, it was soon over, and I left Rousseau in possession of all he demanded.

The *Salon* of 1864 opened on the 1st of May. Millet was represented by two canvases of equal size—a shepherdess with her flock, and peasants bringing home a calf born in the fields.

We will leave the “ Shepherdess,” whose success was undoubtedly, and go to the rescue of the poor calf, which was maltreated by the public, the caricaturists, and the roughs of the studios. All the press repeated the same criticism; it was almost unanimous in reproaching Millet with letting his men carry a calf on a litter, as if they were carrying the Host. Millet saw this rustic scene at his home, when he went there on a visit, and drew and painted the whole from nature. The attitude, the carriage, the char-

acters were therefore all carefully observed; the bearers even belonged to his own family. The unfortunate calf was literally torn to pieces by the critics. Millet himself undertook to defend it:

“ BARBIZON, 10th May, 1864.

“ MY DEAR SENSIER: Apropos of what Jean Rousseau says about my men, who carry a calf as if it were the sacrament or the bull Apis,—how does he expect them to carry it? If he admits that they carry well, I don't ask any more for my own satisfaction, and I should say to him: The expression of two men carrying something on a litter depends upon the weight which hangs from their arms. So, if the weight were the same, whether they had the ark of the covenant or a calf, a lump of gold or a stone, the same expression would be the result; and even if they were filled with admiration and reverence for what they were carrying, still they would be subject to the law of weight, and their expression could only be that of the weight. If they put it down for a moment and then began again to carry it, the law of weight would remain the same. The more they wish to preserve the object carried, the more careful will be their manner of walking, and they will keep step; they must, in every case and always, keep step; if they do not, their fatigue will be more than doubled. And this is the whole secret of all this solemnity so much found fault with. But it is easy enough to see in Paris two *commissionnaires* carrying a bureau on a litter. Any one can see how they keep step. Let M. Jean Rousseau and any of his friends try to do the same and still retain their usual gait! Don't they know that a false step may make the burden bounce off? Enough. * * * ”

Thoré was the only one who took the “Calf” seriously. His article, published in the “*Indépendance Belge*,” is a charming description, a peasant scene *à la* George Sand,—but even he admired with some reserve.

As for the “Shepherdess,” things from the first took another tone. Its success was defined immediately by a warm article by M. Castagnary:

“ Let us first salute M. Millet,” he cries. “ He is a master, and his ‘Shepherdess’ a masterpiece. To the right and left in the background the plain stretches far away, and on every side passes beyond the limits of the frame. The shepherdess walks along knitting, her flock follow her. * * * If you judge the worth of a work by the depth of feeling which it excites in you, this humble idyl must be considered as one of the most important pictures of the *Salon*. The great artist has put his whole heart into it, his whole soul. Those who accuse him of willfully exaggerating the ugliness of our peasants will be satisfied this time. The young shepherdess has all the beauty and even all the rustic grace compatible with her condition and race. This is an important detail; but what we must look at specially, and praise without reserve, is the harmony, the intimate union of all the parts of this beautiful landscape; the sheep are at home on the plain, the shepherdess belongs to them as much as they to her. The earth and sky, the scene and the actors, all answer one another, all hold together—belong to-

gether. The unity is so perfect and the impression resulting from it is so true, that the eye does not ask how the thing has been done. The handicraft disappears. The mind is entirely satisfied with the charm of the picture. Is not this the height of art? ”

For this picture, the director of the Beaux Arts offered Millet 1500 francs. He had already sold it for 2000. After the *Salon*, he received a medal—this was all.

“ BARBIZON, 21 Oct., 1864.

“ I certainly want to go back to the exhibition of Delacroix's pictures, to see again what I have already seen and what I have still to see. What you tell me of Couture and the others does not surprise me, though their manner of procedure is infamous.* Those people feel that they have produced nothing worth while; for to have done more or less work which means nothing is not to have produced. There is production only where there is expression. They do as most feeble people do—revenge themselves on those who are better constituted than they. It must be, as you say, that the great mass of the artists are very inert, for otherwise these would not dare to do what they do. * * * ”

“ Rousseau thinks Delacroix very badly used, and is very indignant. * * * ”

“ BARBIZON, 18 Nov., 1864.

“ * * * I have been talking to Rousseau about the reproductions from Giotto, of which you spoke; but I could not say anything for certain, except that they were magnificent and touching. * * * ”

“ BARBIZON, Dec. 28th, 1864.

“ Tillot and his family have gone to Paris for the winter. Rousseau and his wife have gone at the same time. Rousseau wants to see a doctor about the pains in his back. I must see the perspector, M. Mayeux, who is said to be a very clever man, and M. Andrieu, a pupil of Delacroix, who may tell me some useful things on the subject of large decorative work. I must see the Louvre again, Paul Veronese and the Italian masters, who were so strong in decoration, and Poussin, who understood it. In fact, I will be a week in Paris, running about and studying; I should like to see again, if possible, the Chamber of Deputies and Peers, where Delacroix has done some great things. Before putting my hand to the canvas, I want to fill myself with these masters, who are so strong and so wise. I dread the day when I begin work definitely. * * * These are the works for M. Thomas (of Colmar), the owner of the house in the Boulevard Haussmann.”

“ 28th Dec.

“ * * * My eyes are very painful * * * it hurts them to write these few lines. * * * We wish you all that can be desired for those whom we love well, and we pray Him who orders our lives to keep far from you any such sorrow as you have experienced this year [the loss of a child].”

* Millet's letter mentions three names. We suppress two, who, indeed, are artists little worthy of judging of Delacroix. As to Couture, his antipathy for the painter of the “Crusaders entering Constantinople” is well known. Having already discussed it verbally, he wished his disdain to be preserved in black and white. The article published by Couture in the “*Revue Libérale*” of the 30th March, 1867, will be remembered. The impertinence with which he speaks of “the intelligent desires” and the “unfortunate efforts” of “poor Delacroix,” go beyond the limits of ordinary criticism.—M.

Here the MS. of Alfred Sensier comes to an end.* But there are notes in pencil on the margins of catalogues, bits from newspapers, and, best of all, packages of long letters from Millet, with which we try to continue the story. We will leave Millet to speak as much as possible. He wrote a great deal, but no one will be surprised to hear that all the letters are not equally interesting. They are full of intimate details. He tells of his garden; like a good neighbor, he also cares for Sensier's, who was working at the Minister's, and seldom came to Barbizon. Always pursued by notes falling due, he writes about selling his drawings, and in the midst of these annoyances one of his children falls ill, and he tells his anguish and his joy when his little Charles is saved. In the first letters of 1865, he tells in detail the sufferings of Rousseau, whose health became more and more precarious; as for himself, he has his usual headaches and discomforts. Yet he works on without stopping; he finishes the decorative pictures for M. Thomas, and speaks often of them, and of the difficulty of painting the ceiling in such a cramped studio.

“BARBIZON, 26th January, 1865.

“MY DEAR SENSIER: It really seems very difficult to get permission to see the pictures at Fontainebleau. * * * If it is absolutely necessary to specify which pictures I want to see, it would be the ‘Salle Henri II.’ and the chapel where are the paintings of Martin Fréminet. * * * I should like to have seen the ‘Antonello da Messina’ of which you speak, and the other early Italians, and the Claude Lorraine and the old Greek things, which are not to be despised.† * * *

“My wife is not so well. She is suffering more. We will soon go to Paris. I have just answered M. Chassaing, who offered his services to us in the most devoted way, in case she should have to go to Vichy. He is full of kindness and goodness of heart.”

“BARBIZON, 30th January.

“The weather is dark and rainy, the sky cloudy and low, but you know I like it better than the sunlight. All is of a rich and melancholy color which leaves my eyes quiet and my head calm. * * * At Fontainebleau I saw again Rosso and Primaticcio. They are strong fellows. They are of the decadence, it is true,—the fixings of their figures are often absurd and in doubtful taste, but what a strength of conception! And how strongly this rude *bonhomie* reminds one of a primitive age! It is as child-like as a fairy-tale and as real as the *bonhomie* of old times. In their art there is a reminiscence of Lancelot and Amadis de Gaul, and the seed of Ariosto, Tasso, and Perrault. One could spend hours before those good-natured giants.”

“BARBIZON, 29th March, 1865.

“MY DEAR SENSIER: I am glad you have the articles on the *Salon* to do. Believe me, I will do all

* [Owing to the death of Sensier, in 1877, M. Paul Mantz takes up and concludes the narrative.]

ED. S. M.]

† The sale of the collection of the Cte. de Pourtalès.

I can to tell you everything I can think of, either about art in general or particular things in this connection. * * * It seems to me you might show,—going back somewhat,—that art began to decline from the moment the artist did not lean directly and naively upon impressions made by nature; that cleverness naturally and rapidly took the place of nature, and decadence then began. Strength departs without constant relation with nature, and as example the fable of Antaeus could be used, whose powers diminished when his foot did not touch the ground, and on the contrary took new vigor every time he could touch it. * * * Show that, for the same reason,—the abandoning of nature,—art becomes more and more weakened. Give as many examples as possible. Once again, I am sorry we cannot talk it over. I send * * some extracts in which you can find some good quotations, or else take the substance of them,—Montaigne, Palissy, Piccolpassi, and his translator, Claudio Popelini. I will try to find others. I will ruminant upon it, and say as best I can what comes into my head. At the bottom it always comes to this: a man must be touched himself in order to touch others, and all that is done from theory, however clever, can never attain this end, for it is impossible that it should have the breath of life. Quote the expression of Saint Paul, ‘*Aes sonans et cymbalum tinacens.*’ * * *

“7th April, 1865.

“MY DEAR FEUARDENT: You are at last off for Italy! If you find photographs, either from the antique, especially those less known here, or from the painters from Cimabue to Michael Angelo inclusive, things at not too high a price, buy them, and we will arrange here to relieve you of them. Each place through which you go has its peculiar attractions; see them well. For the old masters, be sure to get only those done directly from the originals and not from engravings. Do not take anything of Raphael; he is to be found in Paris. Find out carefully at Naples whether the paintings in Herculaneum and Pompeii have been reproduced. In fact, bring whatever you find, figures and animals. Diaz's son, the one who died, brought some very good ones, sheep among other things. Of figures, take of course those that smack least of the Academy and the model,—in fact, all that is good, ancient or modern, licit or illicit enough. Send us your little brats. Another idea that strikes me: if you find some books with pictures,—old books,—get them if you can.”

“10th April, 1865.

“DEAR SENSIER: * * * I can't remember what Michael Angelo says about academies. I have no ‘Vasari’; looking over the book you would find some excellent things. Look at a book that Rousseau has, ‘Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance,’ the article (I think) on the history of French art. * * * See Léonard's preface for his translation of Shakespeare. I think he says some pretty good things about what makes the real superiority of creative men over those who are only learned and practice well their profession. Rousseau has this work. You could enlarge on all this, and show the gulf between what is reasoned and what is felt.”

“BARBIZON, 22d Aug., 1865.

“MY DEAR SENSIER: We went with Rousseau to see Corot and Cormon. We had the kindest possible reception, and our day was very agreeable. We dined at De Kniff's, where we were entertained like princes, as Diaz says. As for the table service, Alfred Feydeau is nowhere. Each dish a new

course. Splendid wines, etc. I must confess that I was more embarrassed than delighted with this kind of dinner, and more than once watched those who were served before me out of the corners of my eyes, to see what they did with their food. Corot's pictures are beautiful, but show nothing new.

"We are pretty well. I have almost finished my ceiling. * * *"

The four scenes which he had painted for M. Thomas represented the four seasons. Spring and Summer, eight feet by four, were set into the wood-work, Autumn in the ceiling. Winter, a little smaller than the two others, was fixed in the chimney-piece.

Millet had thought, in undertaking a piece of work new to him, that it would be prudent to see once more the Italian work of the decadence which was to be found at Fontainebleau. But he made little use of their extravagant lessons. If he dressed his figures in a vaguely antique fashion, he kept his own rusticity and his own special poetry; except in the matter of costume, the pictures were large Millets. Spring was Daphnis and Chloë who, in a landscape with a statue of Pan, are feeding some birds; a reaper bronzed by the sun, a sort of familiar Ceres holding a sickle, was Summer walking through the yellow grain; Autumn a bacchanal; and Winter represented Anacreon's "L'Amour Mouillé."

When they were put in their places, Sensier wrote about them. When, in 1875, they came to be sold at the Hôtel Drouot, they provoked much discussion and a little disappointment. Let us say, frankly, that in life-sized figures Millet was not at his ease.* The old symbolism had stood in his way, and the painter of rustic scenes had not the showy virtues of a decorator.

"BARBIZON, 28th Dec., 1865.

"MY DEAR M. GAVET: We have fog effects perfectly superb, and the most fairy-like frost, beyond any imagination. The forest was wonderfully beautiful, but I am not sure that the most modest things—the bushes and the briars, tufts of grass, and, in fine, all the little sprays of every kind—were not, in proportion, the most beautiful of all. It seems as if Nature wished to give them their chance to retaliate and show that they are inferior to nothing—poor down-trodden things."

In 1865, Millet began a series of drawings for the architect M. Gavet, to whom the above is addressed. This lasted several years, as he was an insatiable lover of his work, and Millet had amassed so many notes that his memory could not be exhausted. He used crayon, pastel, water-colors, and seemed at ease in every mode of

expression. Some of his drawings are equal to his best paintings. When, in 1875, the collection of M. Gavet was exhibited, even those who thought they knew Millet were surprised at the variety and grandeur of his work.

"BARBIZON, Jan. 3d, 1866.

"DEAR SENSIER: * * * I am working on my 'End of the Village [of Gréville] Opening on the Sea.' I think my old elm begins to look gnawed by the wind's tooth. What would I give to bathe it in space as I see it in my memory! Oh, aerial spaces which made me dream when I was a child, will I never be allowed even to suggest you? * * * Your laurel-tree is bound in straw against the frost. Tillot must have told you about it,—the frost,—but nothing can give you an idea of it. To speak of the 'Arabian Nights' would be commonplace and petty. These things are part of the treasures of the snow, which the book of Job speaks of."

A month later he went to Gréville, his sister Emily being at death's door.

"GRÉVILLE (HAMEAU LE FÈVRE),

"6th Feb., 1866.

"* * * When I arrived, my brother Jean Louis said, 'She no longer knows any one.' I approached her bed and called her, naming my own name. She remained some time apparently hearing nothing. At last she opened her eyes a little, with an expression of surprise; I spoke my name again, and then thrills ran over her poor face, worn and burned by the fever; then her eyes filled with tears, abundant tears, enough to wet her cheeks. She took my hand with hers, convulsively, and said with as much strength as she could gather, 'François!' Poor, dear girl! her heart was still alive and loving enough to pass through its pitiful garment of flesh and show itself to me. Imagine, my dear Sensier, the effect upon me. * * *

"My old elm is blown down. Everything passes away—and we too."

On the 11th his sister died.

About this time the doctors sent Mme. Millet to Vichy. He writes to M. Gavet:

"VICHY, 17th June, 1866.

"* * * I have not had much to do with the people at the baths, but I have made acquaintance with the environs of Vichy, where I find some pretty things. I make as many sketches as possible.

"* * * In many ways the country has points of resemblance with Normandy,—green fields, surrounded by hedges. As there are many water-courses, there are many mills. The women watch the cows, spinning on a spindle,—a thing I was not familiar with, and which I propose to use a great deal. It is not in the least the shepherdess with her distaff of the pastorals of the last century. It has nothing to do with Florian, I assure you. * * * The little carts of the peasants are drawn by cows. The wagons which they use for bringing home the hay have four wheels, and are drawn by oxen or cows. * * * J.-F. MILLET."

The 26th of June, he tells Sensier that he has made fifty sketches and water-colors. He adds:

"The country, on the whole, is a little like many parts of Normandy. The country people are much

* [See note at end.—ED. S. M.]

more peasants than at Barbizon; they have that good, stupid kind of awkwardness which does not remind one in the least of the neighborhood of fashionable baths. The women in general have phizies which express the very opposite of spitefulness or unkindness, and which would answer as the type of faces in Gothic art. This race cannot be unkind. They speak to you when they meet you. The other day I began a sketch near a house; I had not been at it long before a man came out with a chair. He did not wish me to stand, so near his home."

From Vichy he made a rapid excursion into Auvergne, where M. Chassaing awaited him. He saw Clermont, Issoire and the mountains. The voyage only lasted some days. The 19th of July he was again in Barbizon, writing to the friend who had showed him the Mont Dore and its splendors:

"* * * My head is full of all we saw together in Auvergne. Everything dances together in my brain; calcined ground, sharp rocks, splits, barrenness, and greeneries. The glory of God dwelling upon the heights, and other heights veiled in darkness. I hope all these things will finally arrange themselves and go each into its own pigeon-hole."

He became more and more a landscapist. He sought simplicity in grandeur, and found the emotion which is to be found in solitude, and the mysterious poetry of luminous or tragic skies. His letters accord with his works:

"One must admit that the things one sees out-of-doors in this dull weather are very touching, and are a great compensation for the little time one has to work. I would not be deprived of it for anything, and if it were proposed to me to take me to the South for the winter, I should totally refuse. Oh, sadness of field and wood! I should miss too much in not seeing you!"

The Universal Exhibition was in preparation, and the artists could send any works produced since the year 1855. Millet's friends had some trouble in bringing together his scattered pictures; he himself could never have surmounted the difficulties. The annual *Salon* opened at the same time, and Millet sent a landscape, "Winter," and another picture, "The Goose-girl."

"BARBIZON, 26th March, 1867.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: What you say in your last letter about my pictures at the Universal Exposition, the opinion of Meissonier and others, all gives me great pleasure. As to the cross, I assure you I do not flatter myself, and do not imagine that I will get it. Besides, there are plenty of people more anxious than I, who roll logs more persistently than I am willing to do. I only desire this: To live by my work and bring up my children decently, and give expression to the greatest possible number of my impressions. Also, at the same time, to have the sympathy of the people I love. If all this were secured to me I should think myself fortunate."

"April 1st, 1867.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: To-day is the opening of the Exhibition, if the programme remains unchanged. I am not without anxiety, I assure you, in thinking of it. It is a serious question for me and for others. * * *

Millet was wrong to be alarmed. His exhibition made a grand appearance—typical work of varied and strong character. It was "Death and the Wood-cutter" (refused in 1859), "The Gleaners," "The Shepherdess with her Flock," the large "Sheep-shearer," "The Shepherd," "The Sheep-fold," "The Potato-planters," "The Potato-harvest," and, finally, "The Angelus." He had chosen well, but he felt anxious, as a man would who had not always been well received.

Théophile Silvestre, after some hesitation, declared himself for Millet, and in his new zeal almost thought he had invented him, but he scarcely knew the painter or the man. He asked Sensier for notes.

"BARBIZON, 23d April, 1867.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: * * * I entirely repudiate upon what you may have said to M. Silvestre, and since I must give my opinion, you have done well to dwell upon the rustic side, for, to tell the truth, if that side is not marked in what I have done, I have done nothing. I reject with my whole soul the democratic side, as it is understood by the clubs, and which some have desired to attribute to me. I only have wished people to think of the man who gains his bread by the sweat of his brow. Let that be said, for I have never dreamed of being a pleader in any cause. I am a peasant—a peasant. As to explaining my way of painting, that would be rather difficult, for I have not taken much heed of it."

"30th April.

"DEAR SENSIER: You may believe that I am well pleased to get a first medal. Rousseau wrote to me about it. * * * With some exceptions, Silvestre's description of my pictures is pretty good, but too much inclined to his peculiar views. I attempted, timidly and discreetly, to hint some things in the sense in which I should better like to see them understood, but when it is so directly a question of one's self, one seems to be making a fuss. His peasant is little the peasant which Proudhon saw. A detail of no importance to the public, and which has none, perhaps, except in my personal tastes, is that in 'The Potato-planters' he saw a piece of old sheep-skin in the sabots. If I wanted anything there it would have been straw. In my part of the country, a man who would put sheep-skin in his sabots or on them would have been an object of derision. * * * I passed over this little detail, as I did not dare make any more corrections. It is true he only read me his notes."

"Winter" at the *Salon* was considerably praised. Théodore Pelloquet wrote of it:

"* * * What a melancholy impression, full of poetry and of reality, this painting makes upon the attentive and sympathetic spectator! It is not at first attractive, and we must look more than once to understand and admire it. Those who are

charmed by the brilliant puerilities of clever and rapid handling are more or less indifferent to the execution so simple, so naive, yet so intelligent, of this master, and his profound sentiment for nature, and are more or less insensible to the quality of his powerful and true color."

When this article appeared, Millet had gone to Vichy again with his wife.

"VICHY, 26th June.

"MY DEAR ROUSSEAU: Here we are again, making the acquaintance of the gay world of Vichy. I put off from day to day telling you, fearing you might be humiliated—you who are only in Paris.

"The day after we parted, I went to see your exhibition. I must tell you now that, although I knew your Auvergne studies and those preceding them, I was again struck, in seeing them together, by the fact that a power is a power, from its very beginning. From the very first, you show a freshness of eye which leaves no doubt as to the pleasure you have in nature; one can see that she spoke very directly to you, and that you saw by your own eyes. It is *yours*, and not *some other's*, as Montaigne says. I am not going to follow your steps, picture by picture, down to the present. I only want to speak of the departure, which is the important point, for it shows that a man is of the true breed. You were, from the beginning, the little oak, which was destined to become the great oak. * * *

"Yours, J.-F. MILLET."

While absent at Vichy, Millet could not realize the gravity—still, in fact, uncertain—of the disease with which his friend was stricken [softening of the brain]; but when he returned to Barbizon, in the beginning of July, he could himself observe the alarming symptoms. The doctors understood, but were silent. Indeed, it was difficult to believe that Rousseau, apparently so robust, would so suddenly decline and die.

"12 Aug., 1865.

"DEAR SENSIER: Rousseau continues better, though yesterday he was not very well. To-day he is better. The doctor seemed encouraged. I hope for his recovery, though perhaps it may be very slow.

"Alfred Stevens came this morning, with Puvis de Chavannes, to tell Rousseau that he is elected an officer [of the Legion of Honor]. We received them—my wife and I—on the stairs, begging them not to go up, lest his quiet should be disturbed. I told him, and he seemed very much pleased."

"BARBIZON, 22 Dec., 1867.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: I am trembling and overwhelmed. Our poor Rousseau died this morning, at nine o'clock. His death-struggle was very painful. He often tried to speak, but his words were stifled by the rattle in his throat. Let those know whom you think should be told. Tillot telegraphed to Besançon. I write to Silvestre at the same time."

After Rousseau's death, Millet took charge of the tomb to be erected to him of rocks and trees taken from the forest of Fontainebleau. He also helped Sensier to go through

his papers and art treasures, and, lastly, took care of the unhappy wife whom Rousseau had left behind with an incurable malady. Millet's headaches were very severe, and his health seemed broken. But he had a new client, M. Fred. Hartmann, for whom he began several paintings. Unfortunately, he seems often to have been interrupted in his work, and died without having finished the promised pictures.

He had to go again to Vichy, and seems to have gained very little from this visit. He was too unwell to work; he only made a few excursions and drawings.

He sent nothing to the *Salon*; but the Administration remembered the absent, and at the distribution of rewards on August 13th, Millet was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The Government, never famous for promptness, had taken seventeen years to find out that Millet was a master. The men of the time had but a lukewarm taste for the works of the rustic painter. At last they had to yield, and, after long hesitation, decided to give him a ribbon. Those who were present in the *grand salon* of the Louvre at the distribution of medals, will remember that Marshal Vaillant, Minister of Fine Arts, who presided at the ceremony, obtained so unexpected a success that he became speechless. He was far from expecting the outburst which he was to produce. The name of Millet had hardly been spoken when the applause broke out, so vigorous, so energetic, so sincere, that the venerable council and its president were troubled. The Administration had chosen well, without wishing it and without knowing it. And at the confusion of these distributors of rewards, who for once, and almost against their will, represented justice and public sentiment, the applause redoubled. Millet's success was tremendous.

Whether or not Millet felt pride from this *réception*, or rather this revenge, we do not know—there are no letters. But everything leads us to believe that he accepted his triumph with the calm modesty of a philosopher, and worked on in silence. In September, he and Sensier made a charming journey. They went to see M. Hartmann, at Munster, and saw a corner of Alsace. From Munster they went into Switzerland, for six or seven days. They first went to Bâle. "We saw the museum and the cathedral," Millet says, on the back of a letter to his wife. So the painter of "The Sheep-shearer" saw the moving masterpieces of Hans Holbein. He did not tell his impressions. The travelers were

very much hurried. They saw in the rain and fog Lucerne and its famous lake, Berne, and Zurich. "I want to get back to Barbizon," Millet writes; and in a letter the next day: "My homesickness continues."

We now find him at work on an illustration for a sonnet, to be published in a curious book called "Sonnets and Etchings." There were to be only 350 examples, and the plates were to be destroyed. Millet refused to understand how, when a plate has been etched by an artist, it can enter the mind of any one to spoil the plate in order to prove to purchasers that no more proofs can be printed. Already forty-one etchers, among others Jules Jacquemart, Corot, Seymour Haden, Daubigny, Bracquemond, and Ribot, had consented to have their plates destroyed. There remained one only who was stubborn. Millet was too much of a barbarian to understand how the height of civilization could consist in destroying a work of art. But he had to yield, for he could not be a solitary exception.

"BARBIZON, 24th Jan., 1869.

" * * * I have consented to the destruction of my plate, in spite of my desire to keep it. * * * Between ourselves, I consider this destruction of plates the most brutal and barbarous of proceedings. I am not strong enough on commercial questions to understand the use of it, but I know that if Rembrandt and Ostade had each made one of these plates, they would have been annihilated."

"BARBIZON, 16th Feb., 1869.

" * * * The terrible death of poor Mme. Rousseau fills us with distress. It stirs up many things in the past. The poor thing has been hardly used by events. I can't think, without emotion, that she used to take care of me at times when I was ill. * * * God knows, I remember all the good she has ever done me. I pray for the peace of her poor soul."

Sensier wrote, about this time, a series of articles on Rousseau, afterward published under the title "Souvenirs sur Théodore Rousseau," and many letters of this date touch upon conversations between the friends.

"BARBIZON, Feb. 1st, 1870.

" * * * To finish, we had a lively discussion on Thoré's belief that the subject was of great moment in the elevation of a work of art. Rousseau and I were against him. I let Rousseau speak, as I did not know Thoré, but I found myself caught in the net. I tried to show Thoré that I thought grandeur was in the thought itself, and that everything became great that was employed in a great cause.

"A prophet comes to threaten a population with a plague and fearful devastation, and this is what the God who sends him says by his mouth: I will send you grasshoppers and locusts—my great army,

etc. And the prophet makes such a description of their devastation that never has a greater desolation been imagined. I asked him whether the threat would have been more terrible if, instead of locusts, the prophet had spoken of some king with his chariots and war-horses; for the devastation is so great that nothing is untouched. The earth is denuded! Lament, husbandman, for the harvest of the field has perished. The wild asses and all creatures have cried out, for there is no more grass. The object is accomplished and the imagination aroused. * * *

On the 24th of March, 1870, the painters were called together to vote for the jury of the coming Exposition, and of eighteen jurors Millet was the sixth elected. It was a sort of tardy consecration; the suffrage of the artists raised him to be a judge whose works had been refused, not only in his youthful beginning, but as late as 1859, when he painted "Death and the Wood-cutter." He sent two pictures, "November," a landscape, and "Woman Churning," a favorite theme which he often varied in repeating. The "Knitting-lesson," exhibited earlier in the season, was more favorably noticed, and the "Spinning-woman," of rather uncertain date, is a picture which reminds us in execution of Terburg and some of the masters of his school. It is in place to remark here that during this period of his life Millet, who never sought to pass for a colorist, was much occupied in the harmony of tones, and often tried to strike the brilliant or the intense note of color. The catalogue of the sale at the Hôtel Drouot, after the artist's death, gives 1867-1869 to his "Pig-killers." The motive is not heroic—it is taken without shame from the realities, one may say the cruelties, of peasant life. It is not a picture for a *boudoir*, but it is an energetic and robust painting, in which truth is not veiled. The work has strength from the quality of its tone; if we are not mistaken, Millet has found occasion to introduce some very fine reds. It is a color which he has never abused. He always preferred dim tints and softened notes of color. He loved delicate harmonies, freshness, and daintiness. In drawing his pastels he had renewed what has been called his flowery manner, and though he was not, like Delacroix, an absolute colorist, a scientific colorist, he often made happy hits in his choice of tones.

But questions of art were to be long veiled in the smoke of battle. The enemy approached. Sensier was sent to Tours and then to Bordeaux. Millet left Barbizon, where work, as well as the material support of the family, would have been impossible, and the uniforms of the Uhlans would soon

make unpleasant spots in the quiet landscape. It is useless to say that he worked but little. Calmness of spirit was lacking to him, as to us all,—the time of eclogues had passed.

“ CHERBOURG, 22d September, 1870.

“ MY DEAR SENSIER: I am glad you are at Tours and not at Paris. * * * Our hearts and heads are in a vice.

“ I cannot draw a line out-of-doors. I should immediately be strangled or shot. I was arrested and carried before a military bureau; I was let off by the reports from the *mairie*, but I was ordered not even to pretend to be holding a pencil. * * *

“ Our country is really beautiful, and how happy I should be to see it in different circumstances! But truly, when I find myself forgetting a little and taking pleasure in seeing things, I am angry at myself and call myself an egotist.”

Millet was reaching the age when the infinite seems nearer. He could understand the sea, and we saw at the posthumous sale of his works that he understood often better than professional marine painters how to express the serenity of distant perspectives, the depth of limpid skies, and the play of light on luminous water. He had always loved the sea; he early understood its mysterious seduction, and still a child, on the cliffs of Gréville, studied the riddle of the enchantress. But those great spectacles, where the horizon and wave play together, demand, to be felt, a certain maturity of mind and of heart. The letters from Cherbourg are all in a sad, agitated tone:

“ CHERBOURG, 9th April, 1871.

“ * * * We are very glad to think you are in Barbizon. What a horrible mess we are in! Where are we drifting? I will not speak of it, for it seems to me a fierce bedlam let loose in the place of intelligence. * * * My dear Sensier, take as much pleasure as you can in the things of nature; they are always enduring. I try, for my part, to drive out of my mind (only I can't do it enough) the horrors which I cannot remedy, and plunge myself into work. Durand-Ruel has happily sent to me for pictures, but I cannot send him many.

“ This country is really very interesting, and has many antique aspects. Putting aside some modern things, one might believe one's self in the time of old Breughel. Many villages look like old Flemish tapestry. What velvety greens! What a pity the cows can't paint!”

While he was thinking of Flemish tapestry, Millet little dreamed that an eccentric group of Paris artists had put his name on their flag. He was not very proud of the remembrance of the hot-heads of Paris, and he addressed the following letter to the “Vigie,” of Cherbourg, the “Gaulois,” and several other journals:

“ CHERBOURG, 25th April, 1871.

“ TO THE EDITOR: ‘La France,’ of Sunday, 23d inst., having come to my notice, I find myself

named a member of a commission of artists called the *Fédération des Artistes de Paris*.

“ I refuse the honor which they have wished to do me.

“ Please insert this card in your journal, and accept my thanks and respects. J.-F. MILLET.”

“ CHERBOURG, May 2d, 1871.

“ MY DEAR SENSIER: How wretched is all this business in Paris! Did you see that I had been nominated by the *Fédération des Artistes de Paris*? I replied, ‘I do not accept the honor which has been offered me.’ What a set of wretches they all are! Courbet, of course, is their president.

“ Our time might be called the time of the great slaughter. One can cry out with the prophet, ‘O sword of the Lord, wilt thou never rest?’ I have no heart to speak of the spring, which comes in spite of all these horrors.”

“ 27th May, 1871.

“ Is it not horrible what these wretches have done to Paris? Enormities without precedent. Beside these, the Vandals were conservative; they at least ravaged a foreign country! Poor Delacroix, who was so anxious to paint in the public buildings —what would he say?”

“ 20th June.

“ We went to pass two days at Gréville, where we had not all been. I had been there alone two days in November, and had not returned here. It gives me a great and sad emotion to look like any stranger at the house where I was born and where my parents died. In approaching this poor dwelling, my heart seems to be bursting. How much it brings to my mind! I went over the fields which I once plowed and sowed. Where are those who worked with me? Where are those dear eyes that, with me, gazed over the stretch of the sea?

“ The fields belong to strangers, who have the right to ask me my business there and to turn me out. I am full of sorrow and melancholy, and can speak of nothing else; it takes hold of me and oppresses me.”

“ GRÉVILLE, 12 Aug.

“ How I wish, my dear Sensier, that you could see my native place with me! I fancy this country would please you in many ways, and that you would understand how I become more and more attached to it. Of course, I have reasons that every one has not—the remembrance of my parents and my youth; but I think it might attract a person open to certain impressions. Oh! once more, how I belong to my native soil!”

The 3d of October, 1871, Sensier reached Cherbourg. The two friends immediately began a series of excursions, of which Sensier has sketched an outline. They saw Baumont, Jaubourg and Vauville. They went to Gréville, saw the church and cemetery, and a little further on the hamlet of Gruchy and Millet's paternal home, the garden of his childhood, now in the possession of strangers. Seeing these places, hallowed by tender and painful associations, Millet needed all his self-control to keep from tears. The next day they visited the “Hameau Cousin,” which Millet painted for M. Feuardent. They also saw the village of Eculleville, the valley of the Sabine, and, after another visit

to the priory of Vauville, they returned to Cherbourg. To Sensier it seemed as if he had been walking in Millet's pictures. On the 7th November, 1871, Millet returned to Barbizon. He brought back several pictures, finished or half done. We have not the list of them; but Sensier mentions a woman carrying milk in a copper vessel which she holds on her shoulder, of which we give the sketch.* [See SCRIBNER for September, 1880, p. 748.]

We have now come to Millet's last years. He will never leave Barbizon again. His circumstances are improved; he has not to wait for orders, and when his pictures appear at sales they bring higher and higher prices. Criticism is disarmed, if not convinced. Millet seems to have reached the goal; but, unhappily, his health is more and more affected. His stern will is no longer an absolute monarch, and often work becomes difficult.

“BARBIZON, 8th Jan., 1872.

“DEAR SENSIER: We are very much distressed that you should only have illness to console you for sorrow. If, as some Christians believe, God chastens those whom He loves, and gives them a high place above there, you must have a very glorious seat in Paradise.

“M. Durand-Ruel asks for pictures of all sizes.

“An American gentleman and lady, M. and Mme. Shaw, of Boston, came to ask me for a picture. I must paint them one. They chose among my drawings ‘The Priory of Vauville.’

“Detrimont and his wife came to get the little shepherd. He wants another picture.”

“25 April, '72.

“TO M. ALFRED BRUYAS—SIR: Believe me honored and flattered by the request of your letter of the 8th April. I only regret that I cannot immediately comply with your request, as I have had so many demands since my return. But you may depend upon me to remember the object of your wish, and to give it my attention as soon as I possibly can.”

“What you say of the works of Barye does not surprise me; it is just what I think of him. He is one of the artists best fitted for the accomplishment of great things.”

“BARBIZON, 6th Aug., '72

“DEAR SENSIER: I have not yet finished my ‘Church of Gréville.’ I have done little. I have groaned more than I have worked, for I have made little more than a sketch. You know the subject. A cow-herd blowing a horn to call his cows together: end of day (sunset effect). I am working on my woman sewing by lamp-light.

“Barye is here. I have not yet seen him. I will go to see him, as he is not out yet, though he is better.”

In 1872 and 1873 Millet finished the pictures begun at Cherbourg, and worked on

* A milk-carrier of very different design was engraved by Hédonin.

others. Besides the landscapes for M. Hartmann and the young mother with her baby in her arms (life size), he painted the “Priory of Vauville,” and several other pictures. Unfortunately, a nervous distress and the frequent recurrence of painful headaches lessened greatly his hours of work. Several remained unfinished, and those he completed he kept by him, thinking to take them up again and work on them, for, as he often said, he believed with Rousseau that a picture was never finished. The “Eglise de Gréville,” now in the Luxembourg, was in his studio at his death.*

“31st Dec., '72.

“My eyes are very painful. * * * I work very little, which distresses me. My ‘Priory’ is in the same state as when you saw it. I will have the measures taken for the cross on Rousseau's tomb.

“Here goes the year 1872 where all the years have gone! We all embrace you, you and Marguerite, and wish you all we can wish to those we love the best.”

In 1873, M. Camille Lemonnier, a critic at Brussels, sent to Millet a pamphlet called: “The Paris *Salon*, 1870.” Millet, in a reply thanking him for it, took the opportunity to express briefly the thought which it seemed to him should be dominant in all art creations.

“BARBIZON, 15th Feb., '73.

“DEAR SIR: I am very much flattered by your letter, and thank you for making me acquainted with your work as art critic. The most enviable reward of those who try to do their best is to excite the sympathy of intelligent men. This is equivalent to saying that I am happy to have been the occasion of your expressing certain truths of art. Only, you say of me things which I consider to be so desirable that I dare not believe myself possessed of them. It is not that I would doubt your judgment, but I distrust myself.

“But let me put myself aside quickly, that I may say (without stumbling over my own toes) that I must give you great praise for considering things from their fundamental side. It is the only true, solid side. Many people, far from taking this point of view, seem to think that art is only a sort of show of professional ability. You understand that the artist must have a high and definite aim. Without it, how can he make efforts to reach a point of which he does not even suspect the existence? How can a dog pursue game which he cannot scent? It depends, therefore, upon his aim, and the way in which he has reached it, that an artist is of interest.

“I assure you, sir, that if it only were a question of my own will I would express strongly the type which is, in my opinion, the greatest truth. You are quite right to think that such is my intention.

* The state bought “The Bathers.” At the Luxembourg may also be seen four of his drawings, “Shepherdess Knitting,” “Shepherdess Seated,” “Sewing-women,” and “A Church near Cusset.”

But I find myself started on a very difficult road, and I do not want to go any farther [in writing]. If you ever come to Paris and get as far as Barbizon, we could talk about it. * * * J.-F. MILLET."

We see him always looking for the type, the accentuation of the physiognomy; at that time, at least, these were his principal preoccupations. In truth, he had always thought of it, and in his search it had happened to him as to the early masters and sincere painters of the sixteenth century; in pursuing character he had on the road met ugliness. I mean that, hostile on principle to commonplace idealizations, he was not afraid to put into his rustic compositions figures of rough aspect and coarse individuality, with expressions which seemed to admit that the human is not always vastly superior to the animal. It is this tendency, scarcely veiled, which so often excited the heat of Théophile Gautier and Paul de Saint-Victor, and which even Thoré mentioned in the "Peasants Bringing Home a Calf." In the "Man with the Hoe," the head of the terrible worker of the ground has something disturbing in it. The little Barbizon beggar is not much beautified, and the "Vine-dresser," resting, is not altogether charming. "What more terrible than the 'Vine-dresser' at rest," writes M. Burty, "seated, sweating, the arms hanging and legs apart! His hands, which have grown knotted like the stock of the vine, his feet dusty, his mouth open, his brow incapable of a thought beyond the vine which has taxed his strength." Millet was convinced that expression redeems everything.

At a sale on the 7th of April, 1873, Millet had the pleasure of seeing his "Woman with a Lamp" sell for 38,000 francs. His "Washerwoman" reached the price of 15,350, and later, "Geese," 25,000, and the "Woman Churning," engraved by M. Martial, 14,000. If Millet had been vain, these sums might have consoled him for his past misfortunes.*

"BARBIZON, 22 Sept., 1873.

"DEAR SENSIER: Since I saw you I have suffered greatly. My cough kills me. Only these last few days am I a little better. I am breaking down completely, I assure you."

Unfortunately, the breaking down of which he speaks is a real thing. In the spring and summer he had been more or less ill. One June night, after an accident which his letters do not explain, he was seized with a dreadful hemorrhage which

* [During Millet's life-time "The Angelus" was resold for 50,000 francs.—ED. S. M.]

greatly weakened him. An unfortunate cough deprived him for weeks of all vigor or energy. He worked, nevertheless, and finished several pictures. At the sale of his studio effects, some of the unfinished pictures of this time were seen; especially two unfinished shepherdesses were to be regretted. In one, the tower of the mill of Chailly showed on the horizon; in the other, I think more advanced, the shepherdess was bringing back her flock. The sun is already set; the girl walks, followed by her sheep, which a dog, mounted on a hillock, watches as they hurry past. The landscape is wrapped in vapor. Millet always understood the melancholy of evening and the silent hour when the first stars come out.

Millet's correspondence stops abruptly in the spring of 1874. Writing, formerly so easy to the brave artist, has become a fatigue.

"BARBIZON, 18 March, '74.

"How long it is since I have written to you, my dear Sensier! I am in such a weak state of health that I put off from day to day what I have to do. Believe me, I think of you all the same. If my body is weakened, my heart is not colder. * * *

The Republic wished to repair the long forgetfulness of the past. The administration of the Beaux Arts, then headed by a writer to whom the honor of French art was always precious, conceived the idea of decorating the cold walls of the Pantheon, or of Sainte Geneviève,—for it seems the Pantheon is a church without looking like it. M. de Chennevières, to his honor be it said, did not forget Millet. The 12th of May, 1874, the minister signed an order allowing him 50,000 francs for the execution of decorative paintings in the chapel of Sainte Geneviève. Millet was to paint the "Miracle des Ardens" and the procession of the shrine of Sainte Geneviève—in all eight subjects, four big and four little. He immediately began to make out in charcoal the plan of his compositions. He was both appalled and delighted at such a beautiful task, but Death did not permit him to carry it out.

Sensier and M. Hartmann went to see Millet on the 9th of July, 1874. He was finishing the "Priory" for Mr. Shaw, and "The Spring" for M. Hartmann was finished. He was working on two others, "Hay-cocks" and "Buckwheat-Threshers."

"We saw in the studio," writes Sensier, "another subject almost done, and promising to be very fine—a reminiscence of Millet's home. A sea-view, framed by the posts of a gate-way, opening on land going

down to the shore. Some cows feeding in the inclosure, whose heads only were visible, permitted the artist to express the steep movement of the soil. The strength of color was extraordinary." The visitors must have also seen the "Ass on a Moor,"—on the incline of a rocky piece of ground an ass braying,—above the landscape a great spring sky, in which the luminous clouds, driven by the wind, whirl up in spirals. This strange and brilliant picture was much admired.

Sensier stayed a week. Millet was very melancholy.

"One day in August, the day after Notre Dame, Millet felt a little better. All the children and grandchildren were assembled. We decided to go all together for a long drive in the forest. We went off full of gaiety, the young people in front in an open wagon; Millet, his wife, and I, in a little *caleche*, brought up the rear. The day was pure and clear. Millet was open and talkative, and seemed happy to see around him his numerous offspring. He had words of kindness and affection for me.

"Friends," he said, "get tired or leave us, in the hard moments of life. Some die, or disappear. You have remained. You have always helped, sustained, encouraged, and understood me."

"The drive was long. We saw again Bellecroix, the valley of the Solle, Mount Chauvet, the Calvary, the old forest trees, the rocks of St. Germain,—all the marvels of this forest of inexhaustible enchantment. And Millet kept ever returning to the memory of past times, the splendors of this living nature, which had decided him to cut loose from old mythology. I shall never forget this day. I saw him several times again, but never in such bright spirits. He suffered all the time, and knew that the great day of rest was approaching."

The autumn was sad. In November, Millet was already very weak, but he still worked. He finished his "Priory," which he sent to America. He thought over his decorations for Sainte Geneviève, and improved them. He sketched the "Sewing Lesson,"—a quiet rustic scene, in which, as usual, he throws over daily labor a poetic charm, and in which an open window shows a garden full of greenery.

In the month of December, the fever became more frequent, with intervals of delirium, followed by long prostration. Here and there he had days of calm, in which he was conscious of his state. He made his last requests, talked a great deal

to his children, begged his family to keep together, and said, with a touching melancholy, that his life was closing too soon—that he died just as he was beginning to see clearly into nature and into art.

Sometimes he regained a little serenity, and believed—or pretended to believe—in a possible recovery. He asked to have "Redgauntlet," which he had once liked, re-read to him. But Millet could not again feel the pleasure that the book had inspired in his youth.

At the end of December, he went to bed, and did not rise again.

Sensier gives us, in a note, a pathetic detail. In the first days of January, 1875, when the doctors no longer hid their anxiety about him, Millet had gone to sleep between two attacks of fever. He was suddenly awakened by the noise of guns and the baying of a pack of hounds. A stag, driven by the hunters and filled with frenzied terror, had jumped the fences, and taken refuge in a neighbor's garden. The wretched animal was cruelly butchered. Millet, who had never liked huntsmen, was struck by the tragedy. "It is an omen," said he.

He was right; he had but a few days to live. The great painter breathed his last on the 20th of January, 1875, at six in the morning.

Everywhere his death provoked a feeling of deep regret. A volume could be made of the newspaper articles written about him. His friends, who had long understood him, eloquently expressed their sorrow. The indifferent ones themselves were touched; they discovered that the French school had sustained an irreparable loss. There was an explosion of sympathy and justice; the time of old recriminations was past, and irony was silenced. On the 6th of April, an exhibition was opened for the benefit of the Millet family. In June the collection was sold, and in the interval the contents of the artist's studio were sold at the Hôtel Drouot. They consisted principally of sketches in pastels, water-colors, and crayon. People then saw how wide a field the master covered, what variety there was in his manner, the intensity of his conviction, and the strength and gracefulness of his handling.

Millet was worthily praised. Those who remember good criticism have not forgotten the two articles by M. Philippe Burty in the "République Française," nor the excellent notice by M. Charles Yriarte in "L'Art." In Belgium, where Millet had many friends, and where, thanks to M. Arthur Stevens,

his works were to be found in famous collections at a time when the French amateurs were still indifferent,—Belgium also brought her praises to the painter of Barbizon. And even America sent her testimony of esteem and regret. The article by Mr. Edward Wheelwright, in the "Atlantic Monthly" of September, 1876, is one of the most complete and personal studies of Millet that have been published.

Such an enumeration must perforce be incomplete. But we cannot pass over some phrases, sympathetic in spite of their reserve, which Fromentin has written about Millet :

"An original painter of our own time, a lofty soul, a melancholy spirit, a good heart, a nature truly rustic, has said of the country and country people, of the severity, the melancholy, and the nobility of their work, things which no Dutchman would have ever dreamed of looking for. He said them in a language a little rude, and under forms where the thought has more clearness and vigor than the hand. We were deeply thankful for his tendencies; and in the French school of painting we saw in him the sensibilities of a Burns, less clever than the poet in making himself understood. After all, has he or has he not left beautiful pictures? Has his form, his language—I mean that exterior envelope without which the things of the mind cannot exist or last—has it the qualities to make him a beautiful painter, and to assure his future fame? He is profound thinker compared with Paul Potter and de Cuy; he is a sympathetic dreamer compared with Terburg and Metsu; he has something incontestably noble when we think of the trivialities of Steen, Ostade, and Brauwer. As a man, he puts them all to the blush; as a painter, is he their equal?"

Our friend, Fromentin, who pushed his penetration to the verge of uneasiness, has asked an indiscreet question. The difficulty of judging definitively of the talent of a contemporary master was seen by a writer who sometimes compromises himself so far as to express our own thought. The "Temps" of the 2d of March, 1875, contains some lines in which the author has tried to explain why Millet was dear to us. This quotation may serve as a conclusion to the present volume :

"There is in every work of art a sort of perfume which evaporates with time. A new breath passes over the mind; generations coming up, seeking a new ideal, are often uncertain and troubled before some picture or drawing, which, at the moment that the artist finished it, aroused in the soul of his contemporaries a whole world of sentiment and ideas. Something like this may perhaps happen to Millet. In the future it may create surprise that his cause was defended with such extreme heat, at a time when his advance met with resistance. Did this rustic really occupy in modern art the great place which our esteem has made for him? Why not? Let it be remembered to what meager diet we were then condemned—how few consolatory spectacles had been offered to us. During the historic period ending in 1870 we saw the painful work of artists

who, under pretext of style, moved about in an artificial world, which amounted to nothing but supreme stupidity. Life was not in it. So, when, after his first gropings, we found in Millet healthy simplicity and frankness, a certain grandeur reflected upon types which were not invented,—an almost unconscious remembrance of the methods dear to the old masters,—we praised his effort and went out to welcome this new poetry. The future will decide whether we have made a mistake or not. It seems to us that Millet brought into the school a new element, a manner which by condensing form generalizes and aggrandizes it.

"It would be a mistake to reproach him with having suppressed details and taken away accidentals; he was seeking the essential, and he found it. Millet had his ideal, and even if he did not always succeed in reaching it, it will always be to his honor that he strove with indomitable energy to be faithful to truth while escaping the littleness of prose."

Sensier had often begged Millet to write down the thoughts which came to him on questions of art. Millet was not a writer, and thought that his art work ought to present a clear enough expression of his thoughts and his dreams. Once or twice, however, he consented to take pen in hand. This "note," which we found among his friend's papers, will be read with interest :

"When Poussin sent to M. de Chantelou his picture of the 'Manna,' he did not say, 'Look what fine handling! Isn't it swell? Isn't it tip-top?' or any of this kind of thing which so many painters seem to consider of such value, though I cannot see why they should. He says: 'If you remember the first letter which I wrote to you about the movement of the figures which I promised you to put in, and if you look at the whole picture, I think you will easily understand which are those who languish, which ones are filled with admiration, those who pity, those who act from charity, from great necessity, from desire, from the wish to satiate themselves, and others,—for the first seven figures on the left hand will tell you all that is written above, and all the rest is of the same kind.'

"Very few painters are careful enough as to the effect of a picture seen at a distance great enough to see all at once, and as a whole. Even if a picture comes together as it should, you hear people say, 'Yes, but when you come near it is not finished!' Then of another which does not look like anything at the distance from which it should be seen: 'But look at it near by; see how it is finished!' Nothing counts except the fundamental. If a tailor tries on a coat, he goes off to see it at a distance great enough to see the fit. If he likes the general look, it is time enough then to examine the details; but if he should be satisfied with making fine button-holes and other accessories, even if they were *chef d'œuvre*, on a badly cut coat, he will none the less have made a bad job. Is not this true of a piece of architecture or of anything else? It is the conception of a work which should strike us first, and nothing ought to go outside of that conception. It is an atmosphere beyond which nothing can exist. There should be a *milieu* of one kind or another, but that which is adopted should rule.

"As confirmation to the proposition that details are only the complement of the fundamental construction, Poussin says: 'Being fluted (pilasters) and

rich in themselves, we should be careful not to spoil their beauty by the confusion of ornament, for such accessories and incidental subordinate parts are not adapted to works whose principal features are already beautiful, unless with great prudence and good judgment, in order that this may give grace and elegance, for ornaments were only invented to modify a certain severity which constitutes pure architecture.'

"We should accustom ourselves to receive from Nature all our impressions, whatever they may be and whatever temperament we may have. We should be saturated and impregnated with her, and think what she wishes and makes us think. Truly she is rich enough to supply us all. And whence should we draw, if not from the fountain-head? Why forever urge, as a supreme aim to be reached, that which the great minds have already discovered in her, because they have mined her with constancy and labor, as Palissy says? But, nevertheless, they have no right to set up for mankind forever one example. By that means the productions of one man would become the type and the aim of all the productions of the future.

"Men of genius are gifted with a sort of divining-rod; some discover in nature this, others that, according to their kind of scent. Their productions assure you that he who finds is formed to find; but it is funny to see how, when the treasure is unearthed, people come for ages to scratch at that one hole. The point is to know where to find truffles. A dog who has not scent will be but a poor hunter if he can only run at sight of another who scents the game, and who, of course, must always be the first. And if we only hunt through imitativeness, we cannot run with much spirit, for it is impossible to be enthusiastic about nothing. Finally, men of genius have the mission to show, out of the riches of Nature, only that which they are permitted to take away, and to show them to those who would not have suspected their presence nor ever found them, as they have not the necessary faculties. They serve as translator and interpreter to those who cannot understand her language. They can say, like Palissy: 'You see these things in my cabinet.' They, too, may say: 'If you give yourself up to Nature, as we have done, she will let you take away of these treasures according to your powers. You only need intelligence and good-will.'

"An enormous vanity or an enormous folly alone can make certain men believe that they can rectify the pretended lack of taste or the errors of Nature. On what authority do they lean? We can understand that, with them who do not love her and who do not trust her, she does not let herself be understood, and retires into her shell. She must be constrained and reserved with them. And, of course, they say: 'The grapes are green. Since we cannot reach them, let us speak ill of them.' We might here apply the words of the prophet: '*Deus resistit superbis, sed gratiam dat humilibus*' [God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble].

"Nature gives herself to those who take the trouble to court her, but she wishes to be loved exclusively. We love certain works only because they proceed from her. Every other work is pedantic and empty.

"We can start from any point and arrive at the sublime, and all is proper to be expressed, provided our aim is high enough. Then what you love with the greatest passion and power becomes a beauty of your own, which imposes itself upon others. Let each bring his own. An impression demands expression, and especially requires that which is capable of showing it most clearly and strongly. The whole arsenal of Nature has ever been at the command of strong men, and their genius has made

them take, not the things which are conventionally called the most beautiful, but those which suited best their places. For example, in its own time and place, has not everything its position? Who shall dare to say that a potato is inferior to a pomegranate?

"Decadence set in when people began to believe that art, which she (Nature) had made, was the supreme end; when such and such an artist was taken as model and aim without remembering that he had his eyes fixed on infinity.

"They still spoke of Nature, but meant thereby only the life-model which they used, but from whom they got nothing but conventionalities. If, for instance, they had to paint a figure out-of-doors, they still copied, for the purpose, a model lighted by a studio light, without appearing to dream that it had no relation to the luminous diffusion of light out-of-doors—a proof that they were not moved by a very deep emotion, which would have prevented artists from being satisfied with so little. For, as the spiritual can only be expressed by the observation of objects in their truest aspect, this physical untruth annihilated all others. There is no isolated truth.

"The moment that a man could do something masterly in painting, it was called good. If he had great anatomical knowledge, he made that pre-eminent and was greatly praised for it, without thinking that these fine acquirements ought to serve, as indeed all others should, to express the thoughts of the mind. Then, instead of thoughts, he would have a programme. A subject would be sought which would give him a chance to exhibit certain things which came easiest to his hand. Finally, instead of making one's knowledge the humble servant of one's thought, on the contrary, the thought was suffocated under the display of a noisy cleverness. Each eyed his neighbor, and was full of enthusiasm for a manner.

"My small experience in writing * * * makes me omit a great many things, which causes obscurities. Try, therefore, to guess what I intended to say without taking literally what I have said. What I began to say was not sufficiently thought out before saying it; and I have not written enough. But I will try to come back to it, and do it with less haste."

[NOTE.—(See page 397, Millet's "Four Seasons.") We are told by Mr. Wyatt Eaton, who had heard much of these decorations, and who finally had the opportunity to study them carefully during their brief exhibition at Hôtel Drouot, that "the disappointment felt by himself and others deeply interested in Millet's art, was that of not being able to see the decorations in the places for which they were designed. The work itself was another proof of Millet's comprehensiveness and power. Although not painted in the usual manner of large decoration, the effect of the panels in the room where they had belonged must have been complete and surpassingly fine. But to judge them in the strong light of the picture gallery, and without the requisite distance, was to ignore Millet's intuition and accomplishment." We do not understand the statement by M. Mantz that in life-size figures Millet was not at his ease. Sennier's description of the large "Sheep-shearer" has already been given. He and other critics write of the work as one of the masterpieces of painting: the figures in this picture are three-quarters length and the size of life. "The Young Shepherdess" was one of the most admired paintings in the posthumous collection: this figure is full length and life-size. The large "Sheep-shearer" is owned in Boston, Mass., and "The Young Shepherdess" has been for some time on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.—ED. S. M.]

TIGER-LILY.

IN THREE PARTS: PART III.

THE terrible disease whose presence had sent such a thrill of horror through the quiet little town had been raging for two weeks, and though the inevitable rebound from the first pressure of dread was making itself universally felt, as a topic of conversation it had lost none of its charms.

On a wild, wet afternoon, Lilly O'Connell sat in the stuffy work-room sacred to the mysteries of making and trying on the wonderful productions of Miss Bullins's scissors and needle. She was sewing the folds upon a dress of cheap mourning, while Miss Bullins sat opposite with lap-board and scissors, her nimble tongue outrunning the latter by long odds.

"What's friends for," she was saying, "if they aint goin' to stand by you when the pinch comes? Folks that's got husbands and lovers and friends a plenty don't realize their blessin's. As for Florence Fairfield, it makes me ashamed of bein' a woman—the way that girl did! They say she wouldn't even see Roger Horton to bid him good-bye. I never heard the like!"

Lilly turned her head toward the window, perhaps because the dress in her hands was black, and the light dull.

"They say he's workin' himself to death for all them poor people, and he aint got nobody—no sister nor mother—to nurse him up when he comes home all tuckered out; though Nancy Swift thinks a sight of him, and she'll do her duty by him, I make no doubt. He's just like his father, and he *was* a good man. Florence Fairfield don't deserve her privileges, I'm afraid."

The street door opened, and with a gust of cold wind entered Widow Gatchell, the village Sairey Gamp. She was an elderly woman, tall, stiff and dry as a last year's mullein-stalk. Her dark, wrinkled face was fixed and inexpressive, but the small black eyes were full of life. She was clothed in rusty garments, and carried a seedy carpet-sack in her hand.

"How dye do?" she said, in a dry voice, dropping on to the edge of a chair. "I jest come in to tell ye if ye was drove, 'taint no matter about my bunnit. I sha'n't want it right away."

"Why not?" said Miss Bullins, looking up.

"I'm goin' to the pest-house nussin' tomorrow," returned the old woman, in the same quiet tone.

"Good land! Sarah Gatchell!" cried Miss Bullins, upsetting her lap-board. "Aint you 'most afraid?"

A quaint smile flitted across the widow's face.

"What 'd I be afear'd of," she said, "'s old 'n' homely 's I be? The small-pox aint a-goin' to touch *me*. I'd 'a' gone a week ago, but I couldn't leave Mis' Merrill, an' her baby not a week old. I've jess been a-talkin' with Dr. Horton," she went on. "He says they're sufferin' for help. They's three sick women an' two childern, an' not a woman in the house to do a thing for 'em. They've been expectin' two nusses from the city, but they aint come. Seems to me 'taint jest right fur men-folks to be fussin' 'round sick women an' childern."

"Oh my, it's awful!" sighed Miss Bullins, pinning her pattern crooked in her distress.

"Not a woman there?" said Lilly O'Connell, who had been listening with her hands idle in her lap.

"There'll be one there in the mornin'," said the widow, rising to go. "I'd 'a' gone tonight, but I couldn't be o' much use till I'd gone 'round the house by daylight an' got the hang o' things."

"Wall, you've got good grit, Sarah," said the milliner, with enthusiasm. "You're as good as half a dozen common women. I declare, I'd go myself, but I shouldn't be a bit o' use. I should catch it in a day. I was always a great one for catchin' diseases."

"Aint ye well?" said Mrs. Gatchell, turning suddenly toward Lilly. "Ye look kind o' peaked. I guess ye set too much."

"I am perfectly well," said Lilly.

"Ye be? Wall, sewin' is confinin'. Good-bye."

Lilly had no appetite for her tea, and immediately after she put on her cloak and hat, and went out. The wind had gone down as the sun set, the rain had ceased, and a few pale stars were struggling through the thin, vapory clouds.

The streets were very quiet, and she met but few people. The choir in the Orthodox Church were rehearsing, their voices ringing

out clear and not inharmonious in a favorite hymn. She stopped, and bowing her head upon one of the square wooden posts, waited until the hymn closed. Then she went on her way. It was quite dark when she reached the end of her walk—the residence of Dr. Starkey. She seized the brass knocker with a firm hand, and was shown into the office. In a few moments Dr. Starkey entered.

He was an old-school physician, and an old-school gentleman as well. He would have considered it indecent to appear before the world in any other garb than a broad-cloth swallow-tail coat of ancient date, and with his long neck wrapped in white lawn nearly to the point of suffocation. He entered the room, and bowed with courtly gallantry on seeing a graceful feminine figure standing by the table; but, as Lilly looked up and the lamp-light fell upon her face and hair, there was a perceptible congealing of his manner.

"Miss—a—" he began.

"I am Lilly O'Connell," she said, simply.

"Oh—a—yes! Miss O'Connell. Hm! Sit down, Miss O'Connell,—sit down!" he added, observing her closely from under his shaggy brows.

The girl remained standing, but the doctor seated himself before the glowing grate, and placed himself in an attitude of professional attention.

"You are—indisposed?" he asked, presently, as she remained silent.

"No; I am quite well," she answered; and then, after a little pause, during which her color mounted and faded, she continued: "I have heard that there is need of more help at the hospital, and I came to ask you to take me as nurse, or anything you most need."

Her voice trembled a little, and her eyes were fixed eagerly upon the doctor's face.

He turned square about, the withered, purple-veined hands clutching the arms of his chair tightly, a kind of choking sound issuing from his bandaged throat.

"Will you say that again?" he asked abruptly, staring with raised eyebrows at the pale, earnest face.

Lilly repeated what she had said, more firmly.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the old man, measuring the girl from head to foot slowly.

"Child," he said, after a pause, "do you know what you are talking about?"

"I think so," the girl answered, quietly.

"No, you do not!" the old man said, almost brusquely. "It is a place to try the nerves of the strongest man, to say nothing of a woman's. It is no place for a girl—no place."

"I am not afraid," the girl said, her voice breaking. "They say I am good in sickness, and I will do any kind of work. It is dreadful to think of those poor little children and women, with no one to do anything for them but men. Oh, do not refuse!" she cried, coming nearer and holding out her hands entreatingly.

The doctor had fidgeted in his chair, uttering a variety of curious, inarticulate exclamations while she was speaking.

"But, child," he repeated, earnestly, "it would be as much as your life is worth to enter the house. You would come down in a week. You might die!"

Lilly looked up into the mottled old face, and smiled sadly.

"I am not afraid," she said again, "and there is no one to care very much."

Dr. Starkey reflected, rubbing one shriveled finger up and down the bridge of his nose. He knew how woman's help was needed in that abode of pestilence and death. He looked at the white, supple hands clasped over the gray cloak before him, and thought of the work which they would be required to perform, then shook his head slowly, and rose.

"No," he said, "I cannot consent."

Lilly made a motion as if to speak, but he raised his hand deprecatingly.

"It would be as bad as murder," he went on. "I respect your motive, Miss O'Connell, I do, indeed; but you are too young and too—a—delicate for the undertaking. Don't think of it any more."

He took one of the hands which drooped at her side and held it in his glazed palm, looking kindly into the downcast face. He knew the girl's whole history. He had been one of the fiercest opponents of her application for a teacher's place, and from conscientious motives solely, as he believed; but he remembered it now with sharp regret. There was nothing in this fair and womanly figure to inspire antipathy, surely. For the first time, a realizing sense of her solitary life came to him, and he was pained and sorry. He wanted to be very kind to her, but felt strangely unable to express himself.

"Don't say no one would care what befall you," he began, his gruff voice softening. "A young woman of your—a—attractions should have many friends.

Consider *me* one, Miss O'Connell," he continued, with a blending of the sincere and the grandiose in his manner,—" consider *me* a friend from this day, and let me thank you again for your offer. It was very praiseworthy of you, very."

Lilly bowed—she could not trust herself to speak—and went away.

Dr. Starkey walked up and down his office several times, raised and lowered the flame of the lamp, poked the fire, looked out into the starlit night, and, with a fervent "Bless my soul! how extraordinary!" settled himself for his customary nap over the Boston paper.

Lilly hurried home through the silent streets. Miss Bullins's shop was empty of customers, and she herself, her hair bristling with crimping-pins and curl-papers, was putting things in order for the night. She studied Lilly's face with watchful anxiety, as she joined in her labors.

"I hope to gracious she aint comin' down sick!" she reflected. "You aint got back-ache and pains in your limbs, have you?" she inquired, with thinly veiled anxiety.

Lilly laughed.

"No, Miss Bullins; nothing of the kind."

"I thought you looked kind o' queer," said the good creature, coloring.

"I am only a little tired; not sick."

She came and stood by the old maid's chair, as she sat warming her feet at the stove, and laid her hand on the thin gray hair.

"Good-night, Miss Bullins."

"Good-night, dear. Hadn't you better drink a cup of pepper-tea before you go to bed?"

"No, thank you; I am only tired."

She sat by the window of her little bedroom over the shop a long time before lighting her lamp. Dim and dark, the river wound along, its surface gleaming here and there faintly through the leafless branches of the willows. Overhead, the solemn stars shone coldly. The houses along its banks were already dark and silent. At some involuntary movement, her hand fell upon a soft white mass of needle-work which strewed the table near her, and the contact seemed to rouse her. She rose, lit the lamp, folded the dainty, lace-trimmed garment, and made it into a parcel with some others which she took from a drawer, and went to bed. It was long before she slept, but the early morning found her asleep, with a peaceful smile upon her face.

The next day, being Saturday, was a busy

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one, for let Death stalk as he will, people must have their Sunday gear. The little shop was full at times, and feminine tongues and fingers flew without cessation, mixing millinery and misery in strange confusion.

"You don't say that's Mis' Belden's bonnet, with all them flowers on it? Well, I never! And she a member!"

"Why, you're a member too, aint you, Mis' Allen?" says another, with a glance at the first speaker's head, where feathers of various hues waved majestically.

"Oh, you mean my feathers?" was the spirited answer. "Feathers an' *flowers* is different things. You must draw the line somewhere, an' I draw it at feathers."

"They say one o' the women died up to the pest-house yesterday," said one woman, in the midst of an earnest discussion as to the comparative becomingness of blue roses and crimson pansies.

"Dear me!" said Miss Bullins, compassionately, "an' not a woman there to lay her out! Sarah Gatchell didn't go up till to-day."

"They don't lay 'em out," remarked the other, unconcernedly, holding a brilliant pansy against her bilious countenance. "They roll 'em up in the sheet they die on, and bury 'em in the pasture."

Lilly's hands trembled over the bonnet she was lining.

"Well, good-day, Miss Bullins. I guess I'd better take the roses. I'm most too old for red. Get it done if you can. Good-day."

It went on so all day. At one time there was a rush for the window.

"It's Doctor Horton!" cried a pretty girl. "Oh my! Aint he sweet? He's handsomer than ever, since he got so pale. I don't see how in the world Flossie Fairfield could do as she did. They say she's afraid to have him write to her."

"She loves her good looks more'n she does him, I guess," said another.

"And they to be married in the spring," said Miss Bullins, pathetically. "Lilly, here, was makin' her underclo'se, and they're a sight to see,—all hand-made, and so much lace in 'em that it aint modest, I do declare!"

"If she got her deserts she wouldn't have no use for weddin' clo'se," said another, with acerbity; "not if *I* was Roger Horton."

"Wall, you aint," said her companion, drily, "an' he aint no different from other men, I guess."

Lilly worked on with feverish haste.

About four o'clock she rose and went out, pausing an instant at the door, and looking back. Miss Bullins, intent upon some button-holes for which every moment of daylight was needed, did not look up. Lilly closed the door, and went up to her room.

It was small and simple, but it was the best she had known. There were some innocent efforts at decoration, a daintiness about the bed, a few books on hanging shelves, and a pretty drapery at the one window. She looked around with a sinking heart. There was a small writing-desk upon the table, and she went to it and wrote a few lines, which she sealed and directed. She put a few articles together in a satchel, put on her cloak and hat, and stole down the stairs and into the street.

Choosing the quietest, she walked rapidly through the village until the last house was passed, and the open country lay before her, bare and brown and desolate, except for the blue hills in the distance, which, summer or winter, never lost their beauty.

Two or three farmers, jogging homeward with their week's supplies, passed her, and one offered her a lift as far as she was going, which she declined.

A mile from the village, a road turned off to the left, winding through barren fields, until lost in the pine woods. As she turned into this, a man driving toward the village reined in and called to her, warningly:

"The pest-house is up yonder!"

She merely bowed and kept on. The man stared a moment, and whipped up his horse again. It was dark in the woods, and chilly, but she felt no fear, not even when the sere bushes by the way-side rustled, or twigs snapped beneath the tread of some living creature.

As she came out into comparative light she saw a buggy driven rapidly toward her. She recognized the horse at once, and with a quick heart-throb sprang behind a clump of young pines, and crouched upon her knees.

Dr. Horton drove by, his face turned toward her place of concealment. He did not know that any human eye was upon him, and the heaviness of his spirit appeared unrepressed in every feature. His eyes followed listlessly the irregular outlines of the way-side walls and bushes, but it was evident that his thoughts were not of surrounding things, otherwise he must have seen the crouching figure and the white face

pressed against the rough bark of the tree whose trunk she clasped.

The girl's eyes followed him until he was lost to sight in the woods. Then she came out and pursued her way.

A curve in the road brought her in sight of the house now devoted to hospital uses. It was a two-story farm-house, black with age, shutterless and forsaken-looking. Over it hung the cloud of a hideous crime. A few years before, the owner, led on by an insane passion, had murdered his aged wife in her bed. The sequel had been a man's life ended in prison, a girl's name blasted, a dishonored family, a forsaken homestead,—for the son, to whom the property had fallen, had gone away, leaving no trace behind him. It had stood for years as the murderer had left it; its contents had been untouched by human hands; the hay had rotted in the barn; the fields were running waste. The very road itself was avoided, and the old wheel-ruts were almost effaced by grass and weeds. Swallows had possessed themselves of the cold, smokeless chimneys and sunken, mossy eaves; vagrant cats prowled about the moldering mows and empty mangers. The old well-sweep pointed like a gaunt, rigid finger toward heaven. The little strips of flower-beds beneath the front windows were choked with grass, but the red roses and pinks and columbines which the old woman had loved, still grew and bloomed in their season, and cast their petals about the sunken door-stone, and over the crooked path and neglected grass.

There were no flowers now,—only drifting masses of wet brown leaves. The setting sun had just turned the windows into sheets of blood, and down in the pasture could be seen the rough clods of several new-made graves. The silence was absolute. Faint columns of smoke, rising from the crumbling chimneys, were the only signs of human presence.

A tremor shook the girl from head to foot, and she ceased walking. After all, she was young and strong, and the world was wide; life might hold something of sweetness for her yet. It was not too late. She half turned,—but it was only for a moment, and her feet were on the door-step, and her hand on the latch.

She turned a last look upon the outer world,—the bare fields, the leafless woods, the blue hills, the fading sky. A desperate yearning toward it all made her stretch out her hands as if to draw it nearer for a last

farewell. Then from within came the piteous cry of a sick child, and she raised the latch softly and entered the house. The air of the hall smote her like a hand, coming as she did from the cool outer air; but guided by the cry, which still continued, she groped her way up the bare, worn stairs, pushed open a door, and entered.

The child's voice covered the sound of her entrance and, sickened by the foul air, she had leaned for some moments against the wall before Widow Gatchell, who was holding the child across her knee, turned and saw her. The old woman's hard, brown features stiffened with surprise, her lips parted without sound.

"I have come to help you," said Lilly, putting down her satchel and coming forward.

"Who sent ye?" the widow asked, shortly.

"Nobody. I offered my services, but Dr. Starkey refused to let me come. I knew you would not send me away if I once got here, and so I came."

"What was folks thinkin' of to let ye come?" asked the old woman again.

"Nobody knew it," Lilly answered.

"Wall," the widow said, "ye had no sort o' business to come, though the Lord knows they's need enough of help."

"Perhaps *He* sent me, Sarah," the girl said, gently. "Oh, the poor, poor baby! Let me take it."

Widow Gatchell's keen eyes rested on the girl's compassionate face with a searching gaze. She rose stiffly and laid the child in her arms.

"There!" she said, drawing a long breath. "You're in for it now, Lilly O'Connell, and may the Lord have mercy on ye!"

When Dr. Horton entered the pest-house in the morning, the first person he encountered was Lilly O'Connell, coming through the hall with a tray in her hands. In her closely fitting print dress and wide apron, the sleeves turned back from her smooth, strong arms, her face earnest, yet cheerful, she was the embodiment of womanly charity and sweetness. He started as though he saw a specter.

"Good heavens!" he said; "how came you here? Who—who permitted you to come here?"

"No one," said Lilly, supporting the waiter on the post at the foot of the stairs. "I just came. I asked Dr. Starkey to take me as nurse, but he refused."

"I know, I know," said the young man. He stepped back and opened the door, letting in the crisp morning air. "But why did you come? It is a terrible place for you."

"I came to be of use," she answered, smiling. "I hope I am useful. Ask Mrs. Gatchell. She will tell you that I am useful, I am sure."

Horton's face expressed pain and perplexity.

"It is wrong—all wrong," he said. "Where were your friends? Was there no one who cared for you, no one that you cared for enough to keep you from this wild step?"

She looked up into his face, and, for one brief moment, something in her deep, luminous eyes chained his gaze. A soft red spread itself over her cheeks and neck. She shook her head slowly, and taking up the tray, went on up the stairs.

Miss Bullins found the little note which Lilly had left for her, when, as no response came to her repeated summons to tea, she mounted the stairs to see what had happened.

She read the hastily written lines with gathering tears.

"You can get plenty of milliners and seamstresses; but those poor women and children are suffering for some one to take care of them. Forgive me for going this way, but it seemed the only way I could go. May be I shall get ill; but if I do, there is no beauty to lose, you know, and if I die, there is nobody to break their heart about it. You will be sorry, I know. I thank you, oh so much, for all your kindness to me, and I do love you dearly. May God bless you for all your goodness. If I should die, what I leave is for you to do what you please with.

"Your grateful and loving
"LILLY."

The good little woman's tears fell faster as she looked about the empty room.

"I never was so beat in my life," she confided to a dozen of her intimate friends many times over during the next week. "You could have knocked me down with a feather."

Dr. Starkey's amazement surpassed Miss Bullins's, if possible. He first heard of the step Lilly had taken from Dr. Horton. He saw her himself a day or two later, on making his tri-weekly visit to the hospital, and commended her bravery and self-sacrificing spirit in phrases something less stilted than usual.

He could not entirely banish an uneasy feeling when he looked at the fresh young face, but he became tolerably reconciled to

the situation when he saw what her energy and tenderness, in co-operation with Widow Gatchell's skill and experience, were accomplishing.

As for the girl herself, the days and nights passed so rapidly, making such demands upon body and mind, as to leave no time for regret. The scenes she witnessed effaced the past entirely for the time. In the midst of all the pain, and loath-someness, and delirium, and death, she moved about, strong, gentle and self-contained, so self-contained that the vigilant eyes of the old nurse followed her in mute surprise.

"I never see nothin' like it," she said to Doctor Horton one day. "I've known her since she was little, an' I never would 'a' believed it, though I knew she'd changed. Why, she used to be so high-strung an' techy, like, an' now she's like a lamb."

On the tenth day after her coming, Doctor Horton in making his round entered an upper chamber, where Lilly was standing by one of the three beds it contained. She had just drawn the sheet over the faces of two who had died that morning—mother and child.

The dead woman was the deserted wife of a man who had left her a year before, young, weak and ignorant, to certain want and degradation.

"I cannot feel sorry," Lilly said. "It is so much better for them than what was left for them here."

Doctor Horton hardly seemed to hear her words. He was leaning wearily against a chair behind him; his eyes were dull, and his forehead contracted as if with physical suffering.

"You are ill!" she said, with a startled gesture.

"No, only getting a little tired out. I hope the worst is over now, and I think I shall hold out."

He went about from room to room, and from bed to bed, attentive and sympathetic as ever, and then left the house. A half hour later, one of the men came into the kitchen where Mrs. Gatchell was stirring something over the fire.

"Got a spare bed?" he asked, laconically.

The widow looked up.

"'Cause we've got another patient."

"Who is it?" she asked, quickly.

"Come and see."

She followed the man to the rear of the house, where, upon a stone which had fallen

from the wall, Dr. Horton was sitting, his head bent in slumber. She listened a moment to his heavy breathing, laid her hand upon his forehead, and turned silently away.

A bed was made ready, and the young doctor, still wrapped in the heavy sleep of disease, was laid upon it, and one of the men was sent for Dr. Starkey.

In the delirium which marks the first stages of the disease, young Horton would allow no one but Lilly O'Connell to minister to him. Sometimes he imagined himself a boy, and called her "mother," clinging to her hand, and moaning if she made the least effort to withdraw. At other times, another face haunted him, and another name, coupled with endearing words or tender reproaches, fell from the half-unconscious lips.

Who but a woman can comprehend the history of those days and nights of watching and waiting? Each morning found her more marble-pale; purple rings formed themselves about the large eyes, but a deep, steady light, which was not born of pain and suffering, shone in their clear depths.

At last, one night, the crisis, whose result no human judgment could foretell, was at hand. No delirium, no restlessness now—only a deep sleep, in which the tense muscles relaxed and the breath came as softly as a child's.

Widow Gatchell shared the young girl's watch, but the strain of the last month had told upon her, and toward morning she fell asleep, and Lilly kept her vigil alone. Only the ticking of the old clock in the hall and the breathing of the sleepers broke the deep silence which filled the house. The lamp threw weird shadows across the ceiling and over the disfigured face upon the pillow. Of all manly beauty, only the close-clustered chestnut hair remained, and the symmetrical hands which lay nerveless and pale, but unmarred, upon the spread.

Statue-like, the young girl sat by the bed-side, her whole soul concentrated in the unwavering gaze which rested upon the sleeper's face. A faint—ever so faint—murmur came at last from the hot, swollen lips, and one languid hand groped weakly, as if seeking something. She took it gently and held it between her own soft palms. It seemed to her fine touch that a light moisture was discernible upon it. She rose and bent over the pillow with eager eyes. A storm of raptured feeling shook her. She sank upon her knees by the bed, and

pressed the hand she held close against her breast, whispering over it wild words which no ear might hear.

All at once, the fingers which had lain so inert and passive in her grasp seemed to her to thrill with conscious life, to return faintly the pressure of her own. She started back.

A ray of dawning light crept under the window-shade and lay across the sick man's face. His eyes were open, and regarding her with a look of perfect intelligence.

The girl rose with a smothered cry, and laid the drooping hand upon the bed. The dark, gentle eyes followed her beseechingly. It seemed as if he would have spoken, but the parched lips had lost their power.

She went to the sleeping woman and touched her shoulder.

"I think he is better," she said, softly.

Instantly, the old nurse was on the alert. She went to the bed, and laid her hand upon the sick man's forehead and wrist, then turned toward Lilly, with something like a smile.

"Go and take some rest," she said in a whisper. "The crisis has passed. He will live."

Dr. Horton's recovery was not rapid, but it was sure.

From the hour of his return to consciousness, Lilly O'Connell had not entered his room.

When a week had passed, he ventured to question his faithful attendant, Widow Gatchell, in regard to her. For twenty-four hours he had missed the step and voice he had believed to be hers, passing and repassing the hall outside his door. The old woman turned her back abruptly and began stirring the already cheerful fire.

"She aint quite so well to-day," she answered, in a constrained voice.

The young man raised his head.

"Do you mean that she is sick?" he asked hastily.

"She was took down last night," the widow answered, hesitating, and would have left the room; but the young man beckoned her, and she went to his side.

"Let everything possible be done for her," he said. "You understand—everything that can be done. Let Mason attend to me."

"I'll do *my* part," the old nurse answered, in the peculiarly dry tone with which she was accustomed to veil her emotions.

Dr. Starkey, who, since the young doctor's illness, had been, perforce, in daily attendance, was closely questioned. His answers,

however, being of that reserved and non-committal nature characteristic of the profession, gave little satisfaction, and Horton fell into a way of noticing and interpreting, with the acute sense of the convalescent, each look of his attendant, each sound which came to him, keeping himself in a state of nervous tension which did much toward retarding his recovery.

Three or four days passed in this way, and one morning, just at day-break, Dr. Horton was roused from his light sleep by sounds in the hall outside his door—hushed voices, shuffling footsteps, and the sound of some object striking with a heavy thud against the balusters and plastered wall. He raised himself, his heart beating fast, and listened intently. The shuffling steps moved on, down the creaking stairs and across the bare floor below. A door opened and shut, and deep silence filled the house again. He sank back upon his pillow, faint and bewildered, but still listening, and after some moments, another sound reached his ears faintly from a distance—the click of metal against stones and frozen mold.

He had already been able, with some assistance, to reach his chair once or twice a day; now he rose unaided, and without consciousness of pain or weakness, found his way to the window, and pushed aside the paper shade with a shaking hand.

It was a dull, gray morning, and a light snow was falling, but through the thin veil he could see the vague outlines of two men in the pasture opposite, and could follow their stiff, slow motions. They were filling in a grave.

He went to his bed and lay back upon it with closed eyes. When he opened them, Widow Gatchell was standing by him with his breakfast on a tray.

Her swarthy face was haggard, but her eyes were tearless, and her lips set tightly together. He put his hand out and touched hers.

"I know," he said, softly.

The woman put the tray on the table, and sank upon a chair. She cleared her throat several times before speaking.

"Yes," she said, at last, in her dry, monotonous voice. "She is gone. We did all we could for her, but 'twarn't no use. She was all wore out when she was took. Just afore she died she started up and seized hold o' my hand, her eyes all soft an' shinin', an' her mouth a-smilin'. 'Sarah,' says she, 'I shall know the meanin' of it now!' The good Lord only knows what she meant—

her mind was wanderin', most likely—but them was her last words. "I shall know the meanin' of it now, Sarah!"

The old woman sat a while in silence, with the look which watching by so many death-beds had fixed upon her face; then, arranging the breakfast upon the stand, went out again.

It snowed persistently all day. From his chair by the window, Doctor Horton watched it falling silently, making everything beautiful as it fell,—rude wall, and gnarled tree, and scraggy, leafless bush,—and covering those low, unsightly mounds with a rich and snowy pall. He watched it until night fell and shut it from his sight.

Lilly O'Connell's was the last case. The disease seemed meantime to have spent its force, and in a few weeks the unbroken silence of midwinter rested over the drear and forlorn spot.

Doctor Horton was again at home. He was thin, and his face showed some traces of the disease from which he had just recovered, but they were slight, and such as would pass away in time. The pleasant chamber where he was sitting was filled with evidences of care and attention, for every woman in Ridgemont, old or young, desired to show in some way her admiration and esteem for the young physician. Fruit and jellies and flowers and books filled every available place.

He was seated before a cheerful fire. Upon the table by his side lay many papers and letters, the accumulation of several weeks. One letter, of a recent date, was open in his hand. A portion of it ran thus:

" * * * It has been very gay here this season, and mother and Aunt Kitty have insisted upon my going out a great deal. But I have had no heart in it, dearest, especially since I knew that you were ill. I assure you, I was almost ill myself when I heard of it. How thankful I am that you are convalescent. I long to see you so much, but Aunt Kitty does not think I ought to return before spring. Oh Roger, do you think you are much changed?"

Shading his eyes with his thin hand, he sat a long time in deep thought. At last, rousing himself, he went to his desk and wrote as follows:

" MY DEAR FLORENCE: I am changed; so much that you would not know me; so much that I hardly know myself; so much, indeed, that it is better we do not meet at present. R. H."

With a smile so bitter that it transformed his genial, handsome face, he read and reread these lines.

"Yes," he said aloud, "it is the right way, the only way," and he sealed and directed the letter, and went back to his reverie by the fire.

Lilly O'Connell's death made a deep impression in the village. That which her life, with all its pain and humiliation and loneliness, its heroic struggles, its quiet, hard-won victories, had failed to do, the simple story of her death accomplished. It was made the subject of at least two eloquent discourses, and for a time her name was on every tongue. But it was only for a time, for when, in the course of years, the graves in the pasture were opened, and the poor remains of mortality removed by surviving friends to sacred ground, her grave remained undisturbed.

It was not forgotten, however. One day in June, when the happy, teeming earth was at her fairest, Dr. Horton drove out of the village, and turning into the grass-grown, untraversed road, went on to the scene of the past winter's tragedy of suffering and death. The old house was no longer in existence. By consent of the owner (whose whereabouts had been discovered), and by order of the selectmen of the town, it had been burned to the ground. Where it had stood, two crumbling chimneys rose from the mass of blackened bricks and charred timbers which filled the cellar, the whole draped and matted with luxuriant woodbine and clinging shrubs. Birds brooded over their nests in every nook and cranny of the ruin, and red roses flaunted in the sunshine and sprinkled the gray door-stone with splashes of color. The air was as sweet about it, the sky as blue above it, as if crime and plague were things which had no existence.

Dr. Horton left his horse to browse on the tender leaves of the young birches which grew along the wall, and went down into the pasture. The sod above the graves was green, and starred with small white flowers. There were fifteen graves in all, distinguished only by a number rudely cut upon rough stakes driven into the ground at their heads.

He went slowly among them until he came to one a little apart from the others, in the shadow of the woods which bordered the field. A slender young aspen grew beside it, its quivering leaves shining in the sun. Soft winds blew out from the fragrant woods, and far off in their green depths echoed the exquisite, melancholy note of the wood-thrush. At the foot of the grave, where the grass, nourished by

some hidden spring, grew long and lush, a single tiger-lily spread its glowing chalice.

The young man stood there with uncovered head a long, long time. Then, laying his hand reverently upon the sod for one instant, he went away.

Several years have passed since these events. Dr. Horton is still unmarried. This is a source of great regret in the community with which he has become so closely allied, and by which he is held in universal regard and honor. There are some prematurely whitened locks upon his temples, and two or three fine straight lines just above his warm, steadfast eyes, but he is neither a morose nor a melancholy man, and there are those who confidently hope that the many closed, untenanted rooms in the old home- stead may yet open to the sunshine of a wife's smile, and echo to the music of child- ish voices.

It was two years before he met Miss Fairfield, she having spent that time in Europe with her mother and "Aunt Kitty." It was a chance meeting, upon Tremont

street, in Boston. He was in the act of leaving a store as she entered, accompanied by her mother. He recognized them with a friendly and courteous bow, and passed on.

Miss Fairfield leaned against the counter with a face white as snow.

"He is not—changed—so very much," she whispered to her mother.

Mrs. Fairfield, who had had her own ideas all along, kept a discreet silence.

The Fairfields spend a part of their time in Ridgmont, and the elegant little phaeton and the doctor's buggy often pass each other on the street; the occupants exchange greetings, and that is all.

Miss Fairfield is Miss Fairfield still. Always elegant and artistic in her dress, she is not quite the same, however. The porcelain tints have faded, and there is a sharpness about the delicate features, and a peevishness about the small pink lips. She is devoted to art. She paints industriously, and with fair result. Her tea-sets are much sought after, and she "spends her winters in Boston."

THE END.

MY NEIGHBOR'S CONFESSION.

(AFTER SHE HAD BEEN FORTUNATE.)

YES, this is what my neighbor said that night,

In the still shadow of her stately house,
(Fortune came to her when her head was white)

What time dark leaves were weird in withering boughs,
And each late rose sighed with its latest breath,
"This sweet world is too sweet to end in death."

But this is what my neighbor said to me:

"I grieved my youth away for that or this.
I had upon my hand the ring you see,
With pretty babies in my arms to kiss,
And one man said I had the sweetest eyes,
He was quite sure, this side of Paradise.

"But then our crowded cottage was so small,

And spacious grounds would blossom full in sight;
Then one would fret me with an India shawl,
And one flash by me in a diamond's light;
And one would show me yards of precious lace,
And one look coldly from her painted face.

"I did not know that I had everything

Till—I remembered it. Ah me! ah me!
I who had ears to hear the wild-bird sing

And eyes to see the violets. It must be
A bitter fate that jewels the gray hair,
Which once was golden and had flowers to wear.

“In the old house, in my old room, for years,
The haunted cradle of my little ones gone
Would hardly let me look at it for tears.
. . . . Oh, my lost nurslings! I stay on and on,
Only to miss you from the empty light
Of my lone fire—with my own grave in sight.

“In the old house, too, in its own old place,
Handsome and young, and looking toward the gate
Through which it flushed to meet me, is a face
For which, ah me! I never more shall wait—
For which, ah me! I wait forever, I
Who, for the hope of it, can surely die.

“Young men write gracious letters here to me,
That ought to fill this mother-heart of mine.
The youth in this one crowds all Italy!
This glimmers with the far Pacific's shine.
The first poor little hand that warmed my breast
Wrote this—the date is old; you know the rest.

“Oh, if I only could have back my boys,
With their lost gloves and books for me to find,
Their scattered playthings and their pleasant noise!
I sit here in the splendor, growing blind,
With hollow hands that backward reach and ache
For the sweet trouble which the children make.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

IN 1810 I was born in Boston. Boston was not then a city, but was governed by “selectmen.” The Common was used as a pasturage for cows. Our own cow was driven to the Common every morning, and I think this practice was continued till 1825.

My first recollection is of the famous September gale in 1815. As I stood on the window-seat of our dining-room, looking out into the street, I saw Judge Thatcher—one of our most esteemed neighbors—taken off his feet and carried away by the wind. I cried bitterly, and would readily have gone to his aid. He was thrown against a house at the top of the street, which stopped his progress. Fortunately, no limbs were broken, but he was long confined to his bed.

I remember, too, the proclamation of peace, and the consequent illuminations, which we children were driven about to see.

Chestnut street and Mount Vernon street

were used by the boys as coasting places, till complaints were made to the selectmen, who stopped it. I remember a troop of boys coming in with my brothers to appeal to my father, who wrote an address to Mr. Hayward, chief of the selectmen, which appeared in the morning newspaper, beginning :

“Mr. Hayward, Mr. Hayward,
Be a little kinder.
Can't you wink a little bit
And be a little blinder?
Can't you let us sliding fellows have a little fun?”
etc.

But Mr. Hayward was inexorable—as he should have been.

From our windows in 15 Chestnut street we looked over a low wooden house, surrounded by a garden, to the Common. In this house John Singleton Copley, the artist, had lived, and in it his son, afterward Lord

Lyndhurst, was born. This house was occupied later by General Knox, and, at the time of which I write, by Judge Vinal. Mr. David Sears once owned the place and built upon it a house for himself, and later, two for his daughters. These he sold for the Somerset Club, which now stands upon the ground. Next Judge Vinal's house and grounds was Mr. Harrison Gray Otis's. This house, with its garden and broad piazzas, was one of the hospitable mansions of Boston. Many delightful dinners and evening parties were given there. It is now, I believe, the residence of Mr. Edward Austin.

I have heard my father tell an amusing incident of the younger Copley and himself. They occupied a parlor in common in Philadelphia in the winter of '97, both of them very young men. They were dressing for one of the charming assemblies of that day, when Mr. Copley emerged from his bedroom, cravat in hand, begging Mr. Sullivan to teach him to tie his cravat. They no doubt both considered this to be a matter of immense importance, for cravats were cravats in those days. Mr. Copley was seated before the glass, and the lesson was given satisfactorily.

Salem was at that time a distinguished place. Many East India merchants lived there; there was great wealth for that time, and assemblies were given to which the young men from Boston went. In those days, the Endicotts, Peabodys, Pickmans, Derbys, and Saltonstalls flourished, and I have no doubt many more whose names I do not recall. My father and a young friend by the name of Greene were once riding to Salem to one of these assemblies. They had had their heads dressed and powdered in Boston (there being, I believe, no distinguished barber in Salem), and had stopped, while passing through a brook, to cool their horses' feet and to let them drink, when Mr. Greene's horse deliberately lay down, throwing his rider into the water. The head-gear was destroyed, and Mr. Greene returned to Boston.

Daniel Webster lived near the head of Walnut street in Mount Vernon street, in a basement house, his study being, I remember, at the right of the door. I was very fond of Mr. Webster, with his sweet and tender smile, his very white teeth, and his dark complexion and heavy brows. He was fond of children, and was very kind to me. Having one day made my way bare-headed to his study, and seeing my old nurse coming to inquire for me, he hid me under his table, looking quite unconcerned.

After the departure of my nurse, I, being old enough to realize what a fright my absence might cause, induced Mr. Webster to take me by the hand and lead me home.

My recollections of Mr. Webster are many and various. I once heard him argue an important case. Mr. Wirt came from Baltimore for the opposite side, and the court-house was open to ladies. Mr. Wirt was eloquent, but his eloquence was of a different kind from that of Mr. Webster,—gentle and persuasive. After Mr. Wirt's argument, we all felt that he must succeed. But Mr. Webster (I can see him now, in memory, distinctly, as he stood in the court-house) soon convinced us to the contrary. After their earnest contest, it surprised me to see them driving out together in the afternoon to take tea with us—we were in the country for the summer. I could not quite realize that the apparent contest was wholly legal.

I saw Mr. Webster at table, both when he was grave and merry, silent and talkative. I knew him anxious, distressed, and in deep sorrow; in the sick-room as well as in the ball-room. I have seen him in earnest and grave conversation, and convulsed with laughter, and I liked him best, I think, when he was earnest and grave. One day, when he was dining with us quite alone, one of my brothers (John Sullivan) brought his guitar to the table, at dessert time, to sing a Yankee song. Mr. Webster was delighted. "Sing it again, John," he cried, and upon the repetition he joined in the chorus, not quite harmoniously.

In 1818, in my eighth year, I went to New York by short journeys, in our own carriage. The journey was undertaken for the health of my mother, who had been ill. I mention this journey only for the modes of traveling. Fulton had previously established some steam packets which ran from New York to Providence twice a week, but we preferred the land journey. We took rooms in New York at the Park Place Hotel, corner of Broadway and Park Place. I think it must have been the hotel highest up town. Our party consisted of my father, my mother, Miss Olivia Buckminster (afterward Mrs. George B. Emerson), and myself. During this visit to New York, my parents took me to two country-seats—Mr. Gracie's and Mr. Hammond's. They have now disappeared, as have all those places on the East River,—the two Beekmans', Schermerhorn's, Jones's, Commodore Chauncey's; except Madame Jumel's, of which the house, I think, yet remains, at the bend of the Harlem River,

overlooking the East River. Aaron Burr married this lady in his seventy-eighth year, but they were soon separated.

Upon leaving New York, we went up the Hudson to Newburgh in one of the new boats, the carriage coming up along the shore to meet us. No journey in after life was so delightful as that. I remember being taken to see Washington's head-quarters at Newburgh.

About 1817, Thomas Phillips, the singer, came to America. He sang English songs with a sweet, clear, tenor voice, in perfect tune and with a novel method. I was taken to hear him, and have a dim recollection of the man and his singing. He was popular with all classes—even the negro wood-sawyers, then to be seen on every sidewalk with their horses and saws, were singing "Though love is warm awhile."

Mr. Wallack came to Boston about 1818, from London. I saw him in "Rolla," and in "The Children in the Wood" as *Walker*. He was very handsome and very picturesque, with an unusual charm. I do not speak merely from my impressions at that early age, for I saw him often in after years in "Much Ado About Nothing" and in his unequalled rôle of *The Brigand*. He had, I am told, an equal charm in social life. While in Boston he was much admired at many houses. He was at Colonel Perkins's, and I remember hearing the Colonel relate an incident, called forth by some reflection on the financial responsibility of actors:

During the journey to Philadelphia, on that abominable road from Amboy to Camden, Mr. Wallack's leg was broken. Colonel Perkins, hearing of it, and fearing he might be annoyed for want of money, sent him \$1,000. The money was accepted in the same generous spirit in which it was offered. From the first money Mr. Wallack made after his recovery, the \$1,000 was returned with grateful acknowledgments.

In 1820, Edmund Kean was in this country. I was taken to see him, but as I was only in my tenth year, my impressions are rather vague.

I have been told that on the occasion of his first appearance at the Drury Lane theater some of the troupe did not take the trouble to go in to see him. When they heard rounds of applause, Polk (one of the theatrical corps) remarked, "Considering how few the spectators, they make a thundering noise." His companion said, "Why, that man is a mere harlequin." "I can well believe it," said Polk, "for he seems to

have leaped over our heads." Hazlitt took so eulogistic a criticism to the morning paper, that the editor was doubtful about inserting it, saying, "They don't agree with you at the clubs"; but this was but the beginning of Kean's triumphant career. On his second visit to Boston, looking through the curtain and seeing but a small audience, Kean refused to act. On his second appearance there was a riot, and he was not allowed to perform. His son Charles was a man of education, of good breeding, of much study, and a gentleman; a conscientious actor, but with little of his father's genius. He married, as we all know, one of the most charming actresses that ever appeared upon the stage—Ellen Tree. In Talfourd's beautiful tragedy of "Ion," she was perfection. Her personal beauty, her exquisite grace, her sweet voice and modest bearing made the performance all that one could desire.

In 1822 Charles Mathews, senior, came to America. He was the son of a bookseller in the Strand. His father was greatly opposed to his going upon the stage, and hearing of his performance in a certain town, resolved to stop his career by following him and hissing him off the stage, but remained to laugh and applaud with the rest of the audience. I was quite able to enjoy and appreciate his performances, though hardly able to realize his genius. I was taken to hear him again and again, and always with new delight. When he came to New York, a Presbyterian clergyman cautioned his parish against him, saying that it had pleased the Almighty to send among them a man capable of banishing every serious thought. Mathews wrote a note of thanks for the highest praise he had ever received. I met Mr. Mathews in 1833, at William Harness's, in London. I need hardly say that in the grave man I saw I found little to remind me of my childish impressions.

Charles Mathews, junior, was educated with great care, and was to have inherited a good fortune from his father. In 1833 he was, I believe, a favorite in London society. I met him at a villa in Richmond, where we were both guests, and he was treated with much consideration. The fortune had been lost. Mathews the elder died, and his son went upon the stage and may be said to have had a successful career, but he had not his father's genius.

I do not remember the year, but it must have been about 1822, that four members of Parliament came to Boston—

the late Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley, Henry Labouchère, Mr. Dennison, and Mr. Stuart Wortley. One must remember that traveling and voyaging in those days were not what they now are, with railroads to bear us, in a few hours, hundreds of miles, and steam-ships to bring us across the ocean in a few days. There were no railroads and no steam-ships, and the coming of these gentlemen was quite an event to society. Mr. Stanley was rather below the average height, with sandy hair and blue eyes,—not distinguished in appearance, though earnest in manner. Mr. Dennison was tall and handsome, a fine type of Englishman; I believe he is yet living. Mr. Stuart Wortley was considered handsome, dark, curling hair, and a color; I thought him (though, as I was very young, my opinion is not important) the least interesting of the party. Mr. Labouchère was nervous, shy, and embarrassed, but earnest, and much interested in all about him. They were often at my father's, and I was always at table.

A question arose one day at dinner as to the shortest way from Charing Cross to Finsbury Square. Mr. Sullivan, who was a great student of localities, suggested a short cut through some obscure alley. "Why, when were you in London, and for how long?" asked his guests, who were surprised by the answer, "Never."

When my father returned from the first dinner given to these gentlemen, my mother said: "How did the strangers appear?" My father said: "Very much like ourselves, but that they rushed into the room and presented the tops of their heads to Mrs. —, dropping the head without bending the body—a fashion which has not reached us."

In 1825 Lafayette came. The whole country was in a state of excitement. It must have required immense strength to go through the fatigue he was called to endure from the assiduity of his entertainers. My grandmother (who lived a few miles out of Boston) had known Lafayette in early days, when they were both young. He, with his suite, called upon my grandmother, by appointment, on their way to Quincy to dine with John Adams. I (then in my fourteenth year) was alone with her at the time. The meeting was curious and interesting.

My grandmother's place had two gates. The second one was rarely opened. The carriage-drive, around the flower-bed in front of the house, was held sacred. It was my grandmother's pride; no pebble

was allowed to show its head above another. Guests usually got out of their carriages at the second gate, and walked up to the house. On this occasion the second gate was open. The carriages, four in number, drove in and waited in front of the house. My grandmother stood at the top of the steps leading up to the piazza, wearing a black silk dress, a lace turban, a high ruffle around the neck, and a chatelaine at her side. Lafayette came up the steps, bowed low, took her hand, raised it to his lips, and said many flattering things. The drawing-room was circular, with three windows opening upon the piazza. Through these we entered the house. It was like a French *salon*. My grandmother had been in France at the time of the Revolution, and had brought with her the furniture which was for sale from the Tuilleries and the many palaces which were stripped of their treasures—French gilt andirons, Gobelin tapestry in chairs, sofas, and screens, candelabras, tables, etc., etc. Lafayette might have been seated in a chair in which he had sat in Paris under very different circumstances. I remember the whole scene as a picture. Lafayette, with his coat thrown back, his ugly, benevolent, kind old French face, with the high, reddish-brown wig and the small, beaming eyes, is indelibly fixed upon my memory. There was much amusing conversation between himself and my grandmother (sometimes in French, sometimes in English) on times gone by. He was kind enough to take some notice of me, and asked me what I was doing to prepare myself to live in this great republic.

We had a slight collation in the large dining-room, and the table around which we stood was covered with French silver and china and glass. Again, I thought, Lafayette may be drinking from the same cup he has drunk from before. From the Tuilleries to Dorchester! The hour and a half soon passed. They took their leave, Lafayette with sad ceremony, and my grandmother standing at the head of the steps, bowing, courtesying, and waving her hand,—the gentlemen holding hats in hand till out of sight. Thereupon my grandmother, turning round, the whole expression of her face changed, exclaimed: "How those horses have ruined my drive! It will take six months to get it in order."

The next event worthy of note in my memory was the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17th, 1825. A committee of arrangements was formed

to receive and provide lodgings for the veterans, but, as usual, so many more appeared than were expected that those unprovided for were billeted on the members of the committee.

General Cobb, who served as aid to General Washington, lived at Taunton very quietly. When the invitations were issued, he was accidentally overlooked. The matter was considered of so much importance that a carriage and four was sent to Taunton to bring the old gentleman to Boston. His chagrin was changed into great satisfaction. He was to stay at my father's. I remember his arrival, about noon on the 16th. He was a tall, robust old man with a queue, a loud voice, and a very decided manner. After the preliminaries of being shown to his room, etc., he seated himself at the front drawing-room window, my mother placing at his side a little table with wine and thin, spiced gingerbread, a favorite cake with old General Cobb. He expressed his satisfaction with the arrangement and with my mother in the style of that day.

Meanwhile a carriage drove to the door, and out of it came a most unattractive-looking person, announcing himself as "Si Pierce," with a small leather bag and a note from my father. This was one of the veterans who had fallen to our share. My mother, unwilling to treat any veteran with disrespect, was quite uncertain whether he should belong to kitchen or parlor, but sent him to a bedroom, requesting him to prepare for dinner. When dinner was ready (half-past two, the hour in that day) "Si Pierce" appeared and seated himself at table. My father had not returned. Upon a stewed pigeon being placed before him, "Si" took hold of the two legs to pull it apart. We should all have suffered, but General Cobb cried out, "Stop; put that down!" in time to save us from the gravy. He turned to my mother and begged her pardon, but added: "The brute would have had it in your face." Poor "Si Pierce!" the problem was solved. He begged to be allowed to take his dinner in the kitchen. My mother, compassionating the poor man, rose from the table and preceded him, giving him into the care of the cook. He was glad to escape from his discouraging *vis-à-vis*.

The next day, the 17th, was the day of the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the monument. "Si Pierce" had brought no baggage, and linen and a neck-tie were provided for him. He appeared in the drawing-room, neck-tie in hand, and saying

that "Miss Pierce would know how to tie it becoming." My mother performed "Miss Pierce's" duty, and pronounced the result very becoming. The leather bag he had brought was only a relic, which was supposed to have carried bullets and powder at Bunker Hill. In the procession it was held aloft and made conspicuous. One of my cousins made a sketch of "Si Pierce" and his bag. It was a day of great excitement and interest, increased by the presence of Lafayette.

The ceremony over, "Si Pierce" returned to our house, and it was with great difficulty that he could be induced to leave. He tumbled down the stairs of the wash-room, painted with a priming coat of red, and covered himself with paint, looking very warlike. After at least two weeks' sojourn he was dislodged, and carried to Charlestown and left there at his own request, where, we heard, he made some money recounting the events of the battle of Bunker Hill. We had some doubts as to his ever having been present at the battle.

In 1827, Dr. Lieber came to Boston, an exile from Germany on account of his liberal opinions. At fifteen he belonged to a battalion of students under Blücher, and was wounded at Waterloo and narrowly escaped being buried, only a movement of his face having saved him. After his recovery in the hospital, he went to the Berlin gymnasium. He was arrested on suspicion of liberal opinion. The Government published several songs of liberty found among his papers, to prove how dangerous a person they had to deal with. Upon his discharge from prison he was forbidden to study at the Prussian University, and he went to Jena, where he took his degree in 1820. Fifty years afterward Dr. Lieber wrote: "I have this moment read in the German papers that Bismarck said in the Chamber the very things we were hunted down for in 1820." When the Greek revolution broke out, he determined to go to Greece. Whether in going or returning, I do not remember, he was shipwrecked, and he made his way to Rome, poor, without clothes, and almost discouraged. He published an account of his experiences and reverses in a book called "The German Anacharsis." He applied to Niebuhr. Niebuhr received him, appreciated him, and made him tutor to his son. Dr. Lieber gave us a most amusing account of his appearance in his shabby apparel at Niebuhr's. He passed a year of happiness in Rome, enjoying his occupation

and the friendship of Niebuhr, which never failed him. The King of Prussia promised Niebuhr that if Dr. Lieber returned to Prussia he should not be molested; but he had hardly arrived in Berlin before he was again arrested and thrown into prison. He escaped, with the aid of friends, and took refuge in England, where he gave lessons and wrote for his support, and where he met the lady whom he afterward married, and who was not only his congenial companion, but his constant aid and assistant in all his work and pursuits.

Dr. Lieber's learning and acquirements soon gave him entrance to society in Boston, where he made many friends. His letters of introduction from Niebuhr put him in communication with the best American publishing houses. When he first came to Boston, being very poor, he gave swimming lessons, and swimming became a fashionable amusement. About that time he began the editing of the "Encyclopaedia Americana," which employed him five years, with the assistance of many literary men—Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wigglesworth, and Mr. T. G. Bradford. In 1832, he went to New York, and thence to Philadelphia, where he had great pleasure in the friendship of Horace Binney. In 1835, he was appointed to the professorship of History and Political Economy in Columbia College, South Carolina, where he wrote many of his most important works. In 1856, he returned to New York. He had many friends at the South, who mourned his departure, but it was impossible for him to remain. He felt the coming storm, and

being requested to express a disavowal of his previous opinions of slavery, he resigned. He was appointed to the professorship of Law and Ethics in Columbia College, New York, which he held till his death, in 1872.*

It is worth while to trace Dr. Lieber's course, for his writings and opinions have had great influence both here, in England, and in Germany. Always ready to aid in the cause of truth and justice, his writings, his speeches, his teachings, and his learning were devoted to the country he had adopted. During the War of the Rebellion, his work was invaluable. All his sons were engaged in the war,—one of them, Oscar, was on the Confederate side and was killed—a very great sorrow to his parents. He was a handsome, intelligent, highly educated young fellow, of whom Humboldt had written to Dr. Lieber, when the boy was studying in Germany, that he (Lieber) might well be proud of him. While he was in Germany, the insurrection in Berlin took place. He took part in it, and fought on a scaffolding raised opposite the house in which his father was born. The latter wrote to me of this at the time, adding, "This is poetic justice."

Dr. Lieber was a handsome man, with an intellectual forehead, fine expressive eyes, and a beauty of mouth rarely retained by elderly men, owing, in part, to his not smoking, and to his temperate habits. He had a very charming manner to his friends, and especially to children, of whom he was very fond; and with whom he was very playful.

* [For a fuller sketch of the interesting life of Dr. Lieber, see SCRIBNER for October, 1873.—ED.]

(To be continued.)

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

HE lives within the hollow wood,
From one clear dell he seldom ranges;
His daily toil in solitude
Revolves, but never changes.

A still old man, with grizzled beard,
Gray eye, bent shape, and smoke-tanned features,
His quiet footstep is not feared
By shyest woodland creatures.

I love to watch the pale blue spire
His scented labor builds above it;
I track the woodland by his fire,
And, seen afar, I love it.

It seems among the serious trees
 The emblem of a living pleasure,
 It animates the silences
 As with a tuneful measure.

And dream not that such humdrum ways
 Fold naught of nature's charm around him;
 The mystery of soundless days
 Hath sought for him and found him.

He hides within his simple brain
 An instinct innocent and holy,
 The music of a wood-bird's strain,—
 Not blithe, nor melancholy,

But hung upon the calm content
 Of wholesome leaf and bough and blossom—
 An unecstatic ravishment
 Born in a rustic bosom.

He knows the moods of forest things;
 He holds, in his own speechless fashion,
 For helpless forms of fur and wings
 A mild paternal passion.

Within his horny hand he holds
 The warm brood of the ruddy squirrel;
 Their bushy mother storms and scolds,
 But knows no sense of peril.

The dormouse shares his crumb of cheese,
 His homeward trudge the rabbits follow;
 He finds, in angles of the trees,
 The cup-nest of the swallow.

And through this sympathy, perchance,
 The beating heart of life he reaches
 Far more than we who idly dance
 An hour beneath the beeches.

Our science and our empty pride,
 Our busy dream of introspection,
 To God seem vain and poor beside
 This dumb, sincere reflection.

Yet he will die unsought, unknown,
 A nameless head-stone stand above him,
 And the vast woodland, vague and lone,
 Be all that's left to love him.

GLIMPSES OF PARISIAN ART. II.

(ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL SKETCHES.)

BUTIN belongs to the realistic school. He spends his summers by the sea, and in each *Salon* exhibits scenes in the life of the fisher-folk of the Normandy coast.

His first success was made by a canvas representing the fish-wives clustered together on the pier, awaiting the arrival of the fishing-boats, which are scudding in before a coming storm. In 1878, he painted a large picture, which was purchased by the Government and placed in the Luxembourg—"A Funeral in a Fishing Village."

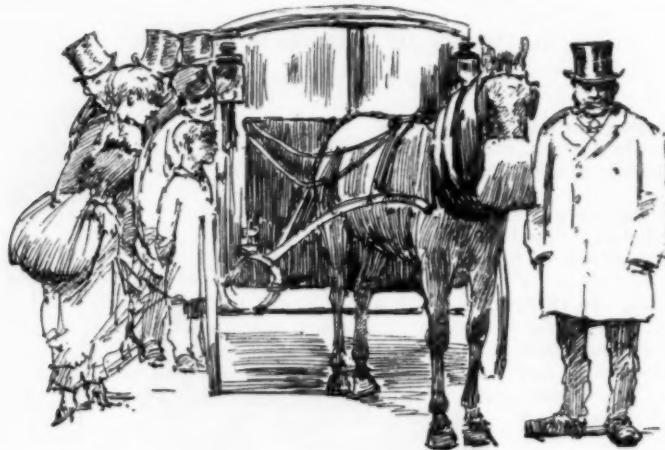
In the *Salon* of 1879, the picture exhibited was



STUDIES FROM LIFE.

that of a "Sailor-wife Sculling a Boat." The figure is strong and statuesque, carefully observed and studied. The poise of the boat in the water is light, and one can almost feel it swishing to and fro as it is rocked by her vigorous hand, while over all the soft gray atmosphere of the sea throws its charm.

Alphonse-Butin 1879



MY STUDIO.

Butin's sketches in black and white are as much liked among his comrades as are his paintings. Last year a collection of them

*Mon atelier
Jean Béraud*

was exhibited, which was mainly loaned by friends, as we learned by reading a few inscriptions. On a portrait was written, "To my friend Duez"; on another, "To my friend Detaille," and so on through a list of friends.

Béraud is a perfect Parisian, not only by birth but by sentiment and art, in the exercise of which he paints the most characteristic Parisian types. His studio is in the Rue Billault, which name has recently been changed to "Washington street," in honor of the American republic. The entrance, between a charcoal shop and a crockery store, is sufficiently realistic for any taste, and introduces you to a long court filled with the *ateliers* of sculptors and painters. Here Mr. Edward H. May, of New York, has occupied a studio for nearly twenty-five years. Here could be found at one time Jules Saintin and Madrazo, the Spanish painter. Many foreigners, some of whose names are now noted, have temporarily made their residence here. It was here that Béraud toiled on through his earlier years, and now that he has become successful, he will not leave it. Béraud's real studio, however, is a cab, and this is but a place where he can exhibit his work to dealers, and study it, perhaps, under more favorable lights than in a carriage. You will see here two *Salon* pictures in his earlier style, which form a strik-



SKETCH. (BÉRAUD.)

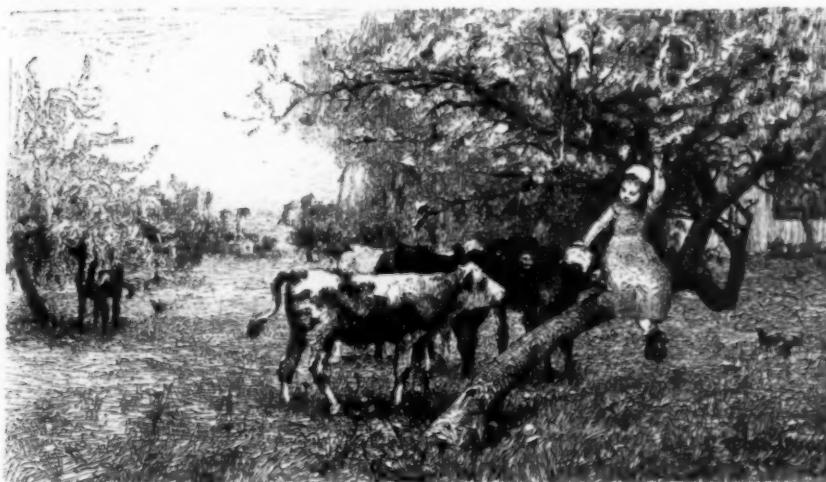
ing contrast to his present, for Béraud is one of those who, having set out in the classical and academical manner, have adopted the impressionist type of the realistic school. Both of these old pictures are true to the old traditional lines in which the artist (like all others who have been successful in the impressionist or realistic schools) has received a severe and careful training.

Béraud is not only a perfect Parisian, but he is one who appreciates and can depict Parisian life in its boulevards, *cafés*, and gardens. He paints all his pictures in the open air, as we have said, using a cab for his studio, and posing his figures on the curb-stone.

On coming up the Champs Elysées one

De Nittis, Duez, Béraud, and others, have employed it for years, or since pictures of modern Paris have become so popular. It seems the only practicable method, after the sun is up, by which one may sketch unmolested in the city thoroughfares.

To Béraud belongs the credit of adopting a novel style of portrait-painting. His subject, "A Young Lady," placed in a pony phaeton, which is drawn up, apparently, by the curb-stone on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, just for a word with you. She looks you full in the face, and holds a parasol carelessly over her shoulder, throwing a coquettish shadow across the figure. The whole picture is highly finished, but the horse and carriage are made to have no



FEEDING THE CALVES. (CHIALIVA.)

day, we met him thus engaged. A cab, with the green blind next the street down, attracted our attention, showing that some one was paying two francs an hour for the privilege of remaining stationary. Presently up went the curtain, and the familiar head of Béraud appeared. At his invitation, we thrust a head into the miniature studio to see his last picture. His canvas was perched upon the seat in front, his color-box beside him; and with the curtain down on one side to keep out the reflection and shield himself from the prying eyes of the passers-by, he could at ease paint through the opposite window a view of the avenue as a background to a group of figures. Who originated this idea it is hard to say, but Detaille,

more than their proper relative importance to the portrait. The background is a careful study of the great thoroughfare, and gives, in subdued tones, the busy life of a Parisian sunny midday. The favorite method of the artist seems to be the placing of dark, strongly painted figures against a light background, the prevailing colors of Paris being favorable for this effect.

De Nittis is a native of Italy. His first exhibits did not seem to take the public fancy to any great extent. A picture, to have a Parisian success, must either have some link to connect it with substantial realities, or else be wholly allegorical or imaginative. It must at least explain itself. Among the scenes depicted by De Nittis was one of a

party of tourists, lost in the crater of Vesuvius by being suddenly enveloped in the noxious steam and gases which exhale from the fissures and breathing-holes. So confused and frightened are they as to take no heed of the guide, who shouts frantically to them to follow him. Under their feet glow the streams of molten lava, throwing sulphurous heat into their faces; around them the whirling vapors, made luminous by the fires beneath. The vapors hide their feet, and the idea the observer gets is that of people in the clouds in a somewhat super-human condition, but exhibiting a state of mind decidedly earthly.

De Nittis soon began painting pictures of Paris, its streets, boulevards, and monuments, using them as backgrounds and accessories to figures which made a part of the real life passing in and around them,—putting into the *salon* of his patron what that day, or any day, he could see in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, or at the Bois.

De Nittis carried his peculiar art to London, and surprised Paris by sending to the International Exposition of 1878 remarkable representations of the English metropolis. These pictures were afterward sent to London, on exhibition, and of them Professor Colvin, in the "Fortnightly Review," says: "• • • I allude to the exhibition of M. De Nittis, an accomplished Italian master, who has lived both in Paris and in our own country, and has caught and turned to pictorial account the physiognomy of modern cities, with a justice and an insight that hardly any other painter of similar subjects has equaled."

Ecouen is a small town a few miles north

of Paris, which has become famous, not only as the site of a grand old château, built by the Montmorencies, but also as the residence of many artists.

The Ecouen school is known throughout the artistic world as designating a class of peasant home-life pictures. Its originator was Edward Frère, a painter beloved by all who have come in contact with him and his home.

Winter scenes are peculiarly difficult in this climate, snow remaining upon the ground but a little time, and all effects which are desirable must be caught at once, or not at all. Edward Frère, besides the rich "interiors" for which he is noted, was particularly fond of painting children in the snow, but found it difficult to get his backgrounds. One evening, when sitting around his library table with a number of his private pupils, one of these, an American boy, proposed a novel carriage, or rather sledge, with a box half covered with a light top, a charcoal brazier at the feet of the artist inside, who, having his canvas on a shelf before him, might in this way work at leisure and with comfort. Frère at once availed himself of the suggestion, and constructed a studio which was easily drawn from point to point, and from it he was able to catch just the effects he desired.

Frère was the first artist to locate in this quaint old town, but others soon gathered around him. Most artists who made their residence in Ecouen became his pupils—among others, Wahlberg, Von Becker, G. H. Boughton, Helmick, J. W. Champney, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Williams, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Johnson, of New York, and one



ON THE QUAY. (DE NITTIS.)



COAST OF NORMANDY. (WAHLBERG.)

of the authors of these papers, who for several years occupied a house on the hill, the lease of which he ceded, on leaving Ecouen, to the painter Couture. The latter afterward bought an estate in the valley at Villiers-le-Bel, where he died.

At Ecouen lately resided Charles E. Frère, son of the master; Schenck, the animal-painter; and George Todd, an Englishman who owns a fine place in the village. A few years since, Luigi Chaliva, a native of Italy, purchased a fine old place here, which rumor says was built by Louis XVI. for a favorite, and in a studio erected with a view to the development of his peculiar views on art he set up his easel. His exceptionally fine painting, studious mind, and contagious enthusiasm attracted numerous pupils. In a late catalogue of the *Salon*, Mr. Todd subscribes himself a pupil of M. Chaliva. Mr. J. W. Pattison, of Boston, but more recently from St. Louis; Mr. T. Allen, also from St. Louis; Miss Mary L. Stone, and Miss C. Conant, of New York, have also been working under his advice.

Chaliva is a cosmopolite—a native of Italy, a good Englishman, thoroughly Parisian, and married to an American lady, his interests and sympathies are unusually broad and liberal. He is fond of painting English landscapes, which he treats with tenderness and sympathy. Speaking in a general way, one would describe his art as land-

scape with figures. He sees a landscape as a portrait-painter sees a face. It is a living thing, with ever-varying expression.

Chaliva is fond of putting children and animals into his landscapes, which add interest, but do not take such prominence in the picture as to detract from the landscape; and the habits and peculiarities of different animals he studies carefully. Each picture is a page of natural history, pleasant to read.

Alfred Wahlberg, a Swede by birth, has become a Parisian by both adoption and sentiment. His first public appearance, however, was as fifer in a Swedish regiment of soldiery. Some one, observing his musical ability, gave him instructions on the clarinet, and by his quickness in learning and skill in playing he soon obtained quite a local reputation as a musician. A wider field was open to him than this. A grocer who had become acquainted with the young man, and who was an amateur artist, invited Wahlberg to accompany him into the country on sketching excursions, and in this way gave him some idea of the rudiments of oil-painting. It was not long before the pupil rivaled his master. The interest of the kind-hearted grocer deepened in proportion to Wahlberg's success, and, by exhibiting his work to others, he engaged their efforts in his behalf. An annual pension for a number of years was



PORTRAIT. (LEMAIRE.)

assured him, and he set out on the road to artistic fame. Accordingly, in 1856, we find him at Dusseldorf, where his talent and earnestness win success. During these years of study he made a tour through Holland, and was greatly influenced by the paintings of Achenbach, but his annual pension having expired, he was thrown upon his own resources. Without money or reputation, he was forced to make many shifts for a livelihood. He played upon and taught the piano and clarionet, while making several pictures in the style of Achenbach. His finances finally became so low that he was obliged to relinquish further study and return to Sweden.

Disappointing as this was to the young artist, it proved to be his greatest fortune. His painting attracted the attention of Charles XV., who at once gave him several important orders. This opened to him a new era of prosperity, and, in 1867, he came to Paris, to infuse her fashions with the character and poetry of his misty northland. He exhibited at the International Exposition several large canvases, which he hoped to sell for a large sum. The disappointment attendant upon the failure of his hopes threw him into a melancholy, in which he feared the King would consider him possessed of less talent than he had attributed to him.

About this time, he, with Von Becker, an old Dusseldorf acquaintance, took up their abode at Ecouen, sharing the same studio. His despondency was increased by a fall from a horse, by which he sustained a severe injury. While laboring under this combination of depressing circumstances, an English art dealer purchased one of his pictures, which was immediately sold at a large price; and from that moment the tide of his prosperity has had a continuous flood. In 1870, he received a medal at the *Salon*; in 1872, a second-class medal; in 1874, the Legion of Honor; in 1878, a first-class medal at the International Exposition, and was made an officer of the Legion of Honor.

The style of M. Wahlberg has been greatly modified since his residence in Paris—becoming more tender and expressive.

With no loss of boldness or originality, hemingles the strong tones of the North with the softness of the South. In fact, with his Northern blood is mingled that of sunny Italy—his mother being an Italian.

Madame Madeline Lemaire resides in a charming little hotel, where she has surrounded herself with the luxuries of a true Parisian home. From the windows across the court-yard you see a little *chalet*,—which formed a part of the Alsatian department at the International Exposition,—now converted into a studio. The dark, natural wood in which the interior of the *chalet* is finished tones well with the elegant tapestries which almost entirely cover the walls. A window, cut in the roof and down the side nearly to the floor, affords a strong, steady light for painting. The canopies, in



STUDY FOR A PICTURE. (R. MADRAZO.)



PORTRAIT. (STEWART.)

Turkish and India stuffs, the fur rugs, the quaintly carved oaken chairs, are all in keeping. Over the entrance is a small balcony, which is reached by a spiral staircase; from it you look over a heavily carved balustrade into the studio below. This little *salon* is fitted up with Persian draperies, the walls and ceilings being arranged to represent a tent, the effect of which, looking up from the floor below, is charming. Madame Lemaire paints both figures and flowers with a light and free touch.

The father of Mlle. Abbema was the last page of Louis XVIII., and her mother, with whom she now resides, is an English lady. In her slightest sketches there is an artistic spirit and movement, while her paintings combine with these a most attractive frankness.

Mlle. Abbema is always making portraits and sketches of her friends, of whom she has many. Her especial delight is an album of "*Mes Amis*," from which she kindly copied for us some of the leaves. It is already a large volume, composed of pages on which portraits have evidently been drawn at odd moments and inserted at different times. Under each portrait is the autograph of the original, and some verse or musical phrase. In the ante-room of the office of the "*Vie Moderne*" was held, in the spring of 1879, an exhibition of Mlle. Abbema's paintings and drawings, which was for the time one of the "sights" of Paris. But Mlle. Abbema's work is well known to the *salons* also.

Madrazo, since the death of Fortuny, has stood at the head and been the acknowledged leader of modern Spanish art. Were Queen Elizabeth living at the present time, she would—if tradition be true—choose as her portrait-painter M. Madrazo; for historians tell us, as an illustration of her absurdities, that the maiden queen insisted that her painter should copy her features upon canvas without shadows. The brilliant portraits for which he is noted are painted in a studio which admits a vast amount of light. He paints in the open air, or in a hot-house which he has hung with white curtains to exclude reflections and soften the light.

The story of his life under the old glass roof and the lovely faces which have been posed there before the artist, would fill an interesting volume. Wishing to paint a picture with open-air effect and the season being unfavorable, he conceived the idea of using this structure for the purpose, after which his old studio seemed dark and stuffy, and he never returned to it. More curtains were hung, a stove was added, the old, unoccupied *salons* of the deserted house adjoining were convenient for hanging costumes. The orange-trees and acacia blossoms made charming backgrounds for figures.

We cannot find, perhaps, more direct corroboration of our impression of this artist than the following from the pen of Charles Blanc: "His portraits of ladies are specimens of refined taste, which seem to express the happiness of life, serenity of mind; gay with a fresh, rich coloring, shining upon the

silken ribbons and satin draperies, without being strengthened by any parts thrown into shadow."

This old house served as background, while the court-yard formed the scene, of the famous "After the Ball," shown at the International Exposition of 1878, now the property of Mr. Stewart, of Paris. He obtained a first-class medal at this International Exposition, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Madrazo was finally driven out of this unique studio by the workmen who began tearing it down over his head.

Adjoining Madrazo's present magnificent studio is one under a dome, which admits a marvelous light. Here we find Mr. Stewart at work upon a striking picture of a fashionable group upon a beach. Upon another easel was a picture representing a large group upon the front steps and piazza of a grand mansion,—in the background a gateway or *porte cochère*, through which a handsome carriage has entered and stopped before the door for a beautiful lady, who has just taken her seat in the carriage.

Beyond this we find M. Arcos, who is a Chilian by birth, in a charming studio, which it is difficult to describe. It resembles a Spanish interior, with rich draperies over wide divans piled with luxurious cushions; while guitars, mandolins, a piano and harmonium, suggest a love for music. A curious fire-place, arrayed in a manner quaint and original, occupies nearly one side of the room. Sketches in oil are hung upon the walls. These charming studios were

built by the late Comte d'Arcos, father of the artist. They are occupied indifferently by Madrazo, his brother, M. Arcos, or any of the pupils of the master; in these any arrangement of light that may be desired can be obtained.

The Madrazo family is essentially artistic. The father, Federico de Madrazo, was director of the museum at Madrid, and commander of the Legion of Honor. The elder of two sons stands at the head of Spanish-Parisian artists. The younger, Ricardo de Madrazo—destined to be confounded with the elder—now appears, and is quickly making for himself a worthy place within their ranks.

Madrazo, although not yet forty years of age, is the master of quite a circle of successful young artists, who show his strong influence in the works they exhibit.

Jules L. Stewart, a Philadelphian, has had the advantage from early youth of being the pupil of Zamacois and Madrazo. The latter is an intimate friend of the family of Mr. Stewart, whose father has one of the finest collections in Paris, and was the first Parisian who recognized the extraordinary talent of Fortuny. He now possesses the choicest works of this regretted artist.

The influence of the intimate associations of early youth with fine works of art, and of close personal relations with the modern Spanish painters, is shown by the pictures of Mr. Jules Stewart, for his works are as brilliant and full of color as those of a Spaniard or Italian.



JULES BASTIEN LEPAGE.



CAROLUS DURAN.



GEORGES CLAIRIN.



LOUISE ABBEMA.

SKETCHES BY LOUISIE ABBEMA.

A Christmas Hymn.

I.

Tell me what is this innumerable throng
Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?
These are they who come with swift and shining feet
From round about the throne of God the Lord of Light to greet.



II.

Oh who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky—
As if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly?—
The faithful shepherds they, who greatly were afeared
When as they watched their flocks by night the heavenly host appeared.

III.

Who are these that follow across the hills of night
A star that westward hurried along the fields of light ?
Three wise men from the East who myrrh and treasure bring—
To lay them at the feet of Him their Lord and Christ and King.



IV.

What babe new-born is this that in a manger cries ?—
Near on her lowly bed His happy mother lies.
Oh see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings—
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of kings.

WELSH FAIRS.



WELSH BLACK CATTLE. (SEE PAGE 446.)

DRAWING near a little village in old South Wales which huddles under the walls of a grand castle, once the home of Mortimers and Spencers, but now sacred to bats, witches, and goblins, I climbed a ruined tower and saw from its battlements a village fair, in a green field which seemed almost under my feet, but which was really a good ten minutes' walk away. The castle stood on a high hill; the village was quite out of sight under the precipice; my gaze passed over its concealed roofs and rested on a landscape of exquisite beauty, stretching far away, with winding river, arched stone bridge, hedge-rowed fields, green-embowered country-seats, and sky-climbing mountains, green and garden-like to the top. The fair was pitched upon a broad green lawn by the river-side, and I saw its tents, its flags flying (one of them the American ensign), and its crowds moving about. Coming down from the tower-top I went in quest of it,—descended the hill, strolled down the winding street of the village, and through a green lane with a big gate at the bottom: but I found the gate had a leafy

tree lying across its top, evidently felled for the purpose of barring the passage through the gate. It was further protected by a policeman in a leather helmet, who was very respectful to the stranger, but disposed to be rough and masterful with the village folk who clustered curiously about. He pointed the way by which I might find proper entrance to the field—"Be'ind the Bear, sir"; and retracing my steps through the village I found the Bear, which was an old inn. Entering its court-yard, through an archway in its dingy wall, I came upon a ticket-seller, seated behind a table under a tree. Him I paid tribute to the extent of sixpence and received a yellow ticket (torn from a book, and numbered), which on its face authorized the bearer to pass into the castle grounds and assist at an Eisteddfod; but as the date of the Eisteddfod was some two or three years earlier, I concluded the obsolete ticket was merely an illustration of Welsh economy, and would admit to the fair.

The occasion proved to be what in Wales is called a pleasure-fair—a combination of

rustic village-fair and rural Welsh Derby-day. There are races, by horses from the neighborhood and unknown to fame, for little prizes of £2 and the like. The most important tents upon the ground are tents for beer, and they bear signs which show them to be offshoots of the public-houses in the village, as "The Bear," "The Cross Keys," "The White Lion," etc. Other tents are devoted to booths for petty gambling, and for the sale of lollipops, fruits, cakes, toys, shrimps, cockles, and an innocuous red beverage all fizz and sputter. There are also many donkey-carts, laden with black cherries, hazel-nuts, and such small deer. A small brass band is playing a brisk tune, and I penetrate through a circle of rustics to find a few couples of men and women dancing on the greensward. The women clutch their partners firmly, one arm about the man's waist and the other on his shoulder. The dance is a queer sort of quadrille, the like of which I have not seen before, in which there is much of individual and unsupported whirling on the part of the women, and of solemn leg-lifting (like a serious can-can) on the part of the men, but of the men only; and which breaks periodically into a romping waltz, in which the couples go prancing madly over whole rods of greensward, and come back panting and disheveled, to resume the balancing, the leg-lifting, and the whirling as before. With all this, there is great solemnity of demeanor, as of people with their duty to do,—a solemnity more befitting a religious rite than a merry-making,—and a vigor which causes every dancer to sweat profusely, though the day is a cool one. It is, indeed, one of those lovely September days which seem the perfection of summer weather in this fair land of Wales, and with their balmy air, soft sunshine, and delicious breezes recall the afternoons of an American June.

Nothing in its way could be more enjoyable than this open air, these free green fields, with hedge-rows all about, and the breezes sweeping full of fresh, life-giving sweetness over the fair downs. On a gently rising ground, back of that part of the ground which is devoted to beer, lollipops, and dancing, where the crowd is thick and the noise is great,—a little grassy hill, behind a green hedge-row,—are gathered a few men with spy-glasses, to watch the racing. They stand about in idle attitudes, or lie at ease upon the smooth turf—clean as any well-kept lawn in the fairest door-yard of

America's choicest homes, in town or country. An American race-track, however small it may be, however remote from any large town, never gives you this pleasant sense of being out in the country; there is always such a lot of ugly board-fencing and shanties, and the like. Here there are no shanties—tents instead; and there is no fence, the field being merely guarded by half a dozen policemen, who watch the surrounding hedges vigilantly, and if any Twn or Dewi tries to steal in and save his sixpence, under or over a hedge, he is collared on the spot.

The racing is indeed rather an episode than a *raison d'être* of this festal gathering. Yet I note, when I chance to notice it at all, that the racing is full of vigor, and horses and riders are very much in earnest. The jockeys are lightly clad, and wear gay red or blue flannel caps; but the winner of the race, I observe at this moment when the horses come home, is a big, farmer-looking man in a broad-brimmed straw hat, who wears no colors, but flies a yellow sash from his hand. And now he swings his sash madly in the air, and halloos in great glee over his victory.

The people are mostly farmer-folk and village-folk; not only from the village which sleeps under the castle-walls, but from other villages round about, two or three of which are visible from the highest hill-top. There is a sprinkling of the servants of the neighboring gentry, and of the tradespeople from the sea-port town ten miles away. The day is one of the frequent general holidays which the British Government has of late taken so heartily to fostering—indeed, with such a will that, if this goes on, there will soon be more holidays than working days.

"Try yer strength, sir?" asks a rough-looking, cockneyish person at my elbow, as I pause and look curiously at an image near.

It is an amusing image—nothing less than an enormous jumping-jack, six feet high, with pudding in his stomach, and bells on his head. The bells are as large and as noisy as tea-bells. The pudding is a cloth pudding, stuffed with some soft stuffing,—rags, I suppose,—and it is by striking this pudding in a pugilistic manner that you test your strength. When you hit the pudding a straight blow with your clenched fist, the jumping-jack trembles, the tea-bells ring with an infernal din, and a brass dial on the breast of the image registers certain figures, which show the force and skill of your blow,

thus indicating how big a man you could knock down in a given emergency. If you are strong enough and scientific enough to strike a particularly telling blow, the jumping-jack kicks up its wooden legs, to the

at this new hero with interest, and he says: "Did I beat your stroke?" I confess myself beaten. His face glows with pleasure. "Good habits of life, sir," he utters in a proud tone; "how old would you think me,



DANCING ON THE GREEN.

sudden discomfiture of any one standing innocently in the immediate vicinity.

I venture to punch the pudding in the image's stomach, and so set the bells to jingling madly. The result is to draw attention to the image; a cluster gathers about it; the man takes my penny, with a touch of his hat; then he compliments me on my blow, and dexterously uses the feast as a stimulant to the ambition of the men who have gathered. "Britons, strike home!" becomes the spirit of the hour.

"Weer's another gentleman as 'ill hit off twenty-six?" he demands loudly.

Three try. They register no higher figures than fifteen, eighteen, and twenty-one; at which I cannot help being surprised, as I observe their rugged frames and their huge fists, in spite of my knowledge that hard hitting is quite as much a matter of skill as of brawn. And then comes a respectable-looking man, fifty years old in appearance, who strikes a sturdy, full-arm blow on the pudding, and registers twenty-eight. I look

now?" I answer that I should think him perhaps fifty. He lifts his hat and says: "I am sixty-three." I am surprised at this, and say so. "All due to good habits of life," he repeats; "I take care of myself—drink nothing stronger than good ale, always go to bed at an early hour, and wash my breast and limbs every morning in clear cold water. Sixty-three years old, and five feet two inches high."

I ask my new friend if he is a Welshman.

"Pure red blood," he answers, again lifting his hat. "You may talk about your blue blood, sir, but I claim to be descended from one of the red-blooded heroes who fought with Ivor Bach—Ivor Bach, sir, the little Welshman no bigger than myself, who lived with his band in those mountains yonder, and for many a year held Castle Coch against all comers. You have heard of Ivor Bach?" Yes, I had read of him. "I should think so! No more a robber, sir, than the Norman who held that castle,



"BRITONS, STRIKE HOME!"

whose ruins you see over there, when Edward II. was king."

"Hai! Hab!" There is a shout all over the field, and a movement of the crowd in one direction, like a sea; and then I catch glimpses of three men running in red flannel breeches madly around the course, amid cries of "Go in! go in!" and a like utterance in Welsh, which I do not quite catch, followed by more deliberate observations of "Jack's the winner," "'E 'ave it," etc.; and once more the excitement subsides, and the fair resumes its normal occupations—dancing, drinking beer, cracking nuts and jokes, scuffling, chafing, testing one's strength or skill, and gambling. To stir the British mind with emulation; to tickle the British palate with cakes, candies, and *cwrs*; to excite the British desire of winning something or other at hazard—these are the aims and purposes of the booth-keepers. At other fairs, in other

parts of the world, there are other aims and purposes at work which have no place whatever at this Welsh pleasure-fair—such as to amuse for mere amusement's sake, as with Punch-and-Judy shows; to cater to curiosity and a love of the marvelous, as with two-headed calves and living skeletons. Nothing of this kind is here. The briskest business, it must be conceded, is done at the booths where beer is sold; but the next best, beyond all question, is done by those who cater to the spirit of emulation. I have mentioned the strength-tester, in the shape of a jumping-jack; besides it there are a round half-dozen other strength-testers, of a simpler sort, chiefly with levers to try your lifting power. These are well patronized. Here is one, whose proprietor bawls loudly for customers, and who, when a customer comes, utters an exclamation,—always utters it in precisely the same tone,—an exclama-



THE SHOOTING-GALLERY.

tion of extreme surprise, to wit: "*Hul-lo!*" then, quickly, to the crowd around him, "I say! Come an' see fair!" And the British love of fair play is sure to bring a cluster of spectators, first to "see fair," then to compete; so that the strength-tester man thrives, and his pockets grow fat with coppers.

Yonder is a gorgeous edifice, which you fancy to be some sort of a raree-show—wax-works, perhaps, or a fat woman. Not at all. There is literally nothing of the kind here. The edifice you fancied a show proves, on closer observation, to be a shooting-gallery. It is of magnificent aspect, but it is all frontispiece, so to say. It is twelve or fifteen feet high, and proportionately broad. It presents a front which is one mass of golden carvings on a deep red ground,—flowers, scrolls, and grinning lions' heads; but behind this imposing front there is no

structure at all—nothing but a wagon, which supports a long cylinder of sheet-iron (twenty feet in length, perhaps, and two in diameter), at the remote end of which is a target. "A penny a shot," says the young woman in charge. She is a rather handsome girl of eighteen or twenty, small and alert, with a vulgar, good-humored face, and a shock of rich brown curling hair; neatly dressed in a calico gown, with a bright ribbon at her throat, but a girl thoroughly bent on business. Many be the shooters, plumping the feathered bullets into the target. The girl's hands are as black as ink could make them, with the grime of the powder with which she incessantly loads the guns; and there is something so indescribably attractive in her business-like but winning ways that the bucolic heart cannot resist it. The rustics shoot as fast as the girl can load, and she gathers in the pennies with a steady rattle.

She never declines a challenge to compete, but brings the gun to her soiled chin, and her half-closed eye to the sight, with a serious steadiness that invariably makes on the target a better mark than her opponents.

Various are the games of chance: some are roulette tables, where the dullest of the bumpkins stake their pennies in silence and lose them in unuttered and unutterable pain. But by far the most popular among the gambling games are those which combine the elements of chance and skill. Of these, one I have not before seen is thus contrived: An iron object, in shape like a toad-stool, but flat on top, is stuck in the green-

which an absurd face is rudely painted, and atop of which sits a huge red wig of outrageous proportions. In the grinning mouth of Aunt Sally's foolish face is thrust a white clay pipe. Behind this ludicrous old woman is stretched, fence-like, a wide and high strip of soiled canvas. Two or three rods in front of her lies a pile of shillalehs; and these shillalehs the player is expected to throw at her head.

"Three shies a penny, sir," says the rustic in charge, "and thruppence back," he adds, "if ye breaks the poipe."

With a depressing feeling that the eyes of a critical world are on you, you hurl



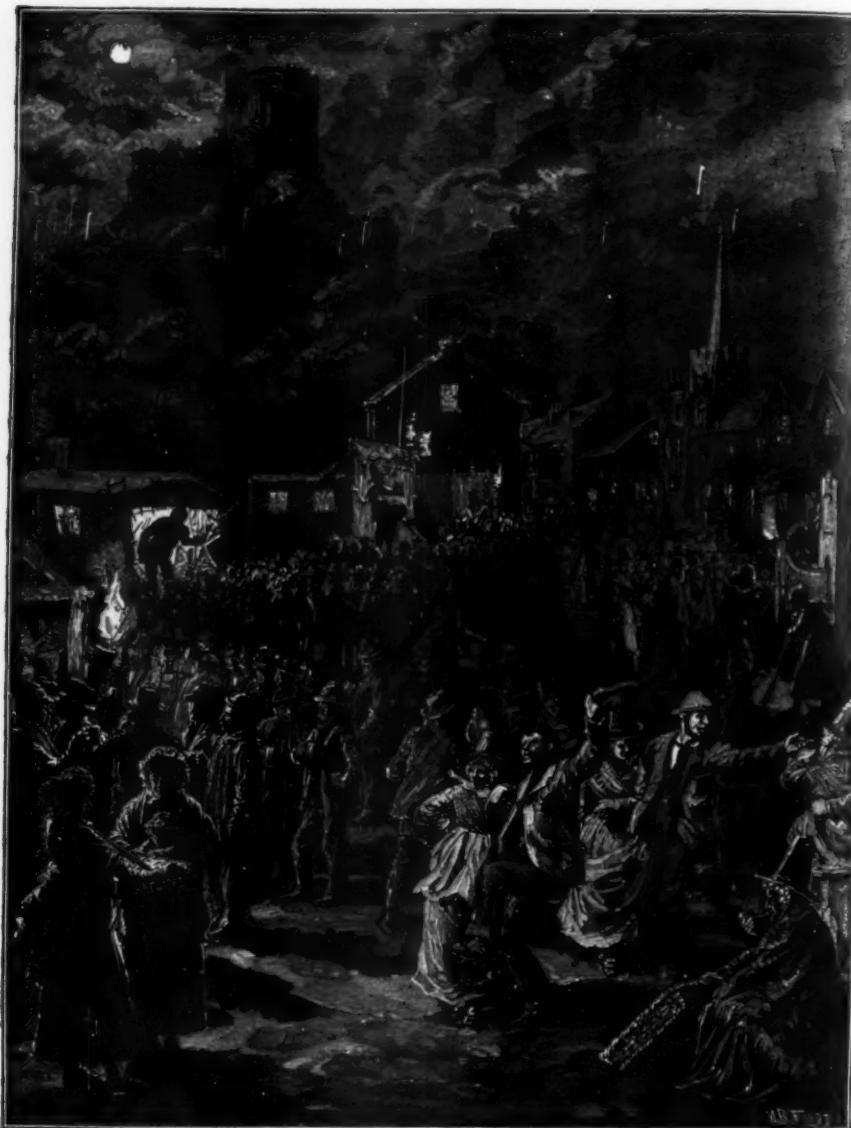
AUNT SALLY AND HER FRIEND.

sward; the top is just the size of a penny, and upon it are piled twelve pennies, one upon another. A marble is then let for a penny to the player, who snaps the marble with thumb and forefinger against the pile of pennies; if he knocks them off their pedestal they are his. Many are the marbles snapped, but few indeed are they who win. As in all the other games, the chances are fifty to one in favor of the banker.

More familiar is the game of Aunt Sally, which has lately been introduced into America. Aunt Sally is a preposterously ridiculous image of a woman, a scarecrow in figure, but dressed in a calico gown of gaudy hues, and with a wooden head on

three shillalehs in rapid succession at Aunt Sally's head. It is astonishing how many shillalehs you can throw at her without coming within ten feet of her! When she happens to be hit, the horrible image shakes idiotically, her goggle eyes glaring, her red wig fluttering, her straight-out wooden arms wagging, but her teeth clinging firmly to the pipe. To break it you must hit the pipe itself; nothing less will serve.

Near by is a game without a name—at least its proprietor can tell me none. "If you knocks a nut down, sir, you 'as it; that's the honly name we 'as for it; I never 'eerd o' any other, sir." A dozen cocoa-



HIRING-FAIR NIGHT.

nuts are set loosely up on stakes stuck in the ground, and you stand a rod or two away and throw a ball at them. The use of the ball costs a penny ; the cocoanut is worth threepence. This feat is not difficult, it appears ; at any rate, you knock a

nut down ; but he who, having knocked one down, will decline to invest more pence and immediately throw again, is a creature upon whom the proprietor looks with unconcealed scorn and surprise.

All this time the bustle of the fair is un-



HIRING-FAIR MORNING.

ceasing. The booths are thronged with revelers, laughing and scuffling good-naturedly. Flaxen-haired children chase each other about on the grass. The village band, with its dull-coated old brass instruments and its serious demeanor, blares melodiously while the dancers swing and cavort. An odd-looking, side-whiskered fellow, with a banjo, is singing in a loud, clear baritone the last new American song which has found its way over here, as all popular American songs inevitably do, some time after they have run their course at home; and this singer amuses you no little by his eccentric manner of misfitting the words to the melody, having evidently picked them up somewhere second-hand. At the end of his struggles with the latest imported Americanism, he strikes easily into the familiar ways of the home-made article. At the end of each song he takes off his round-top hat and passes it about among the crowd, who give him pennies liberally, which he receives without shame. In America he would be a "minstrel," and sit in a row with his face blackened, for regular wages,—a thoroughly self-respecting person in his place.

The shadows of night creep slowly over the scene, and here and there a torch is lit, but the throng only grows more dense as the hours pass. The races are over, and there is now free admission to the fair; and

apparently the entire population of the village is gathering. The picturesqueness of the scene grows stronger as the light of day grows fainter. Indeed, to the stranger every feature in this moving scene is picturesque. The very peddlers are so—all the throng of little dealers who thrive by trade; they are utterly unlike the commonplace figures of an American race-course or agricultural fair. Here is one selling walking-sticks; he wears corduroy breeches and a cravat like a shawl, huge and of plaid; and his walking-sticks he carries in a deep old basket of willow cane—a basket shaped like a section of stove-pipe, and almost as dirty with the grime of years and usage. Here is another, peddling so completely ordinary a thing as apples, but looking a unique figure in a long, blue-black apron reaching from his waist quite to his feet, a bright crimson necktie over a checkered shirt, and a vest whose front is yellow, whose back is brown, and whose sleeves (for it is a vest with sleeves) are black.

Deep darkness falls; but the diversions of the pleasure-fair abate no jot. On the contrary, they increase; for all the young folks of the village being now assembled on the green, they not only dance, but play kissing-games full of romping and boisterous merriment. A great circle is gathered in one part of the field, lads and lasses to the number of full fifty joining

hands in the fitful light of the torches, and amid much slapping of backs and frantic scampering, playing *cusan-yn-y-cylch*, or kiss-in-the-ring. They have had their suppers, and are as full of fun as young colts; and the air echoes with shrieks of laughter mingling with the music of the band, and the rousing smack of rustic lips on rustic red cheeks rivals the popping of the air-guns, where the gaudy shooting-gallery glitters in the light of a dozen flaring flambeaux.

When I leave the scene, at ten o'clock, there is no flagging in the sports of the fair. I pass around a winding walk which leads me up to the old ruined castle once more; and, climbing up the worn steps of an olden tower, I look down on the weird, impressive scene, where knights and ladies were used to revel on many such a night as this, 600 years ago. The moon is up, and, lighting the grass-grown floor of the ancient banqueting hall, throws into deeper shadow the dark corners by the crumbling walls. It is easy to imagine ghosts and fairies flitting among these piles of ruin, and if the ghosts of all the dead who, living, have reveled here—who have danced to the music of the harp and pipe, or battled fiercely with besieging enemies through many a bloody struggle—if all who have passed beneath yon postern gate were to revisit the glimpses of the moon this hour, there would be a multitude compared to which the living throng below would be a handful. But there are no ghosts abroad. I see here and there dusky forms moving about, but I know they are wanderers like myself, feasting their souls with the poetry of the hour, or else—what I confess is more probable—lovers, feeding their hearts on a poetry that is older than these crumbling battlements, and sweeter, while it lasts, than all the melliloquent Welsh *englynion* that have been sung to the harp since Saliesin lived. And over yonder in the field of Llewellyn I see the torches of the fair, flaring in the moonlight; and there comes faintly to my ear the music of the musicians, still blowing inspiration through their brazen trumpets to the feet of the flying dancers.

Pleasure-fairs are of frequent occurrence in every nook and corner of Wales, and at short intervals throughout the year. The cattle-shows, horse-races, agricultural exhibitions, etc., which we call fairs in the United States—and which as local exhibitions are perhaps the finest in the world—are for the most part confined to the months

of July, August, and September. In the South, as about New Orleans and Memphis, they change this time to May, I believe. But in Wales there is no limit to the time of year for fairs; like death, the fair has "all seasons for its own"; they occur in every month of the year. Notwithstanding the general bad name borne by the climate of the British Isles, that of South Wales is so far tolerable that one may usually enjoy the open air every day the year round. The grass is green and the flowers bloom out-of-doors from January to January again. On the 18th of December, 1877, strawberries were growing ripe in sheltered places along the lanes of Ystradwen, Glamorganshire; and roses grow all winter on the sunny southerly wall of my garden in Cardiff. Yet the climate is not at all enervating; there are storms enough, and snow-storms are among them.

Before large towns existed, where the necessities of life can be bought in shops, all sorts of goods and commodities were sold chiefly at fairs, periodically held. To these everybody went, and the so-called "great" fairs, like that of Llandaff, were the scene of a prodigious display, to which half the people in Wales would go. The age of Llandaff fair is very great; tradition dates its origin to the first century, A.D. At the most prosperous period of its career it was prolonged for many days. Monks and laymen alike came to this fair, sometimes from a hundred miles away. Llandaff church-yard was one scene of buying and selling, in tents and booths. Nowadays, booths are not set up in the church-yard, but they occupy the streets of the decayed cathedral city, even to the very walls of the bishop's palace—Punch and Judy, cheap-john and all. In the old times, fairs and markets were held on Sunday more often than any other day, and remnants of this custom still exist in Wales. At Llantwit Major, an extremely ancient little town in Glamorganshire, the people have for centuries past gathered for purposes of barter on Sundays, before or after church service, and, unless it has very recently become extinct, this antique custom still prevails.

The moral tone of Welsh towns and villages is notably severe. All respectable people are church-goers, even more so than in America. I am told there are a greater number of Methodists in Glamorganshire than in any other county of its size in the world. The observance of Sunday is rigidly repressive. Even in the metropolis

of Wales, horse-cars do not run on Sunday. Yet the most anomalous customs prevail, like this regarding Sunday fairs. This fair occurs at Whitsuntide, and lasts three days, ostensibly. Whitmonday is the great holiday of Wales; the feast of Whitsuntide is characterized everywhere by *fêtes* and galas, and a ceaseless round of pleasure; but Whitmonday is the one day of the year when the people go holidaying *en masse*, as they do at no other time of the year. The great fair of Llandaff legally begins on Monday, concluding on Wednesday night. But in point of fact the revels commence with Sunday. The merry-go-rounds, the Aunt Sallies, the candy booths, etc., are set up, and throngs of people gather. The hammering of the booth-builders echoes through the aisles of the solemn cathedral where the usual congregation is gathered. The voice of the minister expounding the doctrines of Christianity within the venerable walls which have stood for centuries, minglest with the noisy revelry of the crowd which is gathered on the little green in the heart of the town, close to the cathedral gates. In front of the ruined gatehouse of the ancient episcopal palace the saturnalia proceeds; people lean shamelessly against its very walls, and after nightfall they lean there drunk. All this goes on in defiance of the law, while ostensibly in obedience to it. No cries of hawkers rend the air, but a thriving trade is done in oranges, nuts, and gingerbread, all the same. Keepers of shows surreptitiously take pence and pass people quietly into their tents to see the African serpents, the wax-works, and the rest. As the hours pass, matters grow worse. After dusk, the beer begins to flow, and with the falling darkness the license becomes greater. At midnight there are uncountable crowds on the scene. The following morning the fair ostensibly begins; before noon it is roaring with bustle; Punch and Judy squeak; hawkers howl; exhibitors of curiosities bawl at the highest pitch of their voices. There are curiosities enough here, at least—fat women, living skeletons, wax-works, pygmies, giants, performing dogs and monkeys, an endless array of idle and profitless diversions. Merry-go-rounds whirl their laughing, shrieking freight through the air,—"warranted to make you sea-sick for a penny." Shooting-galleries, and even perambulating photograph-galleries, are there. "Come and get your picture pulled, Sally," is a favorite form of treat offered their sweethearts by lads of the laboring

class. There is a sparring-booth, before which a burly touter roars with stentorian lungs: "Now then, gents, now is yer time fer to witness some of the most renowned and scientific and ekally celerbrated crushers of the prize ring; valk right up; in hour establishment we do not wish to 'ave the fun hall to ourselves, ho, dear, no; we allows any gent who feels disposed to put on the gloves to any of hus; yes indeed we does—valk right up, gents; vot's more, we offers any gent a shillin' who will do it, hi! hi! now's yer time!" By nightfall the scene becomes a sort of pandemonium. In the most "successful" Whitsuntide fairs of recent years the streets of Llandaff have been given up to a huge mob, crushing and swearing and tearing, and whose only idea of fun was to sustain one prolonged and lingering yell, of a sort to split the ears of the very tenants of the grave-yard close at hand.

Modern influences have served to make the Whitsunday gathering at Llandaff a scandal, and there is now a strong public feeling at work which may lead to the abolition of the fair entirely. The wonder is that it has not long ago been abolished, for it seems to violate in every way the Welsh character. Some explanation of the contrasts it presents to the more rural pleasure-fairs of Wales may be found in the fact that Llandaff is practically a suburb of Cardiff, where the population is more English and Irish than Welsh, and where also there is constantly a large floating population of foreigners, especially Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, etc., of the lower classes. These help to swell the crowd at Llandaff, and to encourage all its most lawless features. The fair is a source of pecuniary profit to one person, namely, the lord of the manor, who "owns" it, as the right is phrased, and naturally objects to its being done away with, especially as he is of a sporting turn, and is accustomed to the moral license of the Derby, a race he has at times won with his own horses. The law by which the Llandaff pleasure-fair can be abolished is so worded that all depends on this gentleman's individual will. The Dean of Llandaff publicly appealed to him in the matter no longer ago than 1876, but without apparent result. The people still gather; but whereas a few years ago they gathered in thousands, they are now present only in hundreds, each year fewer in numbers, and more quiet, gradually giving way to the pressure of public opinion.

Some Welsh fairs combine the original

office of the fair as a place of barter with the idea more common in America, viz., as an opportunity for competitive exhibition, like our State and county fairs, as we call them. Of this class are the Welsh horse-shows, flower-shows, Christmas-shows, cattle-shows, poultry-shows, etc., which are sometimes also fairs. Others bear unique names, as Warm Fair, Winter Fair, Midsummer Fair, Martinmas Fair, St. Luke's Fair, Michaelmas Fair, October Fair, April Fair, Dish Fair, Pear Fair, *et id genus omne*, a list without an end. They are named after the towns, the seasons, the saints, the months, the articles originally sold at them, and the traditions or legends out of which they arose; many of these last are quaint and interesting in the highest degree. There is not, indeed, a fair in Wales that has not its history and traditions, its records and strange tales, some of which are poetical, some patriotic, others superstitious.

The only sort of fair I ever heard of which is not included in the Welsh domain, is the fighting-fair. The last of these was Donnybrook, the abolition of which almost broke as many Irish hearts as its existence formerly broke Irish heads. However, they say Llandaff pleasure-fair comes something near the idea of a fighting-fair, when any stray "swells" from Cardiff take a fancy for strolling out there about midnight to see the sights. The *oi polloi* have been known to display pugilistic and pugnacious qualities of a pronounced character, under this specially distasteful provocation.

The hiring-fair is a peculiar institution, which still lingers in Wales. But this, too, is a relic of ancient days, which will not much longer exist, for it is exciting the active animosity of the better sort of farmers and country gentlemen. From time immemorial, the custom has been to hold these fairs in every important center of a farming district, their sole purpose being to bring servants and masters together. To these fairs troop men and maidens in vast numbers, on fun and profit both intent. To them also troop the farmers, in search of the human toilers on their farms for the coming year. Sometimes, and originally I believe always, these hiring-fairs were held on Martinmas-day, known as the servants' saint's day. At present the hiring-fair is not confined to that day, but is held on different days in different towns, usually in either October or November. At these fairs there is undoubtedly a consider-

able consumption of *cwrw da*; a temperance or teetotal fair would hardly thrive. The men are of a certain bearish roughness which would, beyond question, prove uncomfortable to such of us as have been gently bred. It would be no joke to the average reformer of the period, I fear, to have a blackthorn cudgel thwacked across his back, with all the power of an arm accustomed to farm work, or to be hustled in the prodigiously vigorous way the grinning Welsh peasants at Kidwelly have of shouldering one another in groups, for a lark. But all this is good-naturedly done. It would be rough-and-tumble fighting if they were Irishmen, and whisky had them in its clutches; heads would crack, blood would flow, the air would ring with hurroos of defiance and debate. But where every man's face is at a broad grin, where the air echoes but roars of laughter, and half the pushers and stragglers have got their hands shoved deep down in their pockets—it may be rough, and it might break bones not overlaid with muscle, but it is not likely to do much harm. Beer is not a quarrelsome beverage, at least in Wales; it moves a Welshman's feet to dancing, not his fist to mauling, and he grins instead of growls. The Cambrian proverb is, "*Al wedd calon cwrw da*" (good ale is the key of the heart). Having stood waiting in the market-place till they have found masters who will pay them for the coming year the small wages they demand, and so laid out for themselves twelve months of good hard work, Sion and Mairi feel like celebrating their success. So when the shades of evening fall, the serious work of the day being done, the merriment waxes furious. The streets are so densely thronged with people that it is almost impossible to move among them. Vehicles cannot go about at all, and this is not attempted. Torches light up the scene; drums beat; hawkers and cheap-johns bawl; Punch and Judy add their squeaking to the din; and any Mairi or Catti whose waist is not encircled by the arm of a Twm or Sion, is a reproach to the traditions of her race. The "fair-day arm" of a Welsh hiring-fair is said to be an entirely unique feature, by persons who have visited fairs in Ireland, Scotland, Cumberland, Lancashire, etc. Annexion is the common lot, and every Catti has her own. Thus amicably linked, the couples rove about, side by side, laughing, chaffing, chuckling, roaring at Punch, hustling and shouldering each other in merriest kind; while down upon the noisy scene looks with

solemn face the ivied front of a hoary castle, whose towers have stood thus dark against the starry background for half a thousand years.

A quaint example of a local fair in the very heart of Wales is a cattle-fair in the old town of Carmarthen. Carmarthen anciently was the capital of Wales, for centuries the seat of kings, and the home of the Welsh Parliament. It is now a dull old agricultural town of 10,000 or 15,000 inhabitants. Its streets are busy only on great market and fair days, and are dark and stony of aspect; but it is surrounded by a landscape of fairy-like beauty, and its woods and rivers are as rich with legend as fairy-land itself. The enchanter Merlin was born at Carmarthen, and this was the center of his magical exploits. Quaintly set upon a hill, the old stone town looks out over a sylvan valley, through which winds the river Towy in the most graceful undulations.

The most striking peculiarities of the Carmarthen fair are its utter rusticity and its pronounced Welshness. No language but Welsh is heard. The characteristic tall beaver hats abound on the heads of the women, who by this sign advertise their back-country residence. The women of the towns—even this old Welsh town—are less given to the shining and stubborn beaver than to a sort of calash peculiar to Wales, fitting the head snugly. The two old women standing near you, with cheeks pressed close together, whispering sleepily in each other's ears, telling some story of corpse-candle or *cyliraeth*, could not be thus intimate with their secrets if their hats were the rigid beavers of the farmer-wives. There is no single specimen here to be seen of the characteristic cockney fair-frequenters who so abound, as a rule, in every part of the British Islands, Wales included. There are no balladists singing English songs; no hawkers crying their wares in English; no gymnasts vaunting their own powers in English; no gamblers, no Aunt Sallies, no shooting-galleries—nothing whatever uttering itself in English. There is fun enough, but it is Welsh fun—scuffling, larking, chaffing. There are hawkers enough, but they cry in Welsh, and they conduct their trades in Welsh. To beat down the price seems to be the rule with every purchase, be it nothing more than a penny-worth of sweets. To go to a fair or market and buy without chaffering is mere infantile greenness, from a Welsh point of view.

The persistent inquirer in that direction

hears a great many strange tales of superstition in connection with the old-established Welsh fairs, and Carmarthen is peculiarly rich in this regard. The folk-lore of Wales, in fact, abounds with a class of tales regarding cattle, sheep, horses, birds, poultry, goats, and other features of rural life. Such are the marvelous mare of Teirnyon, which foaled every first of May, though what became of the colt no mortal knew; the *ychain banog*, or mighty oxen, which drew the water-monster out of the enchanted lake, and, by their bellowing, split the rocks in twain; the birds of Rhianon, which sang so sweetly that the warrior-knights stood eighty years entranced, listening to their warbling; the lambs of Saint Melangell, which at first were hares, and, being frightened, ran under the fair saint's robes; the fairy sheep of Cefn Rhychdir, which rose up out of the earth and vanished into the sky; and, finally,—though the list is practically endless,—the fairy swine of Bedwelly, which the hay-makers saw flying through the air.

You cannot avoid noticing at Carmarthen fair a singular class of cattle, which are as characteristically Welsh as any Welshman here. These are the black cattle of Wales, which, if they cannot trace their ancestry back through forty centuries, are at least peculiar to the country they inhabit. This strange breed is sometimes seen in other parts of Great Britain, but they are everywhere known by the name of Welsh black cattle. In Carmarthenshire and the adjoining regions they abound. When held in a drove together, browsing in a field, or pouring through a gate like ink out of a bottle, they present a spectacle as uncanny as one can imagine of anything innocent and eatable. The first time one sees this sight it is nothing less than startling; for, it must be understood, there is not a spot of hide in the whole drove that is not black, from hoof-tips to nose-tips. The suggestion of something eerie and elfin in the creatures is irresistible. As a fact, their disposition is not more demoniac than that of the average cow of civilization; their aberrations are limited to kicking over milk-pails and hooking small boys, as is the bovine nature the world over. Still it would be surprising if here, at the home of Merlin, there could be discovered no mystic legend, no strange, wild tale, in connection with a creature so weird-looking and so Welsh, and their story was related to me by an acquaintance I made at Carmarthen fair, in this wise:

In olden times there was a band of elfin ladies who haunted a lake among the hills back of Aberdovey, which lake in Welsh is called Llyn Barfog. They used to make their appearance just about dusk. They were clad in green, and they had for companions a pack of milk-white hounds, which were of the same breed as the *cwn annun*, or dogs of hell; it was their peculiar occupation to pursue and prey upon the souls of doomed men who had perished, unbaptized, along the uplands of Cefnrosucha. But the choicest possession of the green ladies of Llyn Barfog was a drove of beautiful milk-white cattle, called in Welsh the *gwartheg*

feiliorn, as they called the cow, spread throughout the surrounding country. From having been the owner of one small drove of cattle, the farmer now became enormously rich, the owner of such vast herds as are seen in our days only on the plains of Texas and Colorado. But there came a time (the story here begins to resemble that of the goose that laid the golden egg) when the farmer took it into his foolish head that the milk-white cow was getting old, and his only chance of profiting by her further was to fatten her for the *cigwr*. This he set about, and with the most amazing results. Never, since beefsteaks



THE ELFIN COW AND THE GREEN LADY.

y llyn, or kine of the lake. Now there was an old farmer living near that lake who had a small drove of cattle, which used sometimes to stray to the water's edge; and one day the farmer found that the milk-white kine had scraped up an acquaintance with his cattle. Watching his opportunity, he threw a rope over the horns of one of the elfin cows, and succeeded in driving the beautiful beast to his yard. From that day the farmer's fortune was made. Such calves, such milk, such butter and cheese, as came from the milk-white cow, never had been seen in Wales before, nor ever will be seen again. The fame of the *fuwch gy-*

were discovered, had such a fat cow been seen as this cow grew to be. The neighbors came from miles about to see her; and when the killing-day arrived, there was a vast concourse of people to witness the great event of the elfin cow's taking off. Many shook their heads and whispered their fears to one another, but the farmer seemed like one out of his mind, and urged the butcher on with eager anxiety to his bloody task. Regardless of her mournful lowing and her pleading eyes, the elfin cow was bound to the stake; the butcher raised his bludgeon, and struck fair and hard between her eyes—when lo! a shriek resounded

through the air, wakening the echoes of the hills, as the butcher's bludgeon went through the goblin head of the milk-white cow, and the butcher himself reeled with the force of his blow and plunged his astonished head against the stomach of an unfortunate by-stander. At the same time a green lady was seen standing on a crag high up over the lake, with her arms outstretched toward the elfin cow, while she uttered this call to the wronged animal :

"Come, yellow Anvil,
Stray horns, spotted one of the lake,
And of the hornless Dodin,
Arise, come home."

At the sound of this voice the elfin cow

raised her head and looked up at the crag; then, with a bound over the heads of the assembled multitude, she dashed up the steep acclivity, and all her descendants, even to the third and fourth generations, went with her, disappearing over the summit of the crag and plunging into the lake. Only one cow remained of all the farmer's herds, and she had turned from milky white to raven black. Whereupon the farmer in despair drowned himself in the waters of Llyn Barfog, which at once turned to the blackness of ink; and the black cow that remained behind became the progenitor of the race of black cattle which are still to be seen at Carmarthen fair.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE OLD TYROLESE MELODY, "SILENT NIGHT."

SILENT night! shadowy night!
Purple dome, starry light!
Pouring splendor of centuries down,
Gold and purple, a glorious crown,
Where the manger so rude and
 wild
Cradles a sleeping child.

Silent night! mystical night!
Kings and seers sought thy light.
Where the watch of the shepherds is kept,
Heavenly hosts through the stillness have
 swept,
Clear proclaiming a Saviour born!
 Singing the Christmas morn!

Holy night—heralding dawn!
Far and near breaks the morn!
Breaks the day when the Saviour of men,
Bringing pardon and healing again,
 " Holy, harmless, and undefiled,"
Cometh a little child!

THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND THE NEW REVISION.

IT speaks well for the Christian intelligence of the American people that they are so eager for the appearance of the Revised Version of the New Testament, now promised for publication this winter. Curiosity is quite lost in the deeper feeling of hope that at last our feet may tread upon surer ground in the investigation of truth.

For many silent years some of us orthodox people have been thrown heavily back upon our admiration for the version we use, and upon our loyalty to the venera-

ble Bible Society which issues it. We ought to be credited with a good measure of patience, for we surely have never concealed our convictions that it is possible to retain whatever is historically precious in the King James Bible, and yet eliminate the patent blemishes from some of the verses. We may be pardoned for admitting that we have grown tired of quoting the eleventh of Jude, and then waiting for the chirky superintendent to explain: "Now, children, that does not mean *Core*, but *Korah*; Numbers xvi. 1."

We do not see why we should any longer be put to the task of explaining that in two cases, Hebrews iv. 8, and Acts vii. 45, our Bible Society chooses to print the name "Jesus" instead of *Joshua*. We can be content to admit "Poti-pherah" for *Potiphar*, for they are only similar names for two persons; but we find no apology for "Timothy" and "Timotheus" in the same chapter, applied to one man whom ministers have so much to say about.

What right have Christian people to continue to publish and circulate as inspired what now many of them know is imperfect and inaccurate, and so suggests persistent doubts? Let us understand that it is not the teachers or the preachers alone who do the fault-finding. Who does not know that if you should hold up a superlatively excellent bottle of apothecary's ointment before an inquisitive boy, the first thing he would fasten his eyes upon would be the flies inside of it? So the first thing to do afterward would be just to take the flies out.

The answer to these most innocent suggestions has generally been sharp and impetuous. The man who asks them has been set up as a butt of attack for bad taste in finding fault with a version that some "English Roman Catholic scholar" has declared to be the best pattern of "uncommon beauty and marvelous English." What has this to do with the fact that it is fatiguing to keep going over an old contradiction with our children? "By and by" has long since ceased to mean *immediately*, and "let" now means just the opposite of *hindered*. One is usually asked if he cannot find better occupation than carping at small blemishes in the midst of "superlative excellence." Now this is as unfair as it well can be. Is it necessary to the supreme glory of this translation that there should be, in I. Cor. xvi. 22, a comma after "anathema," and before "Maran atha," instead of a period? Is an inquiring minister undermining confidence in this excellent version, when he asks that "Noe" might be spelled *Noah*, so that he might be spared the explanation of it for the three times out of six where it occurs in the New Testament?

It is needless to try to conceal the fact that there is much uneasiness as to the manner in which the New Revision is presently to be issued. It seems to be generally understood that British publishers are to have the entire editions in charge, and only their sheets are to be offered in the American market. If the publishing

houses of the United States, as well as the Bible Society and Tract Society and Sunday-school Union, and eventually the denominational Boards of all the churches, should happen to be nobly jealous of this monopoly—if some high sense of national honor should lead them to deny that a volume of common ownership and interest like the New Testament ought to claim even that fiction of "moral copyright" which authors are talking about—then it would surely be very difficult to show wherein their pain resembled petulance, or why their regret should be pronounced mercenary. For really, the anxiety in the minds of our Christian students and teachers is not caused by any fear of losing dollars and cents from the sale of a new publication. The New Testament is sold for five cents now, and a whole Bible for a quarter of a dollar. So there is no special promise of gain held out in that direction. There are already a half-dozen cheap serial "libraries" in this one city of New York, and they are beginning to include religious books among their stories and romances. Several of them began with Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ," coupling it with his "Life of St. Paul." Then Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul" appeared in a like form, followed by Geikie's "Life of Christ." Hughes's "Manliness of Christ" has been thus printed, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is in prospect. Such volumes, alongside of Dumas's novels and Sue's romances, seem incongruous; but why must religion not be popularized if it brings regular profits? If these publication houses do not catch up the New Version the moment it is put in type, they will be exceedingly foolish in a business way; shown on the corner stands, it would have an enormous sale. And why should they not? Will it be unfortunate to have the New Testament in a cheap pamphlet so that every one can obtain a copy of it for twenty cents? Will it not be to edification to find the novel-printers and the serial-story publishers competing with one another in circulating an edition of the revised and scholarly New Translation of the Bible?

The chief anxiety in connection with any kind of unauthorized issuing of a volume like the Word of God is found in the exposure to mistake and the liability to positive perversion. The familiar religious works mentioned above, although claiming to be "unabridged," are incomplete at

points. Any one who pleases can easily compare Farrar's bound volume with the pamphlet, and imagine how indignant the author must be with the reproduction. We must run the risk of being pronounced unnecessarily finical when we assert that nothing short of *positive accuracy* will content us in an issue of the Scriptures. The spelling, the paragraphing, the punctuation, the italicizing, are all of immeasurable importance. Let us remember how unfortunately exposed the wisest proof-readers are to charges of carelessness, and how nearly impossible it is to be absolutely accurate. Is not the "breeches" Bible the laughing-stock of old-edition hunters? It was so named from the word in Gen. iii. 7: "They made themselves breeches." Who forgets the "not" Bible, sometimes called the "wicked" Bible, because it omitted the negative in the seventh commandment? Laud fined an unlucky printer fifteen hundred dollars for this mistake, and then suppressed a large and costly edition already in the market. Then there was the "place-makers" Bible," named thus because of the misrendering of the beatitude: "Blessed are the peacemakers." So we recollect the "bug" Bible, and the "treacle" Bible, and the "rosin" Bible, and the "vinegar" Bible. And by this time we begin to understand what Cotton Mather deplores, when he writes that "a blundering typographer" had made in his Bible, at Psalm cix. 161, a most suggestive mistake: "Printers have persecuted me without cause." Indeed, this was the very word which the man had inserted in the place of "princes." Now, it may not be within our achievement to attain entire correctness; but Christian readers will not be satisfied with anything very far short of it—that is to say, they are not going to be patient if this great work falls into hands which cannot be trusted. Hence it is of intense importance that the earliest editions of this Revision should be watched, for it will be hard to pick out mistakes later.

The sensitiveness upon such points is well illustrated by those discussions which grew out of the changes in the Apostles' Creed, a few years ago. Only the difference between a semicolon and a comma set some usually quiet men on fire,—for doctrine resides sometimes in punctuation. "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints," with the comma after "church," means, I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, as the communion

of saints, or, I believe the Holy Catholic Church is composed of the communion of saints of all names and all ages, on earth and in heaven. But the semicolon after "church," so some said, makes it to mean, I believe *in* the church, and then again, I believe *in* the communion of saints. Hence, in opposing the alteration, some disputants argued against constituting the church an authority in any matters of faith. And then they went on to combat the notion that saints were to be *believed in* after death, although they "one communion make." All this difference of opinion was provoked by a punctuation mark.

Are there any such cases in the Bible? Surely. No doubt this Revising Committee have spent days in canvassing the vexed question raised in I. Tim. iii. 15. So in John xii. 27—"Father, save me from this hour." Ought that clause to be followed, as it is now, by a colon, or by an interrogation point? Such things are vital to sense. Twenty-five years ago several more instances were pointed out, and by no less an authority than Dr. Hodge—*clarum et venerabile nomen*, great with the majesty of death upon it now. He calls attention to Rom. iv. 1, in which the words, "according to the flesh," if pointed in one way, qualify the word "father"; thus Abraham is said to be our "father according to the flesh." But if the clause should be pointed in the other way, then it qualifies "hath found"; thus the question asked in the verse is, What hath Abraham found according to the flesh? So he says about Rev. xiii. 8, those words, "from the foundation of the world," may refer to the word "slain," and so the sense would be, "the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world." But if they refer to the word "written," the sense must be, "written from the foundation of the world." Hence, he rightly remarks, "to alter the punctuation here is to change the sense of the passage." That punctuation is changed in our present version.

Now the opinion is gaining ground among all thoughtful people that a definite and persistent endeavor should be made by American Christians to help the Bible Society here at home prepare to assume the wise work of publishing immediately an edition of this New Version which should bear for us the imprint and authorization that we know and love. We feel a sincere reluctance to receive our Book from an

English University. Our scholars have worked upon it early and late. We believe their learning has been valuable to the joint Committee. We know their services have been rendered generously in season and out of season. And we want their labors to come to this country with an American look, as if the Bible belonged here also.

Meantime, the question might be raised whether the time has not come when the American Bible Society can perfect their own issue, and bring this Common Version into such form as will enable it to bear fair comparison with the new one, whatever it proves to be. Even Dr. Hodge admitted that some changes in the text proposed and made before 1857 were scholarly improvements, and he said more yet might have been adopted, if they had only come away around by Great Britain—"gradually introduced, first in Oxford, then in Cambridge, then in London and Edinburgh, then in New York;" for after that "it would be the Received Version, and our own Bible Society would be authorized to print and circulate it." Is it not worth a postal card now to ask whether the tidal wave of British permission to change the printer's mistake of "she" in Ruth iii. 15, is not by this time drawing somewhere near our desolate shores? We might not read Solomon's Song ii. 7 very often in public, but it would be some comfort to find that in the course of a quarter of a century, leave had been obtained from Oxford and Cambridge and London and Edinburgh for New York Christians to put the masculine pronoun "he" off the name of a bride, so as to call her "she," like a woman. Indeed, we are not certain that the English have not done this; and if so, a proper activity might follow it up here within a winter or so.

Popular feeling has been lately aroused on this whole subject. In order to give the New Version a proper send-off, it has been deemed necessary to parade somewhat conspicuously the exigencies of the case, that is to say, the paramount demand for this fresh translation of the Scriptures. The arguments have been drawn from a detailed exhibition of the blemishes in the King James Bible. But who does not feel that the first result of this is to break the confidence in the version which we are using? When the scholarship of the age is invoked to show how many faults need correction, who can complain that the common people are startled? For the channels of communication which are the most direct

into and through all the churches, the Sabbath-schools, and the families, have been selected for the advertisement. Here, for example, is an extra issue of the "World," the organ of the American Sunday-school Union, a "Bible-revision Number," October, 1878; it contains sixteen solid, finely printed pages of specific criticism upon that very version which is now put in the hands of us all as authoritative, "the old version of 1611." This has been sent to all the cities, towns, villages, from the center to the frontier, to which this vast national agency is accustomed to reach out its hand; moreover, it has since been printed in a bound volume, and is now offered for sale upon the counters everywhere. And this is only one out of the many ways in which public sentiment in behalf of the New Version has been invoked already.

It is by no means proposed here to question such a policy; it seems admirably chosen. But cannot every one understand that when these great names of President Woolsey, Professor Abbott, Chancellor Crosby, Professor Thayer, Professor Strong, and Professor Schaff, able and evangelical as they are, are invoked, power will go with any appeal they make? They seem to us to say that there are scores, or hundreds, or thousands of imperfections in the version we daily use.

Is there anything new in their discoveries? The language of Dr. Hodge, in 1857, may be quoted in reply: "It appears from the collation of the editions of 1611 with those of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, and the standard edition, there are no less than twenty-four thousand discrepancies; that is, twenty-four thousand cases in which these standard editions fail to concur." Of course, in a computation like this no mention is made of the points wherein this version diverges from the Greek or the Hebrew in translation, about which modern scholars have much to say. Dr. Hodge took his information from the Bible Society itself, which published the facts as he states them in its "Annual Report" of 1851. Indeed, the Committee on Versions were instructed to correct some of the most annoying of these imperfections. They did so; they made a few alterations with no other thought than that of getting the best edition of their regular version they could. They spelled "Noe" *Noah*. They said, in several instances, *seraphim*, and *cherubim*, instead of "seraphims," and "cherubims." They began "spirits" with a small *s*. They

restored I. John ii. 23 to Roman letters. All they ever did in this direction was right and good; Dr. Hodge frankly acknowledged that it was "generally for the better." But he remarked, in a rather contemptuous fashion, "Not one reader in a thousand would notice the alterations, unless they were pointed out."

The Society publicly approved what their Committee on Versions had so patiently and industriously done. Accepting all the changes, they cast new plates for their issues. They even bragged, in a good-natured, artless sort of way, over their success. They put forth a splendid volume from their fresh stereotypes. This they kept in circulation, unquestioned, for several years. In December, 1856, they openly sent a copy of it to several statesmen of our own country, as a complimentary gift, and notably also to Queen Victoria, with a very nice letter, in which they told Her Majesty that they "believed it to be an unusually correct edition of that incomparable version." Indeed it was: it remains (out of print now) a witness to the fidelity, the learning, and the patient laboriousness of that Committee on Versions who afterward suffered so much for their pains,—the most fair and beautiful thing the American Bible Society ever gave to the world.

But then came a storm. Less than a fortnight after this, and before the Queen could have received her new Bible, or could have taken it into her devotions so much as once,—in January, 1857, the Rev. A. C. Coxe, then rector of a parish in Baltimore, now one of the bishops of the Episcopal Church, published a pamphlet, in which he violently arraigned the Bible Society for seeking to "supersede the time-honored version in its integrity." He said, with an insulting figure, drawn from criminal coining, that these Christian men had surreptitiously gone into the circulation of a "cold, modernized, vulgarized work." Further: with a form of speech peculiarly his own, the writer proceeded to announce, as the reason for such conduct, "the tendency of all human institutions to corrupt themselves, especially when they have begun to be rich." The brick edifice on Astor Place had lately been finished, and so he added: "The American Bible Society, in its new palace, and surrounded by the great moneyed mart of this hemisphere, waxes fat, like Jeshurun, and, like him, begins to kick." This was what "a man of feeling," who did not want the Scriptures to be

"vulgarized," took upon himself in those days to say.

All this, however, would have gone for nothing, if it had not been for the fact that this disingenuous pamphlet went on to state, more than once, that the Society had *made* twenty-four thousand changes in the version of 1816. Now, what the Society had published six years before, in their report of 1851, was that the Committee on Versions had *found* twenty-four thousand differences from the standard edition of 1611. Some few of the roughest of these they had tried to correct. With the utmost care, they had done what they supposed was going to be welcome to every student of the Bible. Even Dr. Hodge afterward patronized them enough to say, in 1858, that they were conscientious, as was Paul, when he persecuted the Christians: "We cheerfully acknowledge the zeal and ability manifested in the work; they, as was the case with the apostle, no doubt thought they were doing God service." But the Baltimore pamphlet only credited them with "a thoroughly unevangelical spirit," and argued that they were entertaining at the Bible House, as they were in "New England," the demon of rationalism, now "exorcised from its German haunts." It does seem, at this distance, that persecuting Christians in Saul's day was rather more heinous than changing "sodering" so as to read *soldering*, and "rere-ward" so as to read *rearward*; or adding one *h* to "Juda," and another to "Sara," and casting a third out of "Chanaan," or putting a final *i* on "Sina," and spelling "Sion" with a *Z*. Whereabouts did the rationalism come in?

The virulence and falseness of this attack is seen from a single paragraph, which we prefer to give by itself:

"For more than thirty years the Society is said to have celebrated its great anniversary festivals, in the presence of hundreds of professed ministers of Christ, without a prayer for his blessing, or an ascription to the glory of the Holy Trinity; and that, confessedly, on the ground of the radical differences among its constituents as to the very nature of God, and the proper manner of invoking His adorable name. * * * Can such an association be a 'safe witness and keeper of Holy Writ'? It has answered the question by making itself a manufacturer of alloy, and debasing the very standard it is pledged to circulate in its integrity."

So these men had been *counterfeiting*! This figure, which pleased the author of

it so much, was repeated around in the admiring world that loves such things, and the intimation as to the custom in the Society was taken up as fact by more than one of those who rushed into the discussion. The "New York Observer," in the summer of 1857, published a communication reiterating this most absurd accusation, and adding to it the statement that the Society could not even publicly read the Bible they published! With the rapid impulse of an honest and indignant heart, the editor interrupted his correspondent with a paragraph in brackets, straight across the article, denying wholly the scandalous charge and explaining that the Bible Society, in common with all other religious associations, opened their anniversaries and their ordinary meetings with prayer, and read the Scriptures as they pleased; and that whatever the earlier history, this had then been the custom for some years. It is evident the editor knew what he was talking about, for he was a faithful member of the Board of Directors at the time. But truth never once stopped a flying lie; so the calumny rushed on over the land.

Thus hostility was aroused, and suspicion was kindled, wherever the wretched misstatement was sent. The people began to imagine that the Bible Society were introducing discrepancies and insidiously corrupting the fountains of truth. In sober earnest, it is really difficult to understand how there could have lived any one so uninformed as to make such a mistake, or so perverse as to do the bad thing on purpose. The Committee were credited with *doing* what they said needed *correcting*, charged with the wrong they were remedying. Notably, in the Old School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church that year, 1857, a great debate arose, and a string of violent resolutions was offered, instructing the denominational Board of that body to issue a Bible of their own. The subject was at the last, by a vote of fourteen majority, referred to the next Assembly, and so for the time dismissed. But Dr. Hodge took up the discussion in a most able article printed in the "Princeton Review" of July, 1857.

During the winter, however, the drums beat a retreat; the objectionable work was withdrawn, and peace was declared in silence. The Bible Society suppressed their beautiful Bible, broke up the plates, went back to the former edition with its twenty-four thousand discrepancies, made genders wrong again, printed "of thee" in Luke

i. 35 in Roman letters, as if it belonged in the Greek, and the half-line in I. John ii. 23 in italics, as if it belonged out, so returning to the old errors, and perpetuating them forever.

Then the Committee on Versions resigned their office,—all but a single member. In July of the next year, Dr. Hodge still claimed they had done "the greatest public wrong" which, so far as his information extended, had ever been "committed by any one of our national societies." What made the matter "manifestly worse," this reviewer wrote, was the fact that "they defended their great wrong with pertinacity—with the honorable exception of Dr. Spring."

Now who were the *dishonorable* members of the Committee, whose self-respect would not surrender under pressure of such attack? In all the records the names of the entire Committee are given. Over the large part of them (all but two) the shadow of death has since fallen; but they all had a fair and honored history in the annals of the churches. They were these: Dr. Gardiner Spring, Dr. Samuel H. Turner, Thomas Cock, M. D., Dr. Edward Robinson, Dr. Thomas E. Vermilye, Dr. John McClintock, and Dr. Richard S. Storrs, Jr.

These are they of whom Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge said publicly in that General Assembly of 1857, "he did not know whether either of the seven knew much about Greek, unless it was Dr. Robinson, and he did not know whether he was sound in the faith; Dr. Spring understood Greek, but unfortunately he was nearly blind; as to what they say about following the Greek in their punctuation, that is all humbug." After such a judicial decision upon the merits of their education and scholarship, what could these brethren do but hide their diminished heads in a resignation? They all thought of it at once—all but Dr. Spring, who thought of it, and made a long speech instead.

It will always remain a mystery that this venerable man, after having acted with a committee like that on Versions in utmost harmony of process and of purpose for years, talking of these corrections all the time whenever they had a meeting, should leave them at the last, and suffer indulgent friends to excuse him from responsibility. For in 1851, he had signed a report containing this remarkable statement: "In thus closing their labors, the Committee desire, with grateful praise to God, distinctly and formally to state that *no decision whatever has been made, and nothing whatever has been done*,

except with ENTIRE UNANIMITY on the part of the Committee and those acting with them." The Bible Society published this sentence in the Annual Report they issued in 1852, with the italics and the capitals as here given. Six years afterward, Dr. Spring disowned the transaction, and gave up the defense; perhaps, as Dr. Breckenridge says, he was "blind."

It is fair to say, that, in his speech before the Board of Directors, Dr. Spring is reported as having claimed that he came into the meeting with the thought of resigning; but "since listening to the remarks of his associates, and especially since hearing the menaces which had been uttered with regard to the continued existence and prospects of the Bible Society, he had determined to stand at his post, even if he stood alone." He added that "he thought his associates had greatly erred, and he hoped they would yet see and acknowledge their error." From this it is not easy to say whether Dr. Spring forsook his brethren on principle, or because he was annoyed by indiscreet talking on so exciting a theme and occasion.

And now commenced the period of controversy; for a few strong champions, chosen leaders of those veterans whose "strength is to sit still," took up the hue and cry. On the other hand, Dr. Tyng wrote an excellent letter, lamenting the dire necessity of "going back to admitted errors and imperfections." Dr. James Hoge hastened into print to show how he stood, pronouncing Dr. Hodge's article "not well-considered, and overwrought." Dr. Adger attacked the Committee on Versions spiritedly; but when he found fault with them for injuring the antique style of the Bible by changing "asswage" to *assuage*, he counted himself out of the discussion. Dr. Breckenridge collapsed rather suddenly; for he found he had as much on his hands as he could attend to at the moment, in repelling the awkward charge of plagiarism which some theologians were pressing: he had published a volume of divinity, and they said he pilfered the best part of it from Stapher. Dr. Murray ("Kirwan") did what he could to allay suspicion by kind words: "I am free to confess that I regard this edition as the very best of the Version of King James with which I am acquainted: the entire question hinges on a question of power." That was the ground held firmly, from the earliest moment it was taken: that the Bible Society had no right or "power"

to change a letter or a point; they must "just get the edition of 1611 from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and print it." The conclusion reached is best put in the words of the "New York Observer": the course of that paper seems all along to have been quite fair and considerate, and the brightest pen in the whole conflict could never have bettered the formula of decision it gave: "The Society is not only not bound, but is forbidden, to publish the best Bible it can make." But it also added: "Ninety-nine hundredths of all the work of revision recently made by the much abused Committee on Versions is the result of collation, and will stand, and ought to stand. Let the alterations be restored, but the collations be respected." That was well and wisely said for such a day. But it was not heeded. The Society made a quite needless surrender. They returned from "John the Baptist" to "John Baptist," and restored all the errors to their old places, just as they are publishing the same in this year of our Lord, 1881.

Nothing has been said thus far in this article about the headings of the chapters; for no man insists that they are part of that inspired book which the Society is limited to print; even Dr. Hodge admitted that the Society was at perfect liberty to leave them out, and he said this, too, after having declared that this was "by far the worst feature of the case"; that is, the Committee had made a series of alterations in these which gave him more concern and more offense than anything else. The Society, however, after a long debate in the Board of Directors, decided to retain them in their old form. They actually went back to repeating in Genesis xxii., "Isaac is exchanged with a ram," as they do now; in Genesis I., they kept this: "He dieth, and is chested," instead of *embalmed*; and this in Num. xiv.: "Moses persuadeth God, and obtained pardon"; and this in Esther v.: "He buildeth for him a pair of gallows"; and this in Matt. xxii.: "And poseth the Pharisees about the Messias"; and, most astonishing to think, this in I. Sam. xvi.: "Samuel sent by God, under pretense of a sacrifice, cometh to Bethlehem." These may now be discovered in the Bibles which the children have in our mission-schools. We can only bow our heads and wonder.

So at last there was peace, and this woful story went on its way into history. Why bring up such an old controversy now? Well, no one wants that old controversy;

what we want is this New Revision. And we desire to receive it at the hands of the American Bible Society, to which we have clung loyally through evil and through good report for a whole generation. There can be no mistake in declaring that the Christian community wishes that the revised Testament, if it shall prove worthy of general acceptance, shall be published like our other Scriptures, and by our usual authorities. It is likely that the inexorable logic of all that has been said above leads even the most sanguine of us to doubt whether this can be now done. It is likely that, in 1857, the Bible Society tied with its fingers what, hereafter, it cannot untie with its teeth. If this be true, then two serious questions confront us all for answer.

First,—Will there be a contest and competition in our markets between the New and the Old? So far, there is evidence of cordial working together. We find on the list of revisers making the New Version the name of the chairman of the present Committee on Versions in the Bible Society. Also, the name of the chairman of the Finance Committee, providing funds for the revisers, stood among those who constitute the Bible Society's Committee on Publication. This good man has just died; but we argue from the fact of his having occupied a double position so prominent that the two bodies are friendly. Are we to expect that this criticism of the Old will go on as a help in commanding the New? Is every one to feel at liberty hereafter just to peck at the Bibles we already have, and will this provoke the usual retort, and tongues equally sharp and eyes equally keen be occupied with faults they may find in these that are coming?

Secondly,—Will there have to be another Bible Society? Does any one suppose the American people are likely to be content with a steady importation of sheets from over the ocean? Some persons are sanguine enough to believe that this New Version will be—what surely it ought to be—the mature fruit of the highest and best scholarship of the Anglo-Saxon race. Hence we trust it will be our Bible when all completed. Nobody seems to have seen it yet, and the American revisers are singularly reticent about its contents and peculiarities. But all the assurances which come to our ears are full of comfort and cheer. We are told that nothing of the old phraseology will be lost; no doctrine will be touched;

the style will be in the same quaint, stately diction to which we have been accustomed from our childhood. Only, be it remembered, many of those "twenty-four thousand discrepancies" will no longer annoy our eyes, or irritate our ears, or balk our intelligence. So it is hoped that the common people will welcome it gladly. Hence it will be wanted for study and distribution in vast numbers. Shall we be obliged to form a new association for its supply and circulation in an authentic edition, or shall we look to Great Britain and the "Sea-side Library"?

It seems singular to find on the list of revisers the name of Charles Hodge—the great champion who did more than any three besides to force the Directors to bind themselves with thongs in 1857. Did he mean to make a Bible which this Society should be first committed against issuing? Are the members of that Board as grateful to their champions as they used to be for the help they had from them? Now that the scholarship of the whole world is employed in criticising their version, are they quite happy to know they cannot possibly improve it to the extent of a pronoun, while those who pushed them to the decision have spent their educated strength in producing a rival which they cannot touch? Can we not agree, in this era of good feeling, that when all the splendid work of years had to be undone; when the new plates were destroyed, and the now honored Committee abused; when the former mistakes, detected and corrected, were suffered to come back into the text again; when more things than Isaac were "exchanged with a ram"; when for men more distinguished than Mordecai was builded "a pair of gallows"; when truth was ignominiously thrust out to restore error "under pretense of a sacrifice," it was the most melancholy moment in the history of the Society?

But is it a foregone conclusion that this decision is irrevocable? Cannot that one awful expression in the Society's constitution be extended, or expanded, or bodily expunged, namely: "The only copies in the English language, to be circulated by the Society, shall be of the Version now in common use"? Cannot this be simply dropped, or made more elastic in some way? If the Christian community could come together, the Society proper in some great meeting assembled, would they not be competent to strike this clause out? Law-

yers say no, not if the same expression be in the original charter. But cannot the charter be altered, then, added to or taken from? No, they say again, save by act of Legislature. Well, is it possible for the Legislature to do anything in the premises calculated to give us relief? Some men there are who love the Bible and the Bible Society enough to go even to the primary meetings every year till a Legislature could be created which would give a new charter that would permit a new constitution which would let in a new version, rather than have two associations, with two Bibles in the field, confronting each other. Perhaps it will be found, in the end, that the longest way around is the shortest way home.

Let us be candid. That controversy in 1857 settled some things, but not everything. Said one of America's greatest statesmen: "Nothing is ever settled which is not right." It is possible for men to believe, when they hear Dr. Adger, Dr. Breckenridge, and Dr. Thornwell, together with the "Baltimore pamphlet," talk sharply about "New England" and speak spitefully as to "New School" tendencies, that there was a measure of suspicion and jealousy in the discussion outside of the regard for King James's version of the Scriptures. Some things besides the eternal verities of God's truth were involved. Questions of policies widely distinct from Greek and Hebrew floated in the startled air.

First of all, sectional feeling was simply rampant during those melancholy days of Buchanan's administration. For this was the year of our Lord in which the New Haven ministers wrote their famous letters to the President. The "Dred Scott decision" made Northern people almost frantic. The Young Men's Christian Association split on their right to discuss slavery in the public meetings. Dr. Cheever fired the hearts of those who followed him with sermons and articles written in the "Independent," which those who did not follow him asserted were born of delirium. Some good men did become insane that summer—Hugh Miller committed suicide. No one can read the files of religious newspapers of 1857 without seeing the awful excitement.

Moreover, the business world was trembling under the crushing weight of the historic panic, and the shores of traffic were strewn with wrecks of fortune and reputation. The Sunday-school Union had just announced the loss of eighty thousand dollars by the defalcation of its trusted treasurer.

The Tract Society was in trouble for months of controversy, for having refused to publish some antislavery tracts. The Home Missionary Society was censured heavily for voting not to help certain slaveholding churches. So it came to pass that the entire scheme of church-working by means of these voluntary societies was in review. It was as if the sea and the waves were roaring and men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after things coming on the earth. The great societies must have felt anxious about their constituencies, for the best of men are only human; and if in their timidity they grew too considerate, who can blame them? It was a poor time for calm discussion of changes in the version. The very existence of the Bible Society was in question in some exasperated minds. If it should be proved that the Directors lacked courage, when the campaign was so fierce and the onset so bewildering, it might be admitted easily that their fright was no more unreasonable than the paleness on a brave peasant's cheek when he holds his child in his arms while the cannon of Waterloo are thundering in his orchard. A few of those men were advanced in years; some of them were infirm; most of them were gentle and reflective by temperament, and unaccustomed to the intemperate way in which newspaper correspondents talked. A year like that never came before; thank God, another like it can never come again! For the issues are dead, and men are now at peace.

It is related of Marshal Turenne that he was once very ill in the morning of a day of battle; yet he rode swiftly to his post for the usual command. But the stress grew too hard for him; his heart was all right, but his weak frame shook so with uncontrollable tremors that he had to retire. He was overheard apostrophizing his fatigued and ailing body: "Ah, you tremble, do you? You would tremble far worse, if you knew whither I did mean to take you to-day!" Let us believe those excellent men meant to do glorious things, but fell into trembling before the worst burst of violence they had ever experienced. When thoughtful Christians of this later generation read such a history, they cannot help feeling that one of the usual divisions arose. A majority had brief triumph, and a minority went to the wall. They do not consent to say that any principle of constitutional working was fixed. For there were two sides taken.

When the members of the Committee on

Versions "with pertinacity" defended their scholarly and beautiful Bible, they surely had something to say. And what they said was, that, while the Bible Society was publishing any version, it must necessarily see to it, beyond a peradventure, that what it was publishing should be the best *edition* of that *version* to be secured. So they declared that their task of collation was legitimate, and the results of it worth keeping. They went down on that issue, as the war-ship *Cumberland* went down, with colors flying and guns exploding even in the sea. There are scores of the best men we have now who believe they were right.

That was a wild, tempestuous year; but now—now—when the ancient feuds are forgotten, when slavery is dead, and the Presbyterian church is united without old or new school, and the Boston Tract Society has come home again—now, when the storm is over, and the air is clear, and the children are singing, can we not take up the discussion once more, and this time calmly reach a more hopeful conclusion?

Are Christian men fully aware what a wonderful gift God's benevolent providence is giving to this age of ours? Why, this New Revision is the one thing of the era. It is greater than the Pacific Railroad, or the Brooklyn Bridge. It is the event of modern times. It is more majestic than the completion of the Cologne Cathedral in Gothic art. The issue of a new version of the Word of God in Anglo-Saxon speech is chapter first in volume second of Anglo-Saxon history. And when one remembers how much trouble our best scholars took, how many difficulties they surmounted, how much obloquy they met in popular estimation, and yet how persistently they labored for a recognition as a part of the English-speaking world, with patience and self-sacrifice securing a place for our American Christian learning at the last,—he cannot keep back his enthusiasm of thanks for an opportunity of welcoming them with their Bible in their hands.

The least the American people can do is to offer them the loftiest honor in our pageant of reception. We ought to meet them now with the best we have. And the best we have is that old, grand Bible Society with its press and its history; the society which more than any other the whole church loves with pride and loyalty.

Why should a petty rule stand in the way, provided it can legally and easily and cordially be surrendered? When Elizabeth announced that she was coming to visit Kenilworth, Leicester tore down a portion of a useless outer wall for a broad entrance, saying he had never till now had need for a portal that was fit for the passage of a queen.

Here is a fresh crisis, with the bringing about of which none of us has had any concern. If the choice must be made between the New Version and the Old, we want the New—if it is as we expect it to be. If in policy the choice is, as it once appears to have been, between losing patronage from some denominations or from some men, and the loss of power to move, even so far as to add *sh* to "astonied," or put an *o* in "throughly," then a great number of us will go for the perfectness of the Bible, even if it constrains us, humbly and sadly, to invite another society to take up the work.

In that case, others must choose friends also. Who are the so-called "friends" of the Bible Society? Does one know its friends when he sees them? Can we not now move in the right direction once more? Cannot the *edition* of the *version* be corrected in the texts and in the headings? Are men going to be stubborn enough to resist this again? What is desired by the strongest "friends" in the nation is that this Bible Society we love and work for should put into as good an edition as it can this Old Version, which is going to hold its place for many years yet; and then that this same Society should print at once an edition of the New Version to be set alongside of the Old, so that the people shall have the two together and get a chance to compare and study and ultimately receive the New into a recognized place in their confidence and their hearts. Surely there is a way in which this can be done, and good men can find it.

And we say, that if this fresh chance now offered be neglected, because opposition shall come from the old quarters, so that an exigency shall compel the Tract Society, or the Sunday-school Union, to issue the New Testament as it arrives now, and the Old Testament when it shall be completed—and if thus our honored Bible Society shall lose caste and receive injury, it will be because of wounds with which it shall be wounded in the house of its "friends."

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO ENCORED.

I.

As it is not only entertaining, but also in accordance with tradition and custom, to be in love; and as in the innocent and moral social conditions peculiar to Norway a man may the more safely surrender himself to this agreeable state of mind, because he need have no fear of being disturbed by watchful fathers and pugnacious brothers; and as, finally, he can extricate himself from that peculiar relation which we style an engagement (a cross between a marriage and free board in a good family) with the same ease with which he entangles himself,—in consequence of all these things, I say, it was by no means singular that my Cousin Jack felt himself devoured by discontent; for he was not in the least in love.

He had long been going about expecting that sudden sense of rapture which, according to the testimony of experts, is the proper form of the proper and legitimate love. But as nothing of the kind had yet occurred, and as, moreover, he had entered the university more than a year ago, he had come to the following conclusion: Love is a lottery, and if one wishes to win, one must at all events play; one must offer a chance to fortune, as the advertisements say. He accordingly kept his eyes open and watched his heart caefully. Like an angler who sits with the line twined about his forefinger waiting for the least bite, Cousin Jack held his breath whenever he caught sight of a young lady. Was he not this time to experience that peculiar shock which, as every one knows, is the first symptom of the proper and legitimate love—that shock which suddenly causes all the blood to rush to the heart in order, quite as suddenly, to send it flying to the head and flush the face to the very roots of the hair? But somehow Cousin Jack felt no shock; his hair, to be sure, was red to its very roots—for Cousin Jack's hair could not, even by courtesy, be called auburn. His face, moreover, remained as pale and as long as ever.

The poor angler was weary of waiting—until one day he happened to be sauntering along the promenade on the fortress of Akershus.* He sat down on a bench, and

observed with a contemptuous mien some soldiers who were engaged in gymnastic exercises, standing on one leg in the hot sun and twisting their bodies in order to be equally broiled on both sides. "Nonsense!" said Cousin Jack, and spat before him; "by Jove, it's too expensive an amusement for our little country to be supporting that kind of acrobats. Didn't I read the other day that our so-called army requires annually 1500 boxes of shoe-wax, 600 of cartridges, 3000 yards of gold braids, and 8640 gilt buttons? It were better if we expended less on gold braids and gilt buttons, and applied our pennies to the education of the people."

Thus spake Cousin Jack; for he was infected with "modern ideas," which, alas! have also begun to make inroads among us Norsemen, and undoubtedly will end with overthrowing our entire social structure.

"Good-bye, then,—*au revoir*," said a female voice close behind him.

"Good-bye, my child," answered a deep male voice.

Cousin Jack turned about slowly, for it was a warm day. He discovered an old military gentleman, in a black coat which was buttoned up to his chin, and with the ribbon of the Order of the Sword in his button-hole; he wore a well-brushed hat, light trowsers, and a neck-tie which encircled his neck an incredible number of times. He was just nodding to a young lady who was about to return to the city; whereupon he continued his walk along the boulevard.

To be sure, Cousin Jack was tired; and yet his eyes followed the young girl as she hastened away. She was small and dainty, and he observed with interest that she was one of the few who do not twist the left foot a little in lifting it from the ground. This was a great virtue in the young man's eyes; for Cousin Jack was one of those sensitive and closely observing natures who alone are capable of estimating the true worth of a woman.

After having advanced a few steps, the lady turned around; she probably wished to nod once more to the old military gentleman, but, quite accidentally, her glance lighted on Cousin Jack. Then, at last, the thing happened for which he had been waiting so long. He felt a thrill; his blood rushed away, just as it ought to; he caught

* A fashionable promenade in Christiania, Norway.

his breath, felt hot in his head, cold along the spine, moist between the fingers,—in brief, all the symptoms made their appearance which, according to the testimony of poets and of experienced prose-writers, indicate the true, the genuine, and the legitimate love. There was no time to be lost. He hastily picked up his gloves, his cane, and his student's cap, which he had deposited upon the bench, and started in pursuit of the lady, across the boulevard toward the city. As for her, she soon became aware what a devastation she had occasioned by that glance (which had really been intended for the old gentleman), and was conscious of a certain agitation which was, on the whole, not disagreeable.

While the two were thus hastening on at a proper distance, now on the same sidewalk, now on opposite sides of the street, Cousin Jack had found time to collect his senses. With regard to his love he had not the slightest doubt. The symptoms were there. He knew that he was caught—caught in the true, the genuine, and the legitimate love, and he was very happy at the thought. Yea, so happy was Cousin Jack that, although he was usually not a pleasant fellow to come in collision with, he accepted with a quiet, obliging smile all the knocks, and thrusts, and muttered curses, and other inconveniences which are apt to befall a man who, with his eyes fixed on a point straight before him, rushes along through a populous street.

No—the love was there; there could be no doubt of that. In the meanwhile, he attempted to picture to himself the earthly circumstances of her, the beloved, the heavenly one. And that was no hard task. She had just been promenading with her old father, had suddenly discovered that it was twelve o'clock, and had said, hastily: "Good-bye—*au revoir!*" in order to hurry home and prepare the dinner, for she was surely domestic,—the sweet creature,—and had probably lost her mother. This last conjecture, however, may have been the result of that dread which, in accordance with many standard authors, one should entertain for mothers-in-law; but, for all that, the conjecture was not improbable. And now, all that was left for Cousin Jack to discover was, first, where she lived; secondly, what her name was; and, thirdly, how he should manage to make her acquaintance. Where she lived he was soon to know, as she was at present on her way home; what her name was he could easily ascertain by ask-

ing some one in the neighborhood; and how to make her acquaintance—well, to be sure, a few obstacles to be overcome belong to the prescription for the true and genuine love.

But, just as the chase was at its hottest, the game suddenly disappeared through an open gate; and really it was high time, as the hunter, to tell the truth, was well-nigh exhausted. He read, with a sense of relief, the number "34" over the gate, then walked a few steps farther, in order to deceive a possible observer, stopped at a gas-post and drew breath. It was, as I have said, a warm day, and this, in connection with Cousin Jack's violent passion, had made him perspire profusely. His toilet, moreover, had become disarranged by the heedless zeal with which he had surrendered himself to the pursuit. He had to smile at himself as he stood and wiped his face and his neck, and adjusted his neck-tie and his collar, which had become limp on the sunny side. But his smile was a blissful one. He was in that mood in which one sees and perceives nothing of the external world, and he said, half aloud, to himself:

"Love endures all, tolerates all ——"

"And perspires profusely," continued a stout little gentleman, whose white waistcoat suddenly invaded Cousin Jack's sphere of vision.

"Oh, is it you, uncle?" he said, feeling rather sheepish.

"Certainly," answered Uncle Fred. "I have left the shady side on purpose to save you from being broiled. Come along with me."

And he dragged his nephew along with him; but the latter resisted.

"Do you know who lives in No. 34, uncle?" he inquired, a little anxiously.

"No, be hanged if I do; but let us retire into the shade," said Uncle Fred, for there were two things which he could not endure—heat and laughter; the former on account of his corpulence, and the latter on account of what he styled "his apoplectic proclivities."

"Let me see, though," he went on, when they had reached the cooler side of the street, "I do know perfectly well who lives in No. 34; that is, if I can have a moment to think. Ah! it is old Captain Schirappe."

"Do you know him?" inquired Cousin Jack, in visible suspense.

"Yes, a little; that is, as much as half the city knows him from the fortress where he takes his daily promenade."

"It is just there I have seen him," said the nephew, eagerly. "What an interesting old gentleman he is to look at! I should like to have a talk with him."

"That wish is easily gratified," replied Uncle Fred. "You have only to station yourself somewhere on the boulevard and make lines in the gravel with your cane; he won't fail to make his appearance."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Cousin Jack.

"Yes, and he will be sure to speak to you. But you must be on your guard—he is dangerous."

"Dangerous?" said Cousin Jack.

"He once came very near making an end of me."

"What?" cried Cousin Jack.

"Yes; that is, talking me to death."

"Oh-h!" said Cousin Jack.

"He has two anecdotes," continued Uncle Fred. "One lasts a good half-hour, and deals with a military maneuver in Skaane; but the other—the battle of Waterloo—lasts sometimes from an hour and a half to two hours. I have heard that three times," and his uncle heaved a heavy sigh.

"And are they then so very wearisome, these anecdotes?" asked Cousin Jack.

"Well, for once, they are not so bad," answered his uncle, "and if you should happen to meet the captain, then mark well what I say. If you escape with the short anecdote, the one about Skaane, then you have nothing to do but alternately to nod and to shake your head. The field of operations you will easily comprehend."

"The field of operations?" said Cousin Jack.

"Yes, for he always traces the whole maneuver in the gravel; but it is easy to comprehend, if you only take note of A and B. Only on one point you must take care not to become confused—"

"Does he lose his patience if one does not understand?" asked Cousin Jack.

"No, on the contrary; but if you betray any lack of interest, he begins all over again from the beginning—don't you see? The important point in the maneuver is the movement which the captain himself undertook, contrary to the orders of his general, and which embarrassed equally both his friends and his enemies. This stroke of genius was, *entre nous*, the reason why he received his Order of the Sword and—and—was forced to hand in his resignation. Accordingly, when you get to this point, you must nod vehemently and say, 'Of course—the only proper thing—the key to the strategi-

cal position.' Keep that in mind—the key."

"Yes, the key," repeated Cousin Jack.

"But if you should"—and his uncle gazed at him with prophetic compassion—"if you should, in your youthful delight in adventures, invite the recital of the long one,—the one about Waterloo,—then you must either keep perfectly silent or you must pay strict attention. I was once compelled to endure the description one and a half times, simply because, in my zeal to demonstrate that I comprehended the situation, I happened to move Kellermann's dragoons instead of Milhaud's cuirassiers."

"Did you move the dragoons, uncle?" asked Cousin Jack.

"Yes; that you will readily understand if the long one is inflicted upon you; but," added his uncle, in a solemn tone, "beware—beware, I tell you—beware of—Blücher!"

"Blücher?" queried Cousin Jack.

"Yes, to be sure; but I'll say no more. And why do I stand here and talk to you about that old character? What in the world have you got to do with him?"

"Does he walk every morning?" asked Jack.

"Every morning from eleven to one, and every afternoon from five to seven. But what interest—"

"Has he many children?" interrupted Jack.

"Only one daughter; but what the deuce—"

"Good-bye, uncle. I must hurry home to my books."

"Stop a moment. Will you not go with me to your Aunt Maren's to-night? I was requested to invite you."

"No, thank you. I shall not have the time," cried Jack, who was already some distance away.

"It is a ladies' party—young ladies," roared Uncle Fred; for he could not comprehend what was the matter with his nephew.

The latter, however, shook his head with a peculiarly energetic contempt, and vanished around the corner.

"Why, the deuce!" thought Uncle Fred; "the boy is mad or—ah, now I have got it—in love. Wasn't he uttering some dark words about love, when I surprised him, just in front of No. 34? And then his interest in old Schrappe. Could it be possible that he is in love with Miss Betty? No, indeed; he hasn't sense enough for that," thought Uncle Fred, as he plodded along, shaking his head meditatively.

II.

COUSIN JACK did not eat much for dinner. People in love never eat much; and, moreover, he did not like sausages.

At last the clock struck five. He had already stationed himself on the boulevard at a point where he could overlook the whole fortress. Uncle Fred was correct—there came the black coat, the light trowsers, and the well-brushed hat. Cousin Jack became aware that his heart was beating violently. At first he imagined that he was ashamed of this deliberate deception of the honest captain, but presently he discovered that it was the sight of the father of his beloved which caused the palpitation of his heart. Somewhat pacified, he began, in accordance with Uncle Fred's instructions, to trace lines and angles in the gravel, while from time to time he attentively regarded the fortifications of Akershus. The whole fortress was quiet and desolate. Cousin Jack could hear the firm footsteps of the captain approaching, until they ceased close by his side. Jack did not look up. The captain advanced a couple of steps farther, and coughed interrogatively. Jack made a long, meditative line with his cane; then the old gentleman could no longer restrain himself.

"Well, well, young sir," he said, in a friendly voice, while he touched his hat, "are you making a chart of our fortifications?"

Cousin Jack looked up like one who has been roused from deep reflections, and with a polite salute and a confused air he answered,—

"No; it is only a habit of mine to try to get a clear idea of the locality, wherever I may happen to walk."

"An excellent habit—a very excellent habit," ejaculated the captain, with emphasis.

"It strengthens the memory," remarked Jack, modestly.

"To be sure, to be sure, Mr. —— Student," rejoined the captain, who began to be mightily pleased with the diffident young fellow.

"Especially in complicated situations," continued the diffident young fellow, while with his foot he rubbed out his lines.

"Just what I was about to remark," cried the captain, ecstatically. "And especially, as you may imagine, drawings and charts are of importance in the military science; as, for instance, on a field of battle."

"That is a thing about which I know

nothing whatever," interrupted Jack, with a humble smile.

"Don't say that, young gentleman," answered the benevolent old man. "When one has a general view of the territory and the relative positions of the armies, then even a complicated battle may easily be comprehended. Now, look at this place where we are standing; it might very well explain, in miniature, let us say—the battle of Waterloo."

"I have blundered into the long one," thought Cousin Jack; "but never mind—I love her."

"Please take a seat on the bench here," continued the captain, who was delighted at having found such an intelligent listener; "then I will briefly describe to you that fateful and remarkable battle—that is, if you are interested?"

"A thousand thanks, Mr. —— Captain," replied Cousin Jack; "nothing could interest me more. But I fear that you will have considerable trouble in making such an affair intelligible to an ignorant civilian like me."

"Not at all. The thing is perfectly easy and simple, if one only has an idea of the territory," asserted the amiable old gentleman, as he seated himself next to Cousin Jack and sent a scrutinizing glance about him.

While they were thus sitting, Cousin Jack regarded the captain more closely, and he had to admit that he was yet, in spite of his sixty years, a handsome man. His short mustaches, which were sprinkled with gray, had a certain upward aspiration at the ends which gave him a peculiarly youthful air. On the whole, he bore considerable resemblance to King Oscar, on the old half-crowns. And as he rose and began his demonstration, Cousin Jack reflected that he had every reason to be proud of his prospective father-in-law. The captain took his position a few steps from the bench, at a corner of the boulevard, and pointed right and left with his cane. Cousin Jack listened with attention, and strove with all his might to please his prospective father-in-law.

"Now, you must imagine that I am standing at the farm-house Belle-Alliance, where the Emperor has his head-quarters, and toward the north—fourteen miles from Waterloo—we have Brussels, accordingly about at the corner of the gymnasium. The road there, along the walk, is the *chaussée* which leads to Brussels, and here" (the cap-

tain hurried across the plains of Waterloo—"here in the grass we have the forest of Soigne. On the road to Brussels, in front of the woods, the English are stationed. You must imagine that the northern part of the territory is a little elevated. On Wellington's left wing—accordingly to the east, here in the grass we have Castle Hougmont; that must be marked," said the captain, looking about for something.

The accommodating Cousin Jack jumped up, picked up a stick, and forced it into the sod at this important point.

"Excellent," cried the captain, who now perceived that he had found a listener who was not only interested but possessed imagination. "It is from this point we are to expect the Prussians."

Cousin Jack observed that the captain here picked up a stone and placed it in the grass with a mysterious air.

"Here at Hougmont," he went on, "the battle began. It was Jerome who made the attack. He took the forest; but the castle was defended by Wellington's best troops. In the meanwhile Napoleon, who was still at Belle-Alliance, was about to issue orders to Marshal Ney to commence the grand attack on Wellington's center, when he discovered troops approaching from the east—from behind the bench here—from this tree."

Cousin Jack looked behind him with some uneasiness; was it possible that Blücher was on the march already?

"Blü—Blü—" he murmured, tentatively.

"It was Bülow," the captain fortunately fell in, "who was approaching with 30,000 Prussians. Napoleon hastily made his preparations to meet this new enemy, having no doubt but that Grouchy, at all events, followed close on the heels of the Prussians. For the Emperor had on the previous day dispatched Marshal Grouchy, with the whole right wing of the army, about 50,000 men, to meet Blücher and Bülow; but Grouchy—but all that you know from your history," interrupted the captain.

Cousin Jack gave an affirmative nod.

"Ney commenced the attack with his usual intrepidity. But the English cavalry fell upon the French, broke their ranks, and forced them back, with a loss of two eagles and several cannon. Milhaud hastened to the rescue, and the Emperor himself, who saw the danger, plunged the spurs into his horse and rushed down the slope from Belle-Alliance."

The captain hurried away, with a little sidelong jump like a cantering horse, describing all the while how the Emperor was galloping along through thick and thin, how he forced Ney's troops back into line, and dispatched them for a fresh attack. It may have been because Cousin Jack had a poetic vein, or it may have been because the captain's description was so vivid, or it may (and this I am perfectly sure of) have been because he loved the captain's daughter,—one thing, at all events, is certain: Cousin Jack was completely carried away. He saw no more a funny old man who jumped sideways; he caught a gleam through the smoke of battle of the Emperor himself, with his black eyes, sitting upon a snow-white steed, just as we see him in the pictures. He galloped away over ditches and fences, through fields and gardens, followed by his suite. Calm and cold he was, and firmly he sat in the saddle, with the half-unbuttoned gray coat, the white breeches, and the little cocked hat. His features expressed neither weariness nor agitation; smooth and pale as marble, they imparted to his whole form, clad in the plain uniform, and seated upon the white steed, an air of something exalted, and almost unearthly. Thus he rushed away, this bloody little monster, who in three days fought three battles. Everything gave way before him,—fleeing peasants, troops retreating or advancing,—nay, even the half-dead and the wounded crawled or pushed themselves aside and gazed at him with a mingling of terror and admiration, as he broke across their vision like a cold flash of lightning. He hardly needed to show himself to the soldiers, and chaos of its own accord reduced itself to order; and a moment later the indomitable Ney swung himself into the saddle and renewed the attack. And this time he forced the English back, and took possession of the farm La Haie-Sainte.

Again Napoleon halted at Belle-Alliance.

"Now, then, Bülow is coming from the east—here from under the bench; the Emperor sends Mouton to meet him. At half-past five o'clock (the battle had commenced at one), Wellington tries to drive Ney from La Haie-Sainte. But the latter was convinced that everything depended upon his taking possession of the territory in front of the forest—here in the gravel, at the grass border." (The captain flung down his glove to indicate this spot.) "Ney accordingly summons a brigade of cuirassiers from

Milhaud's reserves, and rushes against the enemy. Soon his troops were seen on the heights, and the cry 'Victoire !' was heard about the Emperor."

"It is an hour too late," answered Napoleon.

"As he saw, however, that the marshal suffered severely from the fire of the enemy in his new position, he resolved to come to his rescue, and at the same time with one blow to crush Wellington. He chose for this purpose Kellermann's renowned dragoons, and the heavy cavalry of the Guard. And now comes the turning point of the battle. You must take your position on the field."

Cousin Jack promptly arose and took his station according to the captain's directions.

"Now you are Wellington" (Cousin Jack straightened himself up). "You are standing on the plain with the greater part of the English infantry. Here the whole French cavalry come whizzing along. Milhaud has joined Kellermann—one mass of horses, armors, plumed helmets, and glinting arms, as far as the eye can reach. Surround yourself with a *carrière*."

Cousin Jack stood for a moment irresolute, then, with a sudden flash of intelligence, he hastily made a square of four deep lines about him in the gravel.

"Admirable!" cried the captain, with beaming countenance. "Now the French make a desperate attack; the ranks are broken, but again joined. The cavalry are scattered, but gather again. Wellington is forced every minute to surround himself with a fresh *carrière*. The French troopers fight like lions; the proud memories of the Emperor's campaigns inspire them with that indomitable courage which made his armies invincible. They fight for victory, for glory, for the French eagles, and for the cold little man who they know is watching every man of them from the hill behind them, who sees everything and never forgets.

"But to-day they are opposed by an enemy who is not easily conquered. They stand firm in the ranks, these Englishmen, and if they are forced a step backward, they reconquer the lost ground in the next moment. They have no eagles and no Emperor; while they fight they think neither of glory nor of vengeance—they think only of their homes."

Twenty times the *carrières* are broken and formed again, and 12,000 brave Englishmen bite the dust. Cousin Jack could comprehend now why Wellington wept when he said, "The night or Blücher!"

The captain, in the meanwhile, had left Belle-Alliance, and was hunting about in the grass behind the bench while he continued his narrative, which every moment grew more animated.

"Wellington was now really beaten; and his defeat would have been complete—but then—then," cried the captain, in a mysterious voice, "then he arrived."

And suddenly he gave such a kick to the stone which Cousin Jack had seen him hide that it rolled away over the battle-field.

"Now or never," thought Cousin Jack. "Blücher!" he cried.

"Just so!" answered the captain. "That is Blücher, the old were-wolf, who comes marching across the plain with his Prussians.

"Grouchy, then, did not arrive. Napoleon was deprived of his whole right wing, and had 150,000 men to cope with. With his never-failing presence of mind, he gave orders for a grand change of front. But it was too late and the opposing forces were too numerous. Wellington, who, at Blücher's arrival, got an opportunity to use his reserves, made his whole army advance. Yet once more the allies were arrested in their progress by a furious attack, led by Ney—the hero of the day. He plunged into the thick of battle, issued commands right and left until he could do nothing more as a general; then, as a soldier, he used his sword until all was lost, and he was hurried away in the universal confusion. For the French army fled. The Emperor rushed into the midst of the tumult; but the terrible din drowned his voice, and in the twilight there was no one who knew the little man on the white steed. Then he stationed himself within a *carrière* of his Old Guard, who still stood at bay in the plain. But the generals flocked about him, and the veteran grenadiers cried: 'Seek safety, sire! Death will not have you!'"

They did not know that it was because the Emperor had forfeited his right to die as a French soldier. Half reluctantly he was led away, and, unknown in his own army, he rode into the dark night, having lost all.

"Thus ended the battle of Waterloo," said the captain, seating himself on the bench and straightening his neck-tie. Cousin Jack thought with indignation of Uncle Fred, who had spoken in such a supercilious tone of Captain Schrappe. He was certainly a very much superior person to such an old government clerk as Uncle Fred. As he was walking about, picking up gloves

and other small objects which, in the heat of the battle, he had scattered around the field, in order to mark the different positions, his eyes fell upon old Blücher. He took him up and regarded him attentively. It was a piece of hard granite, with rough points and angles like rock-candy. It bore a certain resemblance to "Field-marshal Vorwärts." Jack turned to the captain with a polite bow.

"Allow me, Captain, to keep this stone. It will serve to recall to my memory this interesting and instructive entertainment, for which I thank you most heartily."

So saying, he put Blücher into the back pocket of his coat.

The captain assured him that it had been a great pleasure to him to observe the interest with which his young friend had followed his discourse. And it is no exaggeration to say that he was positively charmed with Cousin Jack.

"But sit down, young man," he said, smiling. "We have need of rest after ten hours' fighting."

Jack sat down on the bench, and felt his collar. At noon he had put on the most seductive one he possessed. Happily it was yet erect; but he realized the truth of Wellington's words—"The night or Blücher!" —for it would not sustain itself much longer. It was also fortunate that the warm afternoon sun kept promenaders away from the boulevard. Otherwise a considerable public would have gathered about these two gentlemen, who were fighting with armies and who jumped about sideways. They had had, however, but one spectator, viz., the sentry, who stood at the corner of the gymnasium, and who, from curiosity, had walked an unwarrantable distance from his post, marching nearly a mile and a half down the *chaussée* from Brussels to Waterloo. The captain would have given him a military reprimand if he had not been of great strategic importance, for he represented, where he stood, the whole of Wellington's reserves. And now, when the battle was at an end, he retired in good order toward Brussels, and resumed his post at the corner of the gymnasium.

III.

"WONT you walk home with me and take a frugal supper?" said the captain. "My house, to be sure, is a very quiet one, but I suppose a young man of your charac-

ter will have no objection to spending an evening in a quiet family."

Cousin Jack's heart gave a joyous leap; he accepted the invitation in his peculiarly modest manner, and soon they were on the way to No. 34. The nearer they approached that blessed spot, the more vividly did the enchanting picture of Miss Schrappe rise up before his fancy—the blonde frizzed hair down over her forehead, the dainty waist, and the roguish, light-blue eyes. His heart beat so that he could scarcely speak, and as they were going upstairs he had to seize hold of the banister for support: his happiness made him almost dizzy.

In the parlor, which was a large corner room, they found no one. The captain went out to call his daughter, and Jack heard him cry:

"Betty!"

"Betty! What a charming name, and how admirably it fitted the charming creature! The happy lover imagined already how delightful it would be, when he returned from his work at noon, to be able to call out into the kitchen: 'Betty, is dinner ready?'

Just at that moment the captain entered with Miss Betty. She went straight up to Cousin Jack, shook his hand, and bade him welcome.

"But," she added, "you must really excuse my running away from you immediately; for to tell the truth I was just scrambling some eggs, and that is no joke, you may believe."

Thus speaking she vanished; the captain also retired in order to arrange his toilet, and Cousin Jack was once more left alone. The whole interview had only lasted a couple of seconds, and yet it seemed to Jack as if these moments had plunged him, from ledge to ledge, fathoms and fathoms down into a deep, dark hole. He had seized hold, with both his hands, of an old high-backed easy-chair; he neither heard, nor saw, nor thought; but half mechanically he kept repeating to himself:

"It was not she—it was not she!"

No, it was not she. The lady he had just seen, and who was evidently the real Miss Schrappe, did not at all have blonde frizzed hair down over her forehead. She had, on the contrary, dark hair, which was smoothed down on both sides. Her eyes were neither light blue nor roguish, but grave and of a dark gray color,—in fact, she was as unlike the beloved one as possible.

When the first paralyzing effect of his discovery had worn off, Cousin Jack's blood began to boil; a savage pain took possession of him; he was furious at the captain, at Miss Schrappe, at Uncle Fred, at Wellington, at the whole world. It would have been a satisfaction to him to smash the great mirror in the room, and all the furniture, and then to jump out of the corner window; or to take his cap and cane, rush down-stairs, leave the house, and never more set his foot in it again. He would, at all events, not stay any longer than politeness demanded.

His mood gradually became more composed, but a deep melancholy overcame him. He felt that ineffable woe—to be disappointed in his first love, and, as he looked at his own reflection in the glass, he shook his head compassionately. The captain re-entered, smooth and glossy, and began a conversation on the politics of the day. Cousin Jack had great difficulty in giving even brief, commonplace answers. It was as if all the interesting peculiarities of Captain Schrappe had suddenly evaporated. And now Jack remembered that, on the way home, he had promised him the whole maneuver of Skaane after supper.

"Supper is ready, gentlemen," said Miss Betty, opening the doors to the dining-room, which was lighted. Cousin Jack could not very well avoid eating, as he was hungry; but he sat gazing at his plate, and hardly spoke a word. The conversation, accordingly, was at first chiefly between father and daughter. The captain, who supposed that the diffident young fellow felt himself embarrassed in the presence of Miss Betty, wished to give him time to compose himself.

"It was a pity you did not invite Miss Beck for to-night," said the old gentleman, "especially as she is to start for the coast to-morrow. You might have played duets for our guest."

"I begged her to remain when she was here this morning, but she was invited to a farewell party, given by some of her acquaintances."

Cousin Jack pricked up his ears. Perhaps they were talking about the lady whom he had seen enter during the forenoon.

"I believe I told you that she came down to the fortress to bid me good-bye," continued the captain. "Poor girl! I really pity her."

There could no longer be any doubt.

"I beg your pardon," said Cousin Jack. "Do you refer to a young lady with curly hair and large blue eyes?"

"Exactly," answered the captain. "Do you know Miss Beck?"

"No," replied Jack. "It just occurred to me that she might be the lady whom I met on the fortress, about twelve o'clock."

"That must have been she," said the captain. "A very pretty girl, don't you think?"

"She was a very beautiful lady," asserted Jack, with an air of conviction. "Has she had any great sorrow? I thought, Mr.—Captain ——"

"Well, you see, she was engaged for a few months ——"

"Nine weeks," interrupted Miss Betty.

"Ah, indeed, was it as short as that? Very well. Then her betrothed has recently broken with her. Therefore, as you may imagine, she prefers to go away for a time, to relations in the western provinces, I believe."

Aha! Then she had been engaged, but, to be sure, only for nine weeks; nevertheless, it was somewhat objectionable. Still,—Jack was a connoisseur on this subject, and from what he had observed this morning, he felt confident that her feelings for her betrothed had not been real love. Accordingly, he felt prompted to say:

"If it is the lady I saw to-day, then she seems to take the thing very lightly."

"That is just what I reproach her for," said Miss Betty.

"Why so?" asked Jack, rather pointedly (for he did not like the way in which the young lady made her remarks). "Would it perhaps be better if she broke her heart?"

"Not at all," rejoined Miss Schrappe. "But, according to my opinion, it would have been evidence of greater strength of character if she had felt a stronger indignation against her betrothed."

"On the contrary, it appears to me that it argues a much nobler kind of power if she feels no resentment or anger. For the power of woman lies in forgiving," said Jack, becoming eloquent in the defense of his beloved.

Miss Betty was of opinion that if society would show more indignation at the numerous broken engagements, young people would perhaps be a little more cautious in entering into them. Cousin Jack, on the other hand, was of opinion that if an engaged man had the least suspicion that he had made a mistake, and that that which

he had believed to be love had not been the true, the genuine, and the legitimate love,—then he ought not only to make haste in breaking the bonds, but it was also the plain duty of the other party, and of all her friends and relatives, to excuse the affair, to forgive it, and to say as little as possible about it, so that it might be forgotten, the sooner the better. Miss Betty replied that she did not think it proper for young people to take each other "on probation" while they were still on the watch for the real and genuine love, which remark incensed Cousin Jack exceedingly. But he did not get an opportunity to answer, as the captain at that moment rose from the table. There was something about Miss Schrappe which he could not endure, and this impression occupied him so exclusively that, for a while, he almost forgot the mournful intelligence that his beloved, Miss Beck, was to depart on the morrow.

In fact, Cousin Jack was in a miserable state of mind. It was only eight o'clock, and before half-past nine he could hardly take his leave. The captain had already sat down at the table, with a view to beginning his maneuvers. There was no escape; Jack had to take his place at his side. Right opposite to him sat Miss Betty with her sewing, and a book before her. Jack stretched his neck, and discovered that it was a novel by some modern German writer. It was just the sort of book which Jack was wont to praise loudly whenever he colored his modern ideas with a little tinge of radicalism. But to find this book here, in the hands of a lady, and moreover in German (Jack had read it in translation), was a great shock to him. Accordingly, when Miss Betty asked him if he liked the novel, he answered that it was one of those books which ought only to be read by men of mature convictions and solid principles, and which had properly no place in a lady's library. He remarked that the young lady flushed, and he was himself aware that he had been rude. But he was in a most miserable state of mind, and moreover there was something positively irritating about this superior little lady. He was provoked and bored, and, to crown the cup of his woes, the captain ordered Company B to advance, "protected by the darkness."

Cousin Jack now observed dimly how the captain made match-safes, penknives, and other knickknacks advance across the table. He nodded now and then, but he did not listen at all. He was thinking of

the charming Miss Beck, and occasionally casting a furtive glance at Miss Schrappe, to whom he had been rude. Suddenly the captain slapped him on the shoulder. Jack jumped up.

"And this point, then, we were to cover," cried the old gentleman, "or, what do you think?"

Then Jack suddenly remembered Uncle Fred's advice, and, with some vehement nods, he responded:

"Of course—the only proper thing to do—the *key to the strategical position!*"

The captain rushed backward and suddenly became very grave; but seeing Cousin Jack's dumfounded expression, his good-nature again prevailed, and he said, with a laugh:

"No, my honored sir, there you make a great mistake. However," he added, with a pleasant little smile, "it is a mistaken opinion which you share with our highest military authorities. If you please, I will show you the key to the strategical position."

And then he began a circumstantial explanation, tending to prove that the position which he had been ordered to cover was of no strategical importance whatever; while the maneuver which he had undertaken on his own responsibility confounded the enemy completely, and would have delayed for several hours the advance of Company B.

In spite of his weariness and ennui, Cousin Jack had to admire the wise behavior of the authorities toward the captain—that is, if there was any truth in Uncle Fred's statement about the Order of the Sword. For if the independent maneuver, as was very possible, was a stroke of genius, then it was, of course, perfectly proper to reward him with the Order of the Sword. Nevertheless, it was also evident that he was entirely useless in an army like ours if he imagined that the purpose of a field maneuver was to delay or embarrass anybody. He certainly ought to have known that the object was to have both the hostile armies, with baggage and provision wagons, meet at a place, previously agreed upon, where a grand breakfast was to be served. While Cousin Jack was absorbed in these reflections, the captain finished his maneuver. He was by no means so well satisfied with his listener as he had been at the fortress; he somehow had a very distracted air.

It was now nine o'clock; but as Cousin Jack had got it into his head that he must school his patience until half-past, he fought his way through one of the longest half-

hours he had ever experienced. The captain looked sleepy, and Miss Betty gave brief and cold answers; Jack himself had to sustain the conversation—tired, provoked, unhappy, and in love, as he was.

At last the hand of the clock pointed to half-past nine; he arose, remarking that it was his custom to go to bed early, as he always could study to best advantage at six in the morning.

“Well, well,” exclaimed the captain, “do you call this early? I always go to bed at nine.”

Thunderstruck at this, Jack hastily said “good-night,” and hurried down-stairs; the captain accompanied him with a candle, and called after him, in a friendly voice, “Good-night, and welcome back!”

“Thank you,” cried Jack, from below; but in his heart he vowed that he would never cross the captain’s threshold again. As the old gentleman re-entered the parlor, he found his daughter occupied in opening all the windows.

“Well, what does that mean?” he asked.

“I am airing the room after him,” responded Miss Betty.

“Indeed, Betty, you are too severe. However, I must confess the young gentleman did not bear well a closer acquaintance. I don’t comprehend our young people nowadays.”

As with hurried step Jack marched down the street, his thoughts wandered away to the beloved one who was to depart on the morrow. The whole tragedy of his fate rose before him, and he felt a deep impulse to pour his woe into the bosom of a friend who might be able to understand him. But to find such a friend in the proper mood at this time of night was no easy thing. Uncle Fred had been his confidant in many things: he would go and seek him.

Knowing that Uncle Fred was at Aunt Maren’s, he accordingly steered his course up toward the Royal Palace, intending to meet him as he came from Homanstown. He chose one of the narrow avenues which he knew Uncle Fred always preferred, and half-way up the hill he sat down on a bench and made up his mind to wait. They must be having an unusually merry time at Aunt Maren’s, since Uncle Fred could

be staying there until after ten o’clock. At last he caught sight of a corpulent little figure, which was approaching from the upper end of the avenue, and recognized his uncle’s white waistcoat. Jack arose and said, gravely:

“Good-evening.”

Uncle Fred could never endure meeting solitary men in dark avenues; it was therefore a great relief to him when he discovered that it was his nephew.

“Oh, is it only you, little Jack?” he said, in a friendly tone. “What are you sitting and pondering about?”

“I was only waiting for you,” answered Jack, in a hollow voice.

“Ah, indeed, is anything the matter with you? Are you ill?”

“Do not ask me,” implored Jack.

Such a request would at any other time have sufficed to call forth a perfect shower of questions from Uncle Fred; but to-night he was so completely occupied with his own affairs that for the time, at least, he could summon no interest for those of his nephew.

“You were very stupid,” he said, “not to go with me to Aunt Maren’s. We had a very merry time of it,—something just in your line. The company, you know, was given for a young lady who is to leave town to-morrow.”

A horrible foreboding flashed through Cousin Jack’s brain.

“What was her name?” he cried, and pinched Uncle Fred’s arm.

“Ouch!” cried the latter—“Miss Beck.”

Then Cousin Jack flung himself backward on the bench; but hardly had he touched the seat, when he leaped up with a loud scream, plunged his hand into his back pocket, and hauled out a small angular thing, which he hurled with all his might down the avenue.

“What the deuce is the matter with the boy?” exclaimed Uncle Fred. “What was it you flung away?”

“Oh, it was that confounded Blücher!” answered Cousin Jack, with tears in his eyes.

Uncle Fred had just time to cry out, “Didn’t I tell you, *beware* of Blücher?” when suddenly he burst into a terrible laugh, which lasted from Palace Hill far down into Upper Wall street.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Setting and the Rising Sun.

AS THE administration of President Hayes draws toward a close, it is pleasant to review it, in the light of memory and history, as one of the purest and best the country has ever known. The President and his wife have shown themselves to be quiet and good people, who have tried to do their duty both in public and in social life. Whatever measure of influence they have exercised has always been given to morality and propriety. The atmosphere of the White House has not, since President Hayes has occupied it, been attractive to unprincipled political adventurers, to wine-bibbers, or to loafers of any sort. No vices have found a home there than needed ministry from self-seeking or office-seeking men, and no dirt has been deposited there in which scandal could find a foot-hold. We believe that when the President shall step down and out, at the expiration of his term of office,—a term limited beyond the possibility of extension by his own voluntary act,—he will carry with him into retirement the respect of the entire American people, having fairly earned the title of "Rutherford the Good." There are men who can sneer at goodness in public life, and who can look with contempt upon what are called the homely virtues of temperance, chastity, and neighborly kindness, but these virtues are not so far gone out of fashion that those in high life who exemplify them fail of wide and lasting honor.

The man who is to succeed President Hayes will come to his office with greater prestige than his predecessor, and will be followed to his chair with livelier expectations. Never within our memory has so brilliant a man as General Garfield been honored with the presidential office. A man of splendid gifts, of thorough education, of wide and long familiarity with public life, of intimate practical acquaintance with the public business, of first-class oratorical power, he is altogether an exceptional man. Of the long list of Presidents since John Quincy Adams, no man but Martin Van Buren could be compared with General Garfield in native gifts and public culture. As a scholar and an orator, he is much above what Lincoln was at his best, and much above Hayes. A genial man, a manly man, a courageous man, who is used to meeting and acting upon men who, through legislative experience of many years, has become familiar with all public business, and whose habit during all this period has been that of battling for the right, as he in judgment and conscience apprehended it,—a man equipped with talent of the best order, with wide learning held safely and serviceably in a marvelous memory, and with oratorical powers of great readiness and brilliancy, this is Garfield, the President-elect.

As a man of ideas, rather than as a party man, we expect him to act in his exalted office. The people will not be content with simply a quiet and respectable administration. We shall look to President

Garfield for progress. He is wise enough to conceive and plan it, and bold and influential enough to inaugurate and lead it. In his hands, and by his determined influence, the cause of civil-service reform ought to receive a great and decisive impetus. We feel sure that his instincts are on the side of pure politics, and he is not blind. He must see that the purification of politics will be impossible without a reform in the civil service. So long as office is the reward of party work, and the "spoils" doctrine prevails, just so long bad and incompetent men will lead in politics, and good men will, as a rule, let politics alone. The time is come when the shameful practice of assessing poorly paid Government clerks for party expenses at elections should be stopped. It is a hardship and a nuisance. This resort for political funds is as base as it can be. To stand before a Government employé with a party subscription paper, and the power to effect his removal, and to deprive him thereby of his bread and butter, is little different in principle from confronting him in the highway with a revolver, and demanding his money. We are ashamed to say that this has been done to assist in electing General Garfield himself, and is always done in all elections by the party in power. The present system is bad in every respect, and the abuses of it—the oppressions and extortions and temptations that go with it—make the bad almost infinitely worse. If General Garfield can lead us out of this quagmire of corruption and corrupting influences, he will do that which will bring him everlasting honor.

One of the influences which greatly favored his election was the extraordinary outcry raised in the middle of the canvass on the tariff question. Now General Garfield must know that the tendency of the times is, or should be, away from protection. His opponents were scared by the outcry into the abandonment of their own free-trade traditions, and the free-trade plank in their platform. America is no longer in leading-strings. She is not a baby in a go-cart. He must know that the party cry of bringing American labor to the basis of foreign prices by a free-trade policy is nonsense. If high-priced labor could buy the necessities of life in a low-priced country, then labor might be helped by protection; but high-priced labor, engaged in the manufacture of protected articles, under a policy of general protection gets no advantage, because every necessary of life is raised to match the price of labor. A man who earns two dollars a day, and pays two dollars for a yard of cloth, is no better off than he would be if he earned one dollar a day in a country where his yard of cloth would cost only a dollar. However, we don't propose to argue the question. We only wish to say that, while we do not expect or desire an immediate jump into a free-trade policy, we have a right to expect a radical revision of the present cumbrous tariff, in the direction of a tariff for revenue mainly. If, at this stage of her history,

with her marvelous natural resources, with her virtues of thrift and economy, her ingenuity and enterprise, her free religion and her free government, America is not able to hold her own in a free fight for the markets of the world, then let her go to the wall and acknowledge her inferiority.

General Garfield is a scholar, and should be so far sympathetic with scholarship and authorship as to be willing and desirous to engage heartily in the project for securing the rights of all authorship in this country. Before his term of office shall expire, we ought to have international copyright, established on the most liberal basis. He has but to be in earnest to accomplish this most desirable reform, and to acquire for himself the gratitude and honor of every author in America and Great Britain. We have stolen from English authors long enough, and English publishers are now stealing from ours in almost equal measure. It is all wrong, in all particulars, and should be righted during the next four years; and it will be righted if General Garfield will take hold of the work with the determination that it shall be done.

We might go on, if it were entirely modest, and tell General Garfield what ought to be done in other ways, but we have said enough to show that we expect a good deal of him, and that he cannot sit down to a quiet administration and satisfy his friends, or fulfill the promise of his own vigorous and fertile personality. If, after attending to the matters we have suggested, he has any time to devote to securing to every voter throughout the United States the privilege of voting freely and having his vote honestly counted—if he can do anything toward making it safe for every man, everywhere, to write or speak his political sentiments, we shall be very grateful, and the country will be very much improved.

The Mayoralty and the Schools.

THOUGH great multitudes of the children of Catholic parents attend the public schools,—very much to their benefit and the safety and the prosperity of the community,—it is very well understood that the Catholic priesthood, and all the leading influences of the Catholic church, are unfriendly to these schools. It is also understood that they would gladly do away with them altogether. When, therefore, the Protestant community—largely in the majority in this city, and likely to remain so—heard of the nomination by the dominant party of a Roman Catholic candidate for mayor, and remembered at the same time that the city government was mainly Catholic, and that we had a Catholic controller, who was also a sort of dictator in his party,—its most influential man,—their first thought was that this great combination of Catholic power and influence was a menace to the public-school system. So strong was this impression that Mr. Grace, the nominee of Mr. Kelly and his party, came very near being defeated by Protestant Democratic votes, and only comes into office by a meager majority. If there had been any time or chance for effective organization against him, he would have been hopelessly beaten, right here in this Democratic stronghold, as, under the circumstances, he undoubtedly ought to have been.

We should certainly deprecate a religious division in our city politics, and it is all very well for Mr. John Kelly to stand innocently before his henchmen and prate of the sin of objecting to a nominee on account of his religion. It is in order to ask Mr. Kelly why Protestants are discriminated against, in the selection of candidates for office, to such an extent that in a Protestant city the government is in the hands of Catholics. If anybody is responsible for a religious division in city politics, it can hardly be the Protestants, who have stepped aside to make such an anomalous condition of things possible. No, Mr. Kelly, nobody has objected to Mr. Grace on account of his religion. If the Protestant public were in the habit of proscribing men on account of their religion, the Catholic preponderance in the Board of Aldermen would not exist, and you would not be controller. The Protestant public is only alarmed on account of the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the public schools. They believe that Church to be unfriendly to the public schools, to an extreme degree. They naturally believe that Catholic office-holders are under the influence of their church, and share its ideas and opinions; and it is on this account alone that they were alarmed by the nomination of Mr. Grace, and on this account alone that such Democrats as Mayor Wickham and thirty or forty thousand others repudiated their party nomination, and voted for a political opponent.

If there is any Protestant now, however, who anticipates mischief from Mr. Grace's election, we are free to say that we do not share in his fears. Mr. Grace is bound, in the amount of the Protestant majority in his own party, to keep the peace toward the public schools. He has come very near defeat,—he and Mr. Kelly,—and has learned that he cannot take one step inimical to the public-school system of the city without the certain ousting of himself and his party from power in city politics. If the Catholic Church wishes for any future influence in municipal affairs, she will put her hand on Mr. Grace's shoulder, and restrain him from the fulfillment of her own most earnest wishes. Neither Mr. Kelly nor the church he would like to serve can afford to tamper with the interests of a system endeared to every Protestant heart by conviction, by association, by tradition,—a system he is ready to fight for, and vote for against all party claims whatsoever. The day that sees the public-school system of New York attacked, or even menaced, by a Catholic city government, will be the day of doom for Catholic power in city politics. The first gun upon Sumter made a solid North. The first gun fired at our public schools will make a solid Protestant majority which will sweep the baleful influence from city politics altogether.

But, as we have said before, we do not anticipate any trouble to the schools from Mr. Grace. Indeed, we shall be disappointed if he does not make an unusually good mayor. He is a man unknown in politics, and has everything to gain in the public regard. He not only would like the good-will of his Protestant fellow-citizens, but he is bound not to be

a stumbling-block in the way of the prosperity of his party. We do not think the schools have anything to fear from him. Neither he nor Mr. Kelly can afford to force the religious question into city politics,—which they would do at once by attacking the schools,—as that would mean political suicide for both and destruction for their party.

Now do we think that Protestantism would be alone in its resistance to any violence to our time-honored system of public education. A great many Catholics in New York love her public schools and the freedom from priestly domination which they undoubtedly engender. Freedom of thought and act becomes as dear to a Catholic as to a Protestant. Intelligent manhood, bred in non-sectarian schools, has its attractions to all sects alike, and would find its defenders and upholders among Catholics as well as Protestants of every denomination.

Character, and what Comes of It.

ABOVE all other things in the world, character has supreme value. A man can never be more than what his character—intellectual, moral, spiritual—makes him. A man can never do more, or better, than deliver, or embody, that which is characteristic of himself. All masquerading and make-believe produce little impression, and, in their products and results, die early. Nothing valuable can come out of a man that is not in him, embodied in his character. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than the idea that a man who stands upon a low moral and spiritual plane can produce, in literature or art, anything valuable. He may do that which dazzles or excites wonder or admiration, but he can produce nothing that has genuine value, for, after all, value must be measured by the power to enrich, exalt, and purify life. If art were an end, in itself,—if there were any meaning in the phrase “Art for art’s sake,”—then what we say about character would not, or need not, be true; but art is not an end in itself any more than milk, or flannel, or tith, or harvest. The further art is removed from ministry, the more it is divorced from it, the more illegitimate does it become. Pyrotechny attracts many eyes, and may excite a great deal of wonder and admiration, but when we talk about the value of fire, we only think of its service in the furnace and on the hearth.

It is claimed by a certain class of critics that we have nothing to do with the character of an artist or a writer. They forget that a knowledge of a man’s character is a short cut to a correct judgment of his work. It is only necessary to know of Edgar A. Poe that he was a man of weak will, without the mastery of himself,—a dissipated man—a man of morbid feeling—a self-loving man, without the wish or purpose to serve his fellows,—to know that he could never write a poem that would help anybody, or write a poem that possessed any intrinsic value whatever. His character was without value, and, for that reason, he was without the power of ministry. His character was without value, and nothing of value could come out

of it. His poems are one continued, selfish wail over lost life and lost love. The form of his art was striking, but the material was wretchedly poor in everything of value to human life. No human soul ever quotes his words for comfort or for inspiration. Byron is a more conspicuous example of the effect of poor or bad character upon art than Poe. He was immensely greater than Poe in genius, stronger in fiber, broader in culture, and bolder in his vices. He embodies his character in his verse, with great subtlety and great ingenuity. Fifty years ago, he was read more than any other poet. Young men drank the poison of his *Don Juan* with feverish lips, but, the draught over, the book never was taken up again. He wrote wonderful verses, and some of them, written under certain pure and high inspirations, assert his claim to greatness; but, as a whole, the works of Byron have gone out, and are hardly read at all in these days.

Our own Bryant, and Longfellow, and Whittier, and Holmes, and Lowell are all men of character, and the outcome of their art is as hearty and healthy as a mountain wind. Knowing any one of these men is to know that their work is good. There is more of the element of ministry in Longfellow’s “*Psalm of Life*” than in all that Byron and Poe ever wrote. Value in character makes value in verse. Value in character makes value in pictures, in sculptures, in all embodiments of art. It is vain to talk about equaling what we call “The Old Masters” in art, until we can equal the old masters in character. When we have a race of artists who are as religious, as self-devoted, as high-minded, and as fully surrendered to the divinest inspirations as the old masters were, we shall have young masters who will be quite their equals. Petty painting is the offspring of petty character. Artists cannot lift their work without first lifting themselves. It is impossible that a thoroughly bad man should be a good artist of any sort, for let it be remembered, we repeat, that the values of art all rest, and always rest, upon its power of ministry. Art is simply a vehicle for conveying the values of character to the lives of men, and when there are no values of character, there is nothing to be conveyed, no matter how beautiful or noteworthy the vehicle may be. Great moral harm is often done by studied and systematic dissociation of an author or an artist with his work. We are told that we have nothing whatever to do with the writer or the painter; we have only to do with what he produces. This may be true and right to a certain extent, but what if a writer or painter be notoriously immoral and dissolute? Suppose an actress, with exceptional powers upon the stage, but with a reputation stained all over with scandal, whose sins against social purity are patent, notorious, undisputed,—presents herself for our suffrage and patronage—what shall we do with her? Shall we send our sons to contemplate her charms, and review her base career? Shall we visit her with our wives and daughters, and honor her with our dollars and our courtesies? Shall we do what we can to obliterate in her mind, as well as our own, all sense of moral distinctions? We are told that we have nothing to do with the

woman. We have only to do with the actress. So we have nothing to do with a preacher, we suppose,—only with the sermon. People generally think they have a great deal to do with the preacher, and that the sermon is of very little consequence when it is not the sincere product of a good character.

Character must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it. Thirty years ago Jenny Lind was with us, and with her marvelous gift of song, she brought to us an unsul-

lied character. It was an honor to touch her hand, and she went about the land as a missionary of womanly purity. All men and all women honored her with a higher admiration than her marvelous art could inspire. The noble womanhood which stood behind her voice was an uplifting influence, wherever that voice was heard; and the prostituted womanhood that stands behind other voices that we know, taints every ear that hears, and degrades every heart and life that consents to tolerate it so far as to sit in its presence.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Nursery Decoration and Hygiene.

"My idea of a model nursery," said a fine lady, not long ago, "is a padded room, with barred windows, and everything in it, when not in use, hung out of reach upon the walls. Then, one might sit down-stairs in the drawing-room, and read, or practice, or receive, with a mind at rest." But what of the melancholy little starlings caged above, piping their woful plaint, "I can't get out"? And, in many cases, it is no wonder they should want to get out.

To the nursery are generally consigned, year after year, all the faded fineries from down-stairs, the worn carpets, the slightly soiled chintz, the decrepit tables and chairs. It is a *Hôtel des Invalides* for retired furniture. This, of course, does not apply to the first nursery, fitted up with floating draperies of pink and blue, with fine embroidery and cobweb lace, with costly cradle and dainty basket, for the installation of that unparalleled wonder—His Serene Highness, Baby Number One—with a prime minister in attendance, to whom all this magnificence appears but dross, whose manner is of the mildly enduring sort, as becomes one who has been used to better things, but, in spite of all, condescends to exalt, with her presence, for a space, these humble scenes!

During a little while Baby reclines at ease amid his princely surroundings, but, by and by, when abandoned by his prime minister, the natural self-assertion of man takes possession of him. He kicks over the bassinet, rends his filmy envelope of silk and lawn, makes ducks and drakes of the interior of his dressing-basket, sets the ivory brushes afloat in his bath-tub, and cuts his teeth upon any object within reach, other than the coral and bells provided for the purpose by an infatuated godfather.

Then, at last, does an indignant and long-suffering household turn upon this aggressive ruler, and send him into banishment. An usurper sits upon his throne, who is, in turn, displaced, and goes to join his hapless comrade condemned to hard labor in the third-story Siberia; and so until the ranks are full, till the pink and blue has faded out of the draperies, and a new baby has ceased to be a wonder.

To redress the wrongs of these little exiles, in the

matter of brightening their place of retirement, is a task outside the limit of any society as yet organized in behalf of injured innocence, but none the less is a worthy and important one.

We enter the average nursery to find it, perhaps, darkened by heavy moreen curtains of a style compelling their retirement from any of the modernized rooms down-stairs; with a velvet or Brussels carpet with half-effaced pattern of lilies and roses, long since trodden into dingy uniformity of tint, and a rug of another color that, as they say in France, swears at all the rest. The paper upon the walls, soiled by finger-marks, has a pattern of green and yellow stripes. The furniture is cumbrous and shabby; the fire hidden from sight by an iron guard, where draperies forever hang. Homely articles of wearing apparel depend from door and chair-backs; combs and brushes mingle with medicine bottles and spoons, upon the dressing bureau. If the nurse rallies, in a frantic attempt to put things to rights, her idea, generally, is to clear the floor of blocks and toys, and rigidly taboo their re-appearance—bidding the children amuse themselves, very much as Miss Havisham solemnly exhorted poor Pip to play, when he, looking about vainly for the ways and means thereto, conceived a vague idea of turning somersaults! Over all, there is a tenement-house air that can hardly be realized by the visitor who has ascended, by slow degrees, through every stage of a beautifully decorated home.

This, not so common as of old, will be, in a short time, I hope, only the exception to the rule. There are sundry conditions leading to reform that cannot be too strongly enforced. It seems hardly necessary to suggest that the first essential is light—the pitiless foe to untidiness, the inspiration to cheerful thoughts, happy tempers, and healthy bodies. A nursery should, if possible, have a southern exposure, and the windows be guarded without by an iron net-work, which may be painted green with gilded top, rising above the level of the child's shoulder, lest it should be seized with a fancy to stand up there and survey the world when nobody is near. Inside this net-work an ivy may be trained, and a few pots of hardy scarlet geranium, wall-flower, and mignonette be placed, when spring comes in. To water these

plants might be the reward for a day of good behavior in the nursery.

In this day of cheap and charming wall-papers, one has but to go to the nearest shop to find a dozen suggestions, any one of which will lend the nursery a charm, requiring but few additions, to transform any room into a cheerful home for the little folks. A dado of India matting, in red and white checks, is very popular, and goes far toward furnishing the room. In one nursery, the mother has left a space, three or four feet high above the weather board, plain—for each child to contribute his own idea in decoration with pictures cut out of books and illustrated weeklies, and collected by himself.

Above, and not too high, should be hung pictures. Be liberal with these, and choice. Give your children Sir Joshua Reynolds's dainty little darlings for their companions, and engravings or plain photographs of any of the delightful little *genre* pictures of French, or English, or German art, that come to us so freely now. A picture with a moral will accomplish far more in early childhood than one of *Aesop's* fables. The first aspiration toward a career of true greatness may be struck into a boy's guileless nature as he stands gazing up at some scene which tells a tale of self-renouncing heroism.

"An open fire, and a kettle simmering upon the hob," are part of Sydney Smith's receipt for cheerfulness. His third ingredient: "A paper of sugar-plums upon the mantel-piece," would have a singularly demoralizing effect, if introduced here! Hot air from a register, or from a close stove, though so universally condemned, is unfortunately too often used to be overlooked here; but an appliance has lately been invented and is now in successful use, at the Nursery and Child's Hospital in this city, among other places, which is most valuable for moistening the air from furnace flues on its passage into a room. Where an open hard-coal fire is used, a very simple suggestion, made a few years ago by one of the most distinguished medical authorities in New York (Dr. Lewis A. Sayre), is excellent. An ordinary kettle is set on a trivet by the open fire, and to the spout of this is affixed a tin tube, extended several feet above the level of the top of the fire-place, and ending in a wide-mouthed funnel, through which the steam pours night and day, the kettle being kept continually full of water. By means of this unpretending device, moisture is distributed throughout the room, the close and parched atmosphere of an anthracite fire is made soft and pleasant, and, in cases of croup particularly, the benefit is wonderful. So much for adherence to the dogmas of that high-priest of cheerfulness, Sydney Smith!

It has come to be regarded as indispensable to the new *régime* that all carpets covering the floor shall be banished in favor of "strips, and bits, and rugs." May I enter a modest protest in behalf of a nursery carpet? Not only do the children slip and trip continually upon scattered pieces of carpet, but baby, whom you have established with all his belongings upon an island of rug, persists in abandoning it for the most distant and draughty corner

of the stained wood floor. Where the furniture is light, a three-ply carpet, taken away to be shaken every spring and autumn, under light, movable furniture, can easily be kept clean by a respectable nurse.

The furniture should be solid, but not heavy. Each child should have a cot or crib to himself, with a free circulation of air about it. Where it is impossible to have another room for dressing purposes, three-fold screens can be used, made of stout muslin, stretched upon a frame, and covered by mother, nurse, and little ones with all that remains of the lovely Christmas picture-books, rescued and cut out before it be too late. These pictures, Walter Crane's especially, may be pasted also in the panels of the doors, and gay lines of blue and gold and scarlet described around them. The paper-hangars have taken a great deal of this pleasant labor off our hands, by introducing a wall-paper covered with the well-known scenes from "Baby's Opera" and "Baby's Bouquet."

Curtains should be limited in quantity, and light in texture. Any pretty cretonne, blooming all over with pink roses, and green leaves, and gay birds, will delight a child, and the day coverings to the nurse's bed may be made of the same. For the children's beds there is nothing like spotless white. Another form of curtain, useful because it can be repeatedly washed throughout the season, is of plain white cotton stuff, bordered with figured Turkey-red and looped with bands of the same material. The only heading to these draperies should be a casing through which a light brass rod, fitted into sockets at each end, is run.

In regard to color, I should advocate leaving mediæval blues and dull sage greens below stairs, in the library or boudoir given over to high art. Give the little ones the A, B, C's of decoration, with plenty of warm, honest red and

"blue,
Which will show your love is true,"

In your mantel decoration, don't forget a clock! It is necessary to the nurse, and valuable in every way to the children. I know of one nursery, where, at every hour and half-hour, two little white-robed figures, with "bangs" in front, and golden curls behind, run and stand before a small, carved, wooden shrine upon the wall, to wait the coming out of the cuckoo, and, confessing their sins, beg his pardon for their naughtiness. To them, he is a veritable Mentor.

I have said nothing of books, and blocks, and doll-houses, of gold-fish and canary-birds, of tiny chairs and tables, of tea-sets, and broken rocking-horses, because, thank God! no home where there are children is wanting in these kinds of decoration.

I have suggested the need for the little folks of light, and warmth, and beauty, during the many hours they must inevitably be away from the mother's side. I wish it were possible to obtain, also, for all of them, a glimpse of green turf and tree-tops, be it nothing better than a city park. As I write, there

comes to me the remembrance of a little child lying very ill in a bright and sunny room, while one member of the family after another came, with soft tread and tender voice, trying to woo him from the arms of his weary mother. There he lay, with tangled curls, with his beautiful face fever-flushed, and his great blue eyes asking pitifully for aid and rest from pain. At last, his father came into the room, and into that strong clasp the little sufferer went cheerfully. "Hold me up at the window, papa," he asked. "I want to see into the park." Wrapped in a shawl, he was kept in that position for an hour, gazing out at the trees, and talking at intervals about the birds, until, soothed and comforted, he fell into the calm, deep sleep so long and earnestly desired by his watchers—a slumber that ushered in recovery.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

"Common Sense in the Household."*

MARION HARLAND has come into such a multitude of homes with her practical, clear-headed suggestions in regard to domestic matters that it may seem to many almost an impertinence to call attention to the late reprint, though with some valuable additions, of her "Common Sense in the Household." And yet, even the enormous sale of this book—over a hundred thousand in ten years—has not provided a tithe of the housekeepers in the land with what has proved an invaluable aid to so many.

To those who do not count it as an old, familiar friend, it may not be out of place to say that it is a cookery book combining exactness, lucidity, and comprehensiveness with such wise economy as is consistent with good cookery. Nutritious and palatable dishes cannot be made of bad material, or of nothing at all,—French tradition to the contrary notwithstanding,—but thrift and judgment will do wonders. In the pursuance of that true economy which secures that all shall be satisfied, and that nothing be lost, it would be hard to find better help than Marion Harland gives. What veteran house-keeper, who can look back, as so many of us can, to the days when we were called upon to meet the exigencies of life with no experience, limited opportunities and straitened means, does not remember her feeling of comic dismay when she found herself confronted with Miss Leslie's "glass of the best French brandy," "half-pint of old Madeira," "handful of blanched almonds," or any of the other unattainable ingredients with which that lady's receipts bristle? The receipt-books of the past were apparently made for the benefit of that class who could afford to hire French cooks, and to have the dyspepsia. In humble establishments they served to supply to baffled housewives little more than an occasional Barmecide feast. In that respect, at least, we are far better off than our mothers or our younger selves. Cookery books have descended from the lofty plane of the upper ten, and nowa-

days consent to offer aid and comfort to poor, over-worked, tired women, who have to learn how to brighten and sweeten the homely fare of every day by the exercise of thought and judgment and taste.

Those who are just beginning the duties of house-keeping will do well to read, and re-read, and read again the little interpolated essays in this book on company, servants, invalids, etc., and then mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, for they are full of good sound sense and true womanly feeling, and cannot fail to smooth over some of the rough places in their future life, and guide them past some of the rocks upon which the happiness of many families has suffered shipwreck.

A book on a practical subject which has reached such an issue as this, and which is still in such demand as to warrant the resetting of the type to supply the place of the worn-out stereotyped plates, needs no favorable comment at the hands of any critic; the public, or that part of it which *knows*, has given it the best of all indorsements.

S. B. H.

Sweeping and Dusting.

OPEN the shutters and raise the window-shades. Dust and carry from the room the movable furniture, setting it not higgledy-piggledy, but in order, in the next room. Cover the other furniture with sheets made on purpose of cheap calico or cambric. Spread one sheet before the hearth. Take the coal and ashes from the grate and brush the chimney-back; you will wash it if you have ever seen an English servant lay fire. Nothing is so poetic and inspiring as a neat fire-place, nothing so dispiriting as a sooty, rusty, ashly one. Black and polish the grate bars with stove-blacking. Rub particles of rust from fender and fire-irons with a bit of sandpaper, or, better, with emery and oil, and carry them out. Sweep down the cobwebs and then sweep the carpet. Great discussions on the subject of sweeping are indulged in among women whose talk runs in the line of domestic matters. They generally agree on first brushing the dust from the edges of the carpet with a small whisk-broom, and on sweeping toward the fire-place or the zinc under the stove. Some say it is best to keep the windows closed, which is certainly best on windy days. Some say sweep according to the nap of a Brussels carpet; but as the object of sweeping is to get *all* the dust out of a carpet this can be of no consequence. Many advocate light sweeping, which does not raise a dust, as not wearing out the carpet; these, we fear, are laboring under a delusion, besides being untidy and unphysiological, for gritty dust in carpets wears them out faster than anything else. A carpet swept thoroughly once a week with a fine, stiff broom will much outlast one swept superficially. A dingy carpet may be cleaned by sprinkling it with damp Indian-corn meal and then sweeping it off again. After sweeping, while the dust is settling, wash the window-shutters, if they are to be washed, the windows, the mirrors, and the pictures, which cannot be harmed by a damp cloth, and wipe thumb-marks from doors, window-seats, and table and mirror mar-

* *Common Sense in the Household. A Manual of Practical Housewifery.* By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

bles. An old, greasy marble may be made as good as new by taking it out-of-doors and scrubbing it powerfully with soft-soap and a scrubbing brush. The dust having settled before the windows were finished, pin a clean cloth about the broom and wipe the dust from the cornice and wall-paper, going over its whole surface. Next, remove the dusting sheets from the furniture. Dust the furniture and the wood-work of the room, gathering up the dust in the duster without dropping a grain on the carpet, and shaking it from the window. Boiled linseed-oil and an old-fashioned rubbing, not sparing labor, will take scratches from varnish. Some people go over the carpet again with a damp cloth or broom, to capture the light dust settled there, but this is hardly necessary in a room that has its weekly sweeping. Bring back the banished furniture, light the fire, and your room will look like a work of art, and, with a daily dusting and light brushing up will stay bright a whole week, no matter how much it is used.

MARY DEAN.

The Open Book.

ONE of the first things provided for in house furnishing should be the dictionary. Let it have a stand or table of its own, where nothing ever need be placed upon its open pages. A sloping shelf, either fastened as a bracket to the wall, or, better still, on an upright stem and solid base, will help the little ones

to remember not to load it with their valuables. To it every child in the family should be directed for the many little bits of information which they are continually interrupting older people to ask for. A heavy dictionary in a book-case, low down as such heavy books always are, comes to be of little practical use, but a book always lying open, frankly inviting the passer-by to take a sip of knowledge on the wing, as it were, is a perennial fountain of information, and has more to do with developing the real intelligence and mental activity of a family of children than many expensive lessons, and much wearisome study. A first-class unabridged dictionary, besides the spelling, definitions, or derivations of words, contains in its appendix a large and generally unsuspected fund of biographical, geographical, scientific, and literary information. Then there is the small chapter on scientific and musical hieroglyphics, and the valuable directions for proof correction. These are especially to be commended, for young writers are often at a loss to know how to correct their proof, and editors and printers are mystified in attempting to follow the corrections.

In spite of the objection that it changes the subject too often, a good dictionary affords wonderfully interesting reading. One curious fact affords a comment upon its use,—it is the intelligent, the thinking, the reading people, who use dictionaries, and not the ignoramuses.

S. B. H.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Mr. Aldrich's Selected Poems.*

WHEN a poet dies, the world is apt to open its eyes to the loss and make some stir about his work; after that comes the process of gradual forgetting that such a person ever existed; this in its turn gives place, should the poet be really a poet, to revivals of his fame, during which it happens quite naturally that his better work is brought forward and his poorer creations overlooked. Mr. Aldrich has forestalled this inevitable course of things, and, without waiting for the verdict of posterity, issued an *enclousus* of his lyrics and sonnets published hitherto. It need hardly be said that nine poets out of ten who should attempt such a thing would fail to hit the best. Mr. Aldrich, however, is plainly that tenth poet to whom belongs the unusual gift, not only to write beautiful verses, but to know which among them are the most thoughtful and polished. Among the forty-eight short pieces reprinted in this most fastidious little volume there is not one unworthy of quotation. The dainty vellum dress, reminding one of the publications of Théophile Lemerre, the Parisian bookseller; the clean-cut type; the title-page in carmine

ink that repeats without exaggeration the style of many centuries ago; all these outside matters are, for a wonder, duplicated by the subject matter within.* Mr. Aldrich, who belongs to the English branch of fabricators of "chiseled verse," of which Théophile Gautier was lately the acknowledged chief, proves himself a worthy member of the guild. "Flower and Thorn" and "Cloth of Gold" contained too many sketches and inferior pieces not to make one feel the chisel too much, and cause a longing for something more rugged and Titanic. But here the finest bits of sculpture are in place; the reader who should refuse the little collection a cherished corner in his book-case cannot have a very wide and catholic love of poetry. Fineness of thought and finish of execution are not so often to be seen in intimate blending that one should not be grateful for many pieces of the collection.

An example of this combination is found in the

"NOCTURNE."

"Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Climbs a bold white rose.

* XXXVI. Lyrics and XII Sonnets Selected from "Cloth of Gold" and "Flower and Thorn." By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1881.

"I lounge in the illex shadows;
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle.
The curtain's folds between.

"She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

"To her scarlet lip she holds him
And kisses him many a time—
Ah me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!"

The first of the lyrics is "Destiny," or "The Three Roses," a poem which inspired Mr. Edwin Arnold enough to make him write a long piece of verse; that in itself is proof of strength of one kind or another. It is as carefully wrought as the others, yet to the fastidious reader may sound just a trifle forced.

"The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like flower on flower, that night on Beauty's breast.
The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair."

The word *shrunk* is very jarring, for if there is one thing more axiomatic than another, it is that nature is equally charming to the bad and the good, that the rain falls equally upon the just and the unjust. By giving, therefore, to the rose the human attribute of knowing good from evil, which is understood in the fact of its shrinking from contact with what is morally impure, Mr. Aldrich sounds, to our thinking, a false note. By forcing the word in this way the idea of the perfect innocence of the rose is lost, and one thinks of it as of those dreadful flowers discovered by Mr. Darwin and his correspondents—flowers that, like true Americans, consume roast beef for breakfast. It is a sign of the high pitch of Mr. Aldrich's art that distinctions of this kind are worth drawing. Who would dream of applying such tests to the Wagnerian stanzas of Walt Whitman?

There are few poems here not noteworthy. "Tiger-lilies" has the freshness of an old New England garden. "Before the Rain" and "After the Rain" are poems in which one tries in vain to substitute a better word. Has any living European written more exquisitely of ruins than Mr. Aldrich in "An Old Castle," or touched on monarchs with a finer pencil than in "The King's Wine"? "The Unforgiven" has a sublimated hint of Edgar Allan Poe, while the following embodies in words not only a scene that Mr. Elihu Vedder has tried to put on canvas, but the peculiar quality of the landscapes of that artist:

IDENTITY.

"Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land—in Nomān's land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"‘And who are you?’ cried one, agape
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
‘I know not,’ said the second shape—
‘I only died last night!’"

In the sonnets the hand of Mr. Aldrich is not so sure, notwithstanding the admirably patient and

workmanlike attention he devotes to his chosen art. He has been censured for iteration in the use of the rose as a simile; one of his sonnets is upon a neglected shrub which Saadi, Firdousi, and the other Oriental singers of the rose probably never saw:

"In scarlet clusters o'er the gray stone wall
The barberries lean in thin autumnal air;
Just when the fields and garden-plots are bare,
And ere the green leaf takes the tint of fall,
They come, to make the eye a festival.
Along the road, for miles, their torches flare,
Ah, if your deep-aca coral were but rare
(The damask rose might envy it withal),
What bards had sung your praises long ago,
Called you fine names in honey-worded books—
The rosy troops of turnpike and of lane,
September's blushes, Ceres' tips aglow,
Little Red-Ridinghoods, for your sweet looks!
But your plebian beauty is in vain."

No one would be apt to claim for Mr. Aldrich that he is a strongly original poet, yet so far as he attempts poetry he does most excellent work. His lyrics ought to have vitality enough to outlive the century, if, indeed, some of them do not secure a more permanent foot-hold in English literature. The gossamer verses of men like Herrick float where the heavy argosies of Ben Jonson have foundered. There is only room to quote "A Snow-flake"—which should be very long in dissolving:

"Once he sang of summer,
Nothing but the summer;
Now he sings of winter,
Of winter bleak and drear;
Just because there's fallen
A snow-flake on his forehead,
He must go and fancy
‘Tis winter all the year!"

Edwin Arnold's Poems.*

AFTER the warm welcome which Mr. Edwin Arnold's paraphrase of the life of Buddha got in America, what could he do better than to follow up a well-won victory by a volume of smaller pieces, in part new, in part made known before to greater or smaller circles of readers? The principle is sound, the impulse right and natural; moreover, the public has a curiosity in the matter which should be satisfied. And there is small doubt that it will prove a success. Nevertheless, it is also true that one must resolve the success of this volume into that which belongs to the impulse given by "The Light of Asia," and that which is due to the force and originality of the new poems. They also are, in large measure, translations, and most of them are of poems turned over into English verse many times before. The "Hero and Leander" of Museus has been paraphrased by some of the strongest poets of the flourishing period of English literature, while the translators of Homer, Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon, and Simonides are counted by the hundred. There is, then, little novelty in the greater number of subjects chosen by Mr. Arnold to represent his poetic faculty in fields outside "The Light of Asia"; he

* Poems. By Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

has powerful rivals already in the field, and must show novelty and skill to make the old favorites acceptable in their new dress. Were one in any perplexity as to whether the subject is what lends "The Light of Asia" its chief significance, or Mr. Arnold's share in the English dress, this book offers at once an occasion for decision. Should he be found strongly poetical in verses entirely his own, it would be fair to hail him as a new poet of at least as great a caliber as Mr. Matthew Arnold. But no one poem can be found which comes up to the mark. Many show yet more strongly than "The Light of Asia" the impress of Tennyson; a few sound again with the lyre of Matthew Arnold, but not on his finest strings. "The Rajpoot Wife," for instance, begins as follows :

"Sing something, Jymul Rao! for the goats are gathered now,
And no more water is to bring;
The village gates are set, and the night is gray as yet,
God hath given wondrous fancies to thee. Sing!"

Then Jymul's supple fingers, with a touch that doubts and lingers,
Sets athrill the saddest wire of all the six;
And the girls sit in a tangle and hush the tinkling bangle,
While the boys pile the flame with store of sticks."

The introduction and body of this tale are dry, and lacking in poetic instinct. The lines are often wanting in truth of rhythm. It is like similar work of this class by Sir John Bowring, the diplomatist, to whom the old saying has been applied that he knew every language on the globe save his own. Bulwer-Lytton may be ranked as a paraphraser several grades higher. "The Caliph's Draught" is more spirited, having a good plain swing of its own, well suited in meter (as those chosen by Mr. Arnold too often are not) to the fierce and martial tale. "King Saladin," a tale from Boccaccio, is unduly drawn out, and suffers from want of melody and poetic fire. Sometimes the lines run haltingly :

"One day it chanced Saladin rode afied
With shawled and turbaned Amirs, and his hawks—
Lebanon-bred, and newed as princes lodge—
Flew foul, forgot their feather, hung at wrist,
And slighted call. The Soldan, quick in wrath,
Bade slay the cravens, scourge the falconer,
And seek some wight who knew the heart of hawks,
To keep it hot and true. Then spake a Sheikh:
'There is a Frank in prison by the sea
Far-seen herein.' 'Give word that he be brought,'
Quoth Saladin."

"Two Idyls from Theocritus" and "The Lament of Adonis" from Bion should be set aside as excellent pieces of work, not in any sense moving, but far above the average in that line of literature. In the opening of "Thyrsis," notice how Mr. Arnold uses alliteration—that bugbear of modern critics—to get an effect of the noises of the woody landscape :

"Softly the sway of the pine-branches murmurs a melody,
Shepherd!
Down by the rim of the fountain, and softly dost thou, on
the Pan-pipes
Pipe to the pines: next to Pan, thou bearest the bell for
rare music.
Say that he wins a great-horn'd goat, then thine is a she-
goat;
Say that the she-goat is his; but thine is the kid, then, and
tender
Savors the meat of the kid, till she comes to the bearing
and milking."

What Mr. Arnold plainly lays most stress upon, however, is "The Indian Song of Songs," a paraphrase of almost the whole of the Gita Govinda, written by a Hindoo poet of the 12th century named Jayadeva, or Conquering Deity, and published in 1836 by Lassen, with a Latin prose translation and some analysis of the metrical forms of its various parts. The Gita Govinda is a love-poem as voluptuous as any ever written, as might, indeed, be expected of Orientals of Hindustan, who are not restrained by certain prejudices of Western peoples, save where religious tenets are menaced. A hidden religious meaning has been sought for in the Gita Govinda by those who try to defend its exceedingly emorous character, but not always with success. It is true that Professor Albrecht Weber likens the poem to the Song of Solomon, but others find in certain parts of the love-drama only the slenderest foundation for the belief. Mr. Arnold has made his paraphrase on this theory, but, as he acknowledges, "not without occasional difficulty." He has been careful to weed the poem of its redundant imagery, restrain the outbursts of passion, and, in the case of the outspoken last chapter, omit entirely. By this means he keeps to the main line of the drama and retains much of the flavor of the original, at the same time fitting his poem for the drawing-room. For, although it still remains a love-poem of unusual warmth, it can hardly be said to offer anything offensive; the purificatory process—if that term be right in the premises, and not, in itself, the rankest Philistinism—has popularized the Gita Govinda for English-speaking people. This, indeed, seems to be Mr. Arnold's main effort at present, namely, to popularize in the West the religion and poetry of Hindustan. The effort is a good one, and not ill-done; but in the doing of it Mr. Arnold cannot strictly be said to prove a title to poet, even of the second rank. To give merely one instance where he shows a want of tact, to say the least of it, attention need only be called to the long Sanskrit words introduced into the titles of the canticles. When one reads "Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled *Snigdhamadhusudamo*," one is tempted to laugh at the incongruity of the long Sanskrit compound with the passionate English of the verses that run before. Such things are trifles, to be sure, but it is on just such trifles that the best work of the kind depends. It has to be done with the greatest tact and delicacy.

As a love poem, the Gita Govinda will always have to be a curiosity to us rather than a moving theme, unless some poet should paraphrase it so loosely that he could make it simply the basis of a work of genius in which the original has only a minor part. Here and there we find a good measure, interpreting a fine, glowing fancy. Thus, the longings of Krishna in Sarga the Fifth are sung by a handmaiden to Radha, whose purer and more fiery charms have estranged Krishna from the wood-nymphs, with whom he had been dallying.

"To him the moon's icy-chill silver
Is a sun at mid-day;
The fever he burns with is deeper
Than starlight can stay.

Like one who falls stricken by arrows,
With the color departed
From all but his red wounds, so lies
Thy love, bleeding-hearted.

"To the music the banded bees make him
He closeth his ear;
In the blossoms their small horns are blowing
The honey-song clear:
But as if every sting to his bosom
Its smart had imparted,
Low lies, by the edge of the river,
Thy love, aching-hearted."

Purists will possibly find "bleeding-hearted" and "aching-hearted" not at all to their taste; but, in truth, Mr. Arnold might, under the influence of Jayadeva, have readily been betrayed into compound words of greater length and more peculiarity, for not only does Sanskrit lend itself as completely as any one of the Indo-European languages to the formation of compound words of great length, but even among Sanskrit poets Jayadeva is distinguished for pushing the tendency to excess. Another peculiarity, which he shares, however, with other poets of his land, is a constant, but not displeasing, obtrusion of himself between his canticles, in which he plays the part of a chorus. In one of these he intimates that the poem has a higher interpretation than appears on its surface:

"Mark this song of Jayadev!
Deep as pearl in ocean wave
Lurketh in its lines a wonder
Which the wise alone will ponder:
Though it seemeth of the earth,
Heavenly is the music's birth;
Telling darkly of delights
In the wood, of wasted nights,
Of wileless days, and fruitless love,
And false pleasures of the grove,
And rash passions of the prime
And those dances of Spring-time."

This element, the choruses, which are partially introduced in the translation, the alternate strophes by Radha, Govinda, and the messenger between them, make a kind of opera-piece of the *Gita Govinda*. It appears to have a stand between epics like the *Mahâbhârata* and a complicated and full-blown piece for the boards, like the *Shakuntala* of Kalidasa. It is, perhaps, to be likened to the Pastor Fido, or some such idyl, suited for primitive recitation. And Lassen, who wrote in 1840, quotes Wilson for the fact that the *Gita Govinda* was then still performed at the Rasa feast, at which hymns were sung and dances executed in honor of Krishna.

Benjamin's "Troy."*

ONE of the most interesting "Epochs of Ancient History" is its dawn. The human race, in the growth of civilization, comes into a knowledge of itself through a period in which the germs of all after greatness are springing into active life, but in which no records of them are made or preserved. When mankind, conscious of its powers, begins to look after as well as before, and to inquire whence it came and what its own experiences have been "in the dark backward and abyss of time," historical

inquiry may be said to begin. But the instinct for history has at first no scientific character; it does not criticise evidence nor balance probabilities. Vast and vague are the outlines of men and events, seen dimly in the mists of dawning memory; poetry surrounds them with halos, fills out the scene with inventions, adorns the story with the inspirations of patriotism and of beauty. Heroes and demi-gods tread the earth, the hard lines which limit common life melt in the twilight, the sons of God converse with the daughters of men.

Every race, as it comes into history, brings its own dreamy traditions of a golden age, as if our universal humanity were haunted by the ghost of a lost Paradise. But as the Greeks were by far the most intellectual of peoples, as their thought was the seed of all modern progress, so their notions of their own earliest days have a greater interest for us than the mythic records of any other nation. This interest is deepened and multiplied when we find that, in days before all history, the Greeks embodied their memories of a heroic past still more remote in poetry which remains to-day unapproached in its kind, and which in their hands became the source and inspiration of the noblest literature yet produced. These poems, known for ages by the name of Homer, stand out on the records of mankind as the most problematic product its mind has yielded. In what land or in what century they were written; whether the work of one author of transcendent genius, or of a score of bards; whether any one of the heroes they celebrate ever existed, or any one of the deeds they describe was ever done, are questions which have been fiercely discussed for three generations. The discussion has been the most fruitful and scholarly controversy of modern times, but seems in its substance little nearer a final settlement than when it was begun.

But, whatever view is adopted on these points, it is certain that every reader of the history of civilization, or of the history of literature, needs to know something of the story which these poems tell, and of the great questions which center in them. It is the object of Mr. Benjamin, in his little book on "Troy," to lay before the general reader enough of this knowledge to serve as an introduction at once to ancient history and to modern literary criticism. For this purpose, he has given first an account of the tale of Troy, the leading events of the siege and of the wanderings of the chiefs, as told in Homer, piecing out the narrative and the hints of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* with the myths, traditions, and tales of the later geographers and historians, as well as those of the Attic tragedians. He then gives a cautious statement of the principal facts known, or sustained by reasonable inference, concerning the sources and history of the story, the authorship of the poems, the historic foundation, if any, for their account of Troy, and the evidence as to the existence and site of the city supposed to have been obtained by recent excavations.

In this work Mr. Benjamin has done a great service to the public, which we wish heartily to acknowledge. He has, however, left us much to

* *Troy.* By S. G. W. Benjamin. In "Epochs of History" series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

desire. In his account of the Trojan legend, he has not distinguished with sufficient clearness between the incidents given by Homer and those found only in writers of a far later date, and often due, in all likelihood, to the fancy of those writers. In his consideration of the Homeric controversy, while yielding to the evidence which has well-nigh convinced the world of scholarship that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are not the works of one poet, and that the *Iliad*, as we have it, is not a single artistic conception, he yet clings to the conservative views of Mr. Grote, which have been abandoned or qualified by the highest authorities. And in his view of the topography of Troy, he awards to the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik an importance which cannot be allowed to them as evidence upon this question, however curious and weighty they may be as relics and illustrations of a phase of ancient civilization which is otherwise little known. But, notwithstanding these defects, Mr. Benjamin's work stands alone in the English language, as one from which the general reader may obtain precisely the information he needs concerning the earliest epoch of Greek history,—that period before all known dates, names, and events, in which is seen only the advancing shadow of a mighty race to come,—and concerning the chief of literary controversies, that in which the principles of all historical and religious controversies are involved.

Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States." Vol. II. *

It is to be regretted that the translation of the second volume of this work is not more readable. Mr. Lalor, the translator, may be a good German scholar, but he very often fails to express the original in intelligible English. It is necessary to read over many of his sentences two or three times in order to understand them. But, notwithstanding the rudeness and obscurity of the translation, Professor Von Holst's book is one which should be left unread by no person who is interested in American political history. The author's position and abilities are such as to entitle him to attention. The fact of his being a foreigner gives him some advantages. While we cannot go to the length of the opinion which he himself expresses, that a history of the United States can be better written by a foreigner than by a native, it is certainly true that a foreigner is better able to judge the true relative character of public sentiments than a native, who must share the sentiment which he judges. The difficulty of the foreigner, on the other hand, is that, not having the sentiment in his consciousness, he does not really see it,—that is, he does not see it distinctly or delicately. This is, indeed, a difficulty which insight and imagination may overcome, just as reason, reflection, and wide knowledge may enable

a native correctly to judge the sentiments of which he is conscious. Professor Von Holst has in a rare degree the necessary insight. He has read everything he could get his hands on, and has been able to discern clearly the national sentiments. He judges us, therefore, with the advantages both of distance and of nearness. His chief fault is that he is too violent and too apt to call names. His manner—we do not say his spirit—is rather that of an advocate than of a judge. And we do not think that he has sufficiently taken pains to see that the fury and the tyrannical arrogance of the slave-holders were a certain consequence of the institution of slavery. Wherever the institution of slavery exists one must find that tyrannical violence, which is partly ferocity, partly panic, and partly the angry assertion of self-respect against the opinion of civilization. The history of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies shows the slave-holder there to have been precisely the same person as the slave-holder in South Carolina. Professor Von Holst's account throws an atmosphere of meanness over our entire history. We do not believe this to be just. These people whose names he flings about so freely were, no doubt, in their way very respectable, and had many redeeming qualities. We think that he especially fails to do justice to the patriotism and real dignity of the Democratic party of the time of Jackson.

Farrer's "Primitive Manners and Customs." *

BOOKS dealing with the vast accumulations of travelers of ancient and modern times, especially with the latest reports of investigators of savage life, cannot fail to be merely tentative. But what they lose by vagueness they gain by curiousness. Nothing, of course, can be more interesting to those who are seeking for an actual definition of the right place of human beings in nature than conclusions arrived at in the course of a study of savage and primitive man. A person who takes up this volume has a right to ask of Mr. Farrer: Have you come any nearer to a solution of the problems attaching to savage and primitive man? Are you any surer than you were that primitive man is really primitive, that is to say, an undeveloped man who represents the phase of progress through which our own ancestors passed to attain their present bustling eminence among the millions of the earth? To this Mr. Farrer might answer yes, but it would have to be a very cautious yes. On the whole, the evidence seems to be that savages may be gradually weaned from their barbarous customs, and reach a lower stage of what we, in our conceit, call civilization. But Mr. Farrer does not, by any means, bear strongly on this point. When we have read the book, we find that we have been entertained by a mass of curious and deeply interesting facts, some of them being indubitable, while others are of slender authority; but the upshot is that, instead of getting a clearer idea of the mental and

*The Constitutional and Political History of the United States. By Dr. H. Von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor, A. M. 1828-1846. Vol. II. Jackson's Administration—Annexation of Texas. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

*Primitive Manners and Customs. By James A. Farrer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

moral position of savages, we are, in regard to them, more than ever at a loss. Mr. Farrer takes us by the hand and leads us from wigwam to reed-hut, from Esquimaux kayak to Melanesian proa, from the cave of Bushmen to the lodges of the Aleutian Islanders; but the more we hear and see, the more uncertain are we as to the right place of various races. Hardly has a fact been noted in one place, when its exact converse is seen in another. The custom of one primitive race is utterly barbarous; that of another, in the same respect, is superior to the practices of Europeans. In the same tribe, delicacy of conduct on one point seldom found in white races is offset by brutality in another and kindred point. In New Zealand, involuntary homicide is said to have involved more serious consequences than deliberate murder. If a man's child fell into the fire, or his canoe upset and he was himself nearly drowned, he was not only flogged and robbed, but he would have deemed it a personal slight not to have been so treated. To escape from drowning was commonly a sin in savage life. Fijians who escape shipwreck are supposed to be saved in order to be eaten. Williams tells how, on one occasion, fourteen of them who lost their canoe at sea only escaped becoming food for the sharks to become food for their friends on shore. If the Koosa Kafirs see a person drowning, or, indeed, in any danger of his life, they either run away from the spot, or pelt the victim with stones as he dies. Livingstone tells of a tribe in Africa that expels any one bitten by a zebra or an alligator, or even so much as splashed by the tail of the latter. The Chinese will not aid a drowning man, believing that in so doing they would deprive the river god of the sacrifice he thus demands.

It is not Mr. Farrer's fault that he cannot show us a clew to this labyrinth. The facts are too numerous and undigested. Mr. Herbert Spencer is making heroic efforts to assimilate the chaotic materials, and every now and then Mr. Darwin issues a book which bears more or less directly on the embroiled mass of facts. Once in a while Mr. Farrer attempts to give a thread. Such acts as the experience of primitive times has generalized into acts provocative of unpleasant expressions of dissatisfaction from the spirit world, and so far as sinful, become, he thinks, acts merely unlucky or ominous in the folk-lore of later date. As an instance, he advances the superstition still found in parts of England and Germany, that if you transplant parsley you may cause its guardian spirit to punish you or your relations with death. He might have advanced, as an example of a higher and more civilized class, the deification of the boundary-stones of landed property in old Italy, under the name of the god *Terminus*. Such deification appears to have had a practical object in scaring off persons who moved boundary-stones for their own profit. "Yet," adds Mr. Farrer, "although in some cases such superstitions act as real checks to real wickedness, the connection between them seems purely accidental, rather than the result of any intuitive discrimination of the qualities of actions." When

he comes to discuss savage political life, Mr. Farrer ventures on more definite generalizations.

It would appear that the social organization of the lower races stands at a far higher level than too rapid an inspection would lead a critic to suspect. Their institutions are such as to presuppose as much ingenuity in their evolution as sagacity in their preservation. Their despotism is never so unlimited but that it recognizes the existence of a customary code beside and above it, nor is the individual liberty ever so unchecked as to outweigh the advantages, or imperil the existence, of a life in common. In short, the subordination of classes, the belief in the divine right of kings, and differences ordained by nature between nobles and populace, the principle of hereditary government (often so firmly fixed that not even women are excluded from the highest offices), the prevalence of feudalism, with its ever-recurring wars and revolutions, not only prove an identity of social instinct which is irrespective of latitude or race, but prove, also, among the lower races the existence of a capacity for self-government which is disturbing to all preconceptions derived from accounts of their manners and superstitions in other relations of life.

Everywhere Mr. Farrer reiterates that statements concerning the total absence of civil government and total ignorance of religion among savages should be received with reserve. Everywhere he is a critic of the statements of transient visitors to savage nations. Even in Dahomey, where life is held so cheap, human life enjoys more efficient legal protection at this day than it did in England in times long subsequent to the signature of *Magna Charta*. Mr. Farrer divides his material into chapters on myths and beliefs, on modes of prayer, on proverbs, on moral philosophy, political life, penal laws, wedding customs, fairy-lore and comparative folk-lore. In the last chapter, he makes allusion to the practice, still kept up in Normandy, Brittany, and Lincolnshire, of draping bee-hives in crape and instructing the bees formally of a death in the family. This superstition is found in America, as Mr. Burroughs has recorded in his paper, "The Pastoral Bees," published in the issue of this magazine for May, 1879.

De Amicis's "Holland."^{**}

CAN anything new be said about Holland? Edmondo de Amicis seems to make it his business to go about the world writing on countries, cities, and distinguished men that have been described and lauded *ad nauseam* before his time. There appears to be in him a sort of rage to attack again the old subjects. Now it is Constantinople, concerning which it was supposed that Théophile Gautier had said the last word; again it is Morocco and the great uplands of North Africa, which Froumentin and many another Frenchman treated with ability; or else it is Victor Hugo, the adored and eulogized, whose praises he sings once more.

* Holland and its People. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Caroline Tilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

And, strange to say, in none of his attempts is he unsuccessful. It may be that he does not equal all of his predecessors, but the attempt is all the more creditable, since comparisons must necessarily be drawn between him and them, and because he lacks the element of comparative novelty which gave much life to their efforts. His book on Holland has modern as well as older competitors in every great language of the West, and yet, by the force of his imagination and the alertness of his style, he is able to supply a sketch of the people, literature, art, and chief cities of that surprising little country which is often original, and even when not original, is certainly most sprightly and entertaining to read. He knows just how to mix history, politics, art, literature, description of country and town, quotations from natives and comparison with other countries, in order to form a pleasing compound after the manner of a good salad, in which one tastes, but never tastes too much, each one of the several parts. A most relishable compound it is that he prepares. Perhaps to a fastidious taste some of the ingredients are not of the first quality, but the neatness and balance of the whole redeem them. Thus, on the old topic of Dutch art, Edmondo de Amicis ventilates some very ingenious theories, which are more suggestive than convincing. He accepts the old theory for Dutch realism in art, as the following passage shows :

" What that art would necessarily be might have been guessed, even had no monument of it remained. A pacific, laborious, practical people, continually beaten down, to quote a great German poet, to prosaic realities by the occupations of a vulgar burgher life; cultivating its reason at the expense of its imagination; living, consequently, more in clear ideas than in beautiful images; taking refuge from abstractions; never darting its thoughts beyond that nature with which it is in perpetual battle; seeing only that which is, enjoying only that which it can possess, making its happiness consist in the tranquil ease and honest sensuality of a life without violent passions or exorbitant desires; such a people must have tranquility also in their art, they must love an art which pleases without startling the mind, which addresses the senses rather than the spirit, an art full of repose, precision, and delicacy, though material like their lives; in a word, a realistic art in which they see themselves as they are, and as they are content to be. The artists began by tracing that which they saw before their eyes—the house," etc., etc.

After touching on the next steps in Dutch art, viz., the landscape, animal painting, marine, this agreeable theorizer finds another step in the large pictures containing portraits of burghers ten, twenty, thirty at a time, representatives of guilds and corporations. As to light, which he thinks leads all the rest as the distinctive feature of Dutch painting :

" The light in Holland, by reason of the particular conditions of its manifestation, could not fail to give rise to a special manner of painting. A pale light, waving with marvelous mobility through an atmosphere impregnated with vapor, a nebulous veil continually and abruptly torn, a perpetual struggle between light and shadow, such was the spec-

cle which attracted the eye of the artist. He began to observe and to reproduce all the agitation of the heavens, the struggle which animates with various and fantastic life the solitude of nature in Holland; and in representing it the struggle passed into his soul, and instead of representing he created. Then he caused the two elements to contend under his hand; he accumulated darkness that he might split and seam it with all manner of luminous effects; and sudden gleams of light; sunbeams darted through the rifts, sunset reflections and the yellow rays of lamp-light were blended with delicate manipulations into mysterious shadows, and their dim depths were peopled with half-seen forms; and thus he created all sorts of contrasts, enigmas, play and effect of strange and unexpected chiaroscuro. In this field, among many, stands conspicuous Gerard Don [sic], the author of the famous four-candle picture, and the great magician and sovereign illuminator, Rembrandt."

The theory constructed to meet the development of color among the Dutch painters is that in a fog-veiled atmosphere the eye, unable to fix itself upon the form, flies to color as the principal attribute presented by nature; also, that in a country so flat, so uniform, and so gray as Holland, there is the same need of color that in Southern lands there is of shade. Most of these arguments have some truth in them; the difficulty is that they do not go far enough; they do not account for similar manifestations in art under entirely different climatic influences; they put too much burden on underlying axioms which, on examination, may prove to be far from axiomatic, indeed, more than doubtful. To call Holland a gray or pale country is to judge very superficially; to the unprejudiced eye, Holland may have more color both summer and winter than either Italy or France. But it is hardly worth while to weigh strongly upon these questions; all that can be done is to caution the reader against taking without question the skillfully presented and sometimes bold arguments of Edmondo de Amicis. He has done his part well, and the translator has given a smooth version. The proof-reader, however, has been indulging in his customary antics. The names of Dutch artists are misspelled with a recklessness that does not admit of excuse.

Miss Perry's "Tragedy of the Unexpected."^{*}

MISS PERRY'S stories are all agreeable, though not impressive. Little social incidents of a somewhat trivial character are described with a certain girlish vehemence which, after all, is quite attractive. In the first story, from which the book derives its title, it is a lovers' quarrel which is the central theme. Jim Marlowe, who has had a disagreement with his fiancée, Alice Raymond, and is disconsolate in consequence, employs his leisure in gaining the affections of another young lady. After having entangled himself considerably with this new conquest, he discovers that Miss Raymond (who had failed to respond to his letter of reconciliation) is suffering from an acute attack of typhoid fever, from which she will

* The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories. By Nora Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1880.

probably not recover without his assistance. He then becomes convinced that, in his heart of hearts, he has always been faithful to his first love, and is at the same time perplexed to know how to dispose of number two. This young lady, however, on learning from Marlowe's friend, Hamlyn, of the former's defection, retreats in a very dignified manner, and thereby wins the sincere admiration of her interlocutor. Marlowe now marries Miss Raymond, and we are led to infer that Hamlyn's feelings for Miss Amherst culminate in a similar arrangement. We can detect nothing tragic in this *dénouement*, and therefore fail to see the appropriateness of the elaborate title. Very likely such a weak brother as Marlowe made in later years a very unsatisfactory husband, in which case a post-nuptial tragedy must be supplied by the reader's imagination.

Miss Perry's men, as far as the present volume reveals them, are mostly of the Marlowe and Hamlyn types. They are, as a rule, Jims and Neds and Jacks and Toms, and are endowed with the mental characteristics which these familiar abbreviations would lead one to expect. They talk exaggerated college slang, address each other as "old man" and "old fellow," and display in their demeanor that easy and reckless jollity which is traditional with American collegians, and which very young ladies are apt to find adorable. Mr. Hadley, in "Mrs. Stanhope's Last Lodger," is, to be sure, of a more serious turn of mind, and there are various other vague personalities scattered through the book which do not exactly conform to the above description. Major Luce, for instance, in "Mrs. F.'s Waiting-Maid," shows by his actions that he is made of sturdier metal; and the Frenchman, De Grémont, in "My Nannie O," although we see but little of him, naturally betrays his alienism in the brief scene in which he is introduced. For all that, the impression remains in the reader's mind that the collegian is to Miss Perry the type of American manhood.

Davis's "Stranded Ship."

MR. CLARKE DAVIS's novelette, first published in book form, by Putnam, several years ago, re-appears now in a new dress, but with the same neat little symbolic cut on the title-page, something battered and bruised with service. The story wears better than the picture. At the time of its first publication, it did not receive the notice it deserved; and it certainly ought to have justice in this present appeal to popular favor. "A Stranded Ship" has many claims on our liking. It is an American story, first of all; a genuine, natural, unaffected native tale, that is characteristic of the country without being a mere coarse reproduction of broad national eccentricities. It is a well-made story, also, if we accept the episodic plan of construction which the author has chosen. It is by no means the best form; but it is handled in this instance with discretion and effect. Mr. Davis has the rare faculty of appealing to the eye through the imagination. His descriptions are vivid, fresh, full of color; his story is a succession of small, suggestive pictures, that, in presenting the various

stages of his hero's wanderings, work out the simple plot. "A Stranded Ship" is a story of sin and expiation; not too gloomy for the "average reader," yet not devoid of serious interest and value. The author's style is pleasant and graceful, but it is marred by a feebleness, which comes in part from the too free use of weakening conjunctives, in part from an indefinable lack of terseness and incisive brevity of phrase. This weakness, however, does not extend to the spiritual essence of the work; the thought is sound, healthy, and masculine; nor is this slight lack of strength in the language more than a trifling external blemish upon a charming creation. As at present published, in the "Knickerbocker" series, "A Stranded Ship" is bound up with two stories which add nothing to the worth of the book. "Dick Lyle's Fee" is thin and trivial; and "A Queen of Burlesque" is but the unsatisfying sketch of what might have been elaborated into a novel and touching character study.

"Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-school."¹

THIS important contribution to the musical literature of the Sunday-school is largely composed of new songs, interspersed with older favorites, and so arranged as to stand upon the exact level reached by the general musical culture and facilities of our better equipped Sunday-schools. It presents as good music as can be used to advantage, but no better than can be readily mastered.

The book is remarkable for the musical care with which it is prepared. There is no slovenly counterpoint in it. It is said of Beethoven that, after hearing a certain violoncellist, his ideas of the possibilities of the bass were enlarged. Certainly the Sunday-school musician will find a like charm in this book, for the bass is developed in so admirable a fashion that it often becomes a melody in itself. As almost all Sunday-school singing consists of soprano and bass, it is proper that much should be made of the latter, rather than to allow agreeable variety to slumber in an unused tenor. In this book, moreover, there is no superabundance of refrains. That much-abused instrument of children's praise is used discreetly, and not, as is often the case, so as to obscure the sentiment of every stanza in a cloud of the lightest of musical dust, kicked up at the end.

The work, indeed, seems to be adapted to foster more thoughtful and quiet singing, which is destined to supersede the strained, unnatural, and deafening boisterousness often hitherto cultivated. Children have been taught to "shout" their hosannas all too literally, and to "sing out" has sometimes meant to sing out of all relation to the thought sung. There is ample material in the volume for decorous worship; nothing in it is dreary, and there is nothing to provoke mere noise.

It is noteworthy that this book is in line with the

¹ A Selection of Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-school. Arranged and edited by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. New York: Scribner & Co.

development of the Sunday-school idea itself. This institution is no longer a "ragged-school," nor exclusively a "child's-school," but the "bible-school" of the church. Something higher than the old, well-worn ditties is therefore demanded. Such a book, well used, cannot but be a powerful force in solving the problem of "retaining the older scholars." Not unintelligible to the younger, it is engaging and satisfactory to the most mature. It is a fitting link between child singing and church singing. The two cannot be blended by putting the church book entire into the Sabbath-school; and yet their intimate connection is a great desideratum. Here they are woven together by the *fringes*. The best of these songs and the less formal of the church chorals to a certain extent coincide, and the book shades away into any good book of church hymns and tunes. There can be no chasm between the Sunday-school and the church service, if this book is faithfully used; for, beyond the fact that there are church hymns in the book itself, its whole spirit and methods are such that it is but an easy step from its platform to the one next above. In fact, this book is one of the few of its class to justify their title. It is admirably fitted to awaken spiritual life, and to express it.

Books for Young People.*

MISS L. M. ALCOTT has chosen a taking title for her latest story† for young people, published in *ST. NICHOLAS* during the year just closed. "Jack and Jill" are so dear to the boys and girls, as early companions of their childhood, that the young readers of this charming little tale of real life will feel that from henceforth they have a real possession in the adventures of the two classic characters of their nursery romance. The Jack and Jill of Miss Alcott's story are a boy and girl living in the delightful village of Harmony, which we must take for granted as being a real place, slightly idealized, somewhere in the heart of New England. Jack is the child of "well-to-do" parents, and the fortunes of Jill are less generous. Lass and lad come to grief early in the tale, all through sliding down hill. Both are disabled, and Jill is taken to the home of the family of Jack. The trials of the twain, their patience, and the various devices invented for their entertainment, form the staple of the narrative which follows. The author treads on the dangerous verge of a false sentimentality when she ventures on the somewhat unusual expedient of choosing two ill people as the central figures around whom revolve all the incidents and interests of the story. Little people very readily learn that to be ill is to be "interesting," and there are instances on record of youthful deceivers "making believe sick" in order to gain a sympathy which they did not deserve. But there is no mawkish sentimentality about Jack and Jill. They are sensible

children, taking their privations in courageous fashion, and getting heartily well, so that the curtain falls on an entirely healthful group of young folks.

INNUMERABLE small people remember with delight the volume of "Bed-time Stories" put forth, a year or two since, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. So great was the popularity of this collection of short tales* and sketches for young folks, that a second series of the same has been prepared, and has just made its appearance, like the celebrated "More Last Words of Mr. Richard Baxter." It is hardly necessary to bespeak for this dainty little book the welcome which it deserves. The preceding volume has prepared the way for a warm reception for the present collection. The book shows the influence of foreign travel and residence, as the scenery of many of the stories is English, or not American, and the charming dedication of the volume is addressed to a brown-eyed English lass.

CONSIDERING that the English books from which Miss Emmet takes her hint in these colored ballad-illustrations† are so good of their kind, and are so well known, we are somewhat surprised at the bright and original impression made by "Pretty Peggy." There is not so much imitation as one might expect. The work is not so complete as Mr. Walter Crane's, Miss Kate Greenaway's, or Mr. Caldecott's, but it has a pleasing character of its own in such designs as are on the front of the cover, the dedicatory frontispiece, and pages 28 and 29. Some others of the pages are rather awkward, and others altogether too pretty. The Anglicism of the pictures is not quite genuine, we fear, and the color-printing might be improved. But, on the whole, Miss Emmet has made a very promising beginning, and a book that no one ought to be sorry to see "popular" for a season.

MOST healthy children love living pets, whether clad in fur or feathers. And all children will find pleasure and profit in the reading of Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's pretty book, "Queer Pets at Marcy's."‡ It is evident that the author has made conscientious study of the facts in natural history which are brought out in her volume, and any child with a natural turn for zoölogy and ornithology may find a store of useful knowledge in these attractive pages. So entertaining, indeed, are the sketches of the queer pets whose lives and adventures are here narrated that one fails to see why it was thought necessary to string the whole on a slender thread of story. The reader soon loses all interest in the "Marcy" of the tale in following the author, as she tells in her pleasing manner what she knows of the queer pets of various people. Not the least charm

* For notices of other new books for children, see p. 321 of the December *SCRIBNER*.

† *Jack and Jill: a Village Story.* By Miss Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Under the Lilacs," etc. With illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

* *New Bed-time Stories.* By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Bed-time Stories," "More Bed-time Stories," "Some Women's Hearts," etc. With illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

† *Pretty Peggy and Other Ballads.* Illustrated by Rosina Emmet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

‡ *Queer Pets at Marcy's.* By Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated by J. C. Beard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1882.

of the book is in its admirable illustrations, most of which were drawn for the author by Mr. James C. Beard.

MRS. ALFRED GATTY, whose "Aunt Judy's Tales" have made her name tolerably well known to young readers on both sides of the Atlantic, has just put forth a neat little two-volume * edition of fables or parables from nature, in which the actors and speakers are minor objects, animate and inanimate, in nature. The rain and the grass, all manner of creeping things, the clouds and the trees, the flowers and the birds, hold common conversation in a way which would not have been approved by Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose fantastic objection to teaching children by fable is well known. These parables are harmless, and the lessons derivable from them, although too often obscured by an inundation of words, are always wholesome. The two volumes are daintily printed and bound, and encased in a neat box.

THE popularity of Colonel Knox's book, "The Boy Travelers in China and Japan," published last season, has insured a warm welcome for the new volume † of what promises to be a series of books of travel for young folks. In the previous book, Frank and Fred, two intelligent and hearty American boys, accompanied by Dr. Bronson, who acts as guide, philosopher, and friend, made the tour of China and Japan, seeing not only all sorts of curious things, but much that was new and entertaining in the manners and customs of the people. Here and there were thrown in bits of strange adventure, scraps of history and half-forgotten lore, all of which was enlivened with just such dialogue as might be expected of the party which we have described. The volume before us is brimful of knowledge, conveyed to the reader in the same familiar manner as that which drew so many readers to the first volume of the series. The boy travelers now visit Cochin China, Cambodia, Siam, and Java. There is also an interesting chapter on the Malay Archipelago, conveniently furnished to the travelers by an accommodating gentleman, who obliges them with an account of what he saw and heard in that little-visited region of the world. Then, too, there are episodes of pearl-diving, elephants, crocodiles, etc., and other topics, which furnish much discursive reading. The book is heartily commended to readers, young and old, as a very clever piece of work, fitted for the entertainment and instruction of both little folks and grown folks.

"SUSAN COOLIDGE," as Miss Sarah Woolsey prefers to call herself on her title-pages, is another writer who has this year ventured into the

field of foreign travel for the sake of the young people.* Her excursion takes her readers to the Channel Islands, to which an English family has been sent for the benefit of the soft airs of that region, the mother of the brood of children being an invalid. "Incidental to the piece," as the theatrical managers would say, there is an account of a family feud, or *vendetta*, between some of the natives of Guernsey, which is discovered by the young visitors, and is healed by Lily, the good angel of the tale. Then there is a very disagreeable member of the family, Isabel, who manifests her surly and peevish disposition in the very first chapter of the book, goes wrong all through the story, and is miraculously reformed just as the curtain is about to fall on the family in their own English home. There is a slender plot to the tale, and the charm of the book lies in its open-air tone of freshness, and in the agreeable manner with which the writer has brought before the reader the natural scenery of the Channel Islands, their history, the quaint ways of their inhabitants, and the tales and legends which haunt the region. The book is profusely illustrated and brightly bound. It will be a welcome addition to the holiday books already announced.

EVERYBODY who has read one of Mr. Edward Everett Hale's tales of fiction knows "Colonel Ingaham," who is really Mr. Hale's double. In his latest book for young people † Mr. Hale puts forward once more our old favorite, the Colonel, under whose instruction and guidance a party of boys and girls unearth from the newspapers and piles of military reports a great many short stories and anecdotes of the late civil war in America. These are told in the words of the original authors thereof—newspaper correspondents, generals, historians, and chance gosipers. Of course the work is somewhat scrappy in character, and the solid masses of type which the extracts have made it necessary to employ do not help the general appearance of the book. But the advancing generation of American men and women have need to keep themselves informed of the spirit and temper of the great conflict, if they would understand the history of their own country. This is the purpose of Mr. Hale's book. His selections from the writings of the time are not for amusement, but for the enlightenment of those who have come to reading age since the War of the Rebellion was over.

A Second Portfolio of Pictures from "Scribner's Monthly" and "St. Nicholas."

THE second volume of "Proof Impressions from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and 'St. Nicholas'"‡ is somewhat different in its make-up from the first. In the first volume, along with pictures of worth and

* Parables from Nature. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty, author of "Aunt Judy's Tales," etc. Two vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

† The Boy Travelers in the Far East. Part II. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java, with Descriptions of Cochin China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malayan Archipelago. By Thomas W. KNOX. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* A Guernsey Lily; or How the Feud was Healed. A Story for Boys and Girls. By Susan Coolidge, author of "What Katy Did," "The New-Year's Bargain," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

† Stories of the War, Told by Soldiers. Collected and edited by Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

‡ Scribner & Co., New York.

beauty as pictures,—and, too, as well-engraved pictures,—were others more in the way of well-executed illustrations; pictures, in fact, remarkable mainly for the skill and delicacy of their engraving and printing. In the present collection, the main consideration has been the artistic value of the designs. It is an indication of the increased value of the art in current periodical literature that a collection like the present can be made, drawn mainly from the issues of a single year. Among the fifty pictures that constitute the second portfolio (some of which are printed in delicate tints of brown, gray, and red, etc., and all on separate, loose sheets) may be mentioned several of the most interesting of the Millet designs—especially Cole's engraving of "The Sower"; some of the remarkable reproductions of Seymour Haden's etchings; Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas," and engravings and fac-similes of the work of John La Farge, William Blake, Whistler, Elihu Vedder, Thomas Moran, Mary Hallock Foote, George Inness, Jr., Homer Martin, E. A. Abbey, Abbott H. Thayer, Robert Blum, Wyatt Eaton, W. M. Chase, C. A. Vanderhoof, A. de Neuville, M. R. Oakey, Chaliva, Francis Lathrop, H. M. Knowlton,

A. Brennan, and others. Here will be found the portrait of Poe, which accompanied Mr. Stedman's study of that poet; portraits also of Gladstone, Millet, Madame Millet, Duveneck, Savonarola, Peter the Great, Whittier, Whistler's Mother, Walt Whitman, Seymour Haden, Mrs. Gilbert as *Mrs. Candour*, Joseph Jefferson as *Bob Acres*, and Ristori as *Mary Stuart*. The admirers of the "Russian Nun" will find this picture in the collection, as well as the "Young Russian Girl in Ancient Russian Dress," and the "Swedish Queen-mother of the Olden Time." The old masters represented (besides Raphael) are Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Vandyke.

NOTE.—Through inadvertence, a statement in "Bordentown and its Environs," to the effect that Lafayette was the guest of General Moreau at Trenton, was reproduced in the article on "Bordentown and the Bonapartes," in our November number. General Moreau was mortally wounded at the battle of Dresden, years before Lafayette revisited this country.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

The Yale College Horological and Thermometrical Bureau.

THE tendency of modern work is steadily toward refinement and precision. Instruments of precision are beginning to be required in every trade, and all work in any degree employing science must be exact or it is of no value. In weighing and measuring, our scale-makers supply appliances of great scientific accuracy, and in testing the strength of materials the General Government now offers facilities for making very delicate comparisons. In measurement of time, our watch-makers can supply watches of remarkable accuracy; but in measuring temperatures, the instruments are less accurate, and in neither of these are there recognized standards of measurements, such as the Government supplies for weights and measures. A watch or thermometer may be correct, but there has been no place on this continent where either could be authoritatively proved. This being the case, it is of the utmost importance that such a testing station be established, where standard clocks and thermometers can be kept for reference. Such a horological and thermometrical bureau has long been in operation at Kew, near London, and has done much good work, and it is a matter of congratulation that one has just been opened in this country, and is now ready to test watches and thermometers, and to give certificates as to their degree of accuracy.

We have made a careful inspection of the appliances and methods of the Bureau, and some account of

it is here given in the belief that anything that tends to raise the standard of excellence in work is of value to our readers. The cheaper thermometers, used to test the temperature of a room, are generally about as accurate as a watch costing three dollars. The clinical thermometers are much better, but no doubt some physicians, in reading the glass thrust into a fever patient's mouth, have advised him to make a will; and the patient, firmly believing in the instrument that recorded his temperature as fatally high, has calmly died as a matter of duty, whereas, had he known it was five degrees out of the way he might have decided to live. In oil-testing, navigation, and metallurgy an accurate thermometer may raise or lower the market value of vast property, or lose a ship. The glass tube changes with age; the bore varies greatly in diameter; a thermometer plunged in hot steam or sent to zero will not record the same points correctly the second time—in fact, the whole instrument seems to be subject to obscure and complex laws, of which the makers of cheap thermometers are sometimes wholly ignorant, and over which no one, however skillful, has any control. No two thermometers are ever exactly alike, and the user, whether in art or trade, must not only know that his glass fails of precision, but he must also know the amount of its variations and errors.

The making of a standard thermometer requires a long time and a great deal of patience and labor. It is the duty of the Bureau to examine such thermometers and prove their freezing and boiling points,

and to minutely verify every degree of the scale, and to note the errors that may exist. This determining of exact points on the scale is essential in standard thermometers used by makers and for the most accurate work. For the manufacturer, navigator, and physician, it is only important to know the approximate errors at every fifth degree. It would cost too much to have a thermometer of absolute precision; but if one knows its relation to a known standard, it has just as much practical value, and if he knows the ratio of its variations or errors, he is safe in using it. For instance, the tube of a thermometer is always more or less irregular in diameter. Where it is contracted, the mercury, under the influence of an increase of temperature, occupies a greater length; where it is larger, it occupies less. And these variations affect the readings; but if the resulting errors are known, and are taken into account in the reading, the glass may be practically useful in fine measurements, though not exactly an instrument of precision. To illustrate this, we may examine the ordinary clinical thermometer used by physicians. It is a small tube, having a scale extending from 90° to 110° Fahr. It may be correct, but in all probability it is not, and until the law of its errors, or, in other words, its habits, are known, it is not an instrument fit to be used in medical practice. By the operation of the Bureau, the maker may send the empty glass to the Bureau, to be locked up under a seal only to be broken by the Bureau at the end of a year. The Bureau then gives him a certificate that the glass has been properly seasoned or "ripened," and is fit to be made into a thermometer. When finished, it is again sent to the Bureau to be tested for errors. This work is performed by the aid of special appliances, and the maker pays a small fee sufficient to cover the cost. The apparatus used resembles the one invented and now used for some years at Kew, and as far as can be learned from comparing it with the published drawings of the English apparatus, is much more simple and convenient and quite as accurate. It would, indeed, seem from the method of using it to be likely to be far more uniformly reliable throughout the year. It consists, essentially, of a copper tank for holding the heated water, in which the glasses are suspended during the testing. The tank is jacketed by means of an inclosed air-space, and has a dash-churn for stirring and mixing the water, so that it shall not contain layers of hot or cold water; it also has a carrier for holding the thermometers. Both the tank and jacket have an opening down the side, and covered with glass, through which the thermometers may be seen when suspended in the water. In the tank are suspended two standard thermometers, one close to the glass, and the other on the carrier. This carrier consists of a brass frame, like the dasher of a churn, and filled with holes ranged around the edge; each hole is numbered, and the glasses are suspended in these holes by means of a clamp, a duplicate plate on top of the tank carrying corresponding numbers to guide the operator in his work. The carrier is suspended freely in the tank, and may be turned around by

means of a hand-crank, the revolution of the carrier bringing each glass into view through the slit in succession. The tank is filled with water by means of pipes from a domestic hot and cold water apparatus (an improvement on the English method of pouring in hot water from a tea-kettle), and when the water is brought to 90° Fahr., and properly churned, the glasses are suspended in it and slowly examined, one at a time, at least twice. The examination is made by looking through a microscope, and the difference between its record and that of the standard thermometer is noted in tenths of a degree. The temperature of the water is then slowly raised to 110° Fahr., and each thermometer is examined minutely on every fifth degree, and the mean of all its errors is recorded.

The Bureau then gives a certificate, saying that the glass (known by the maker's name and number) is correct on every fifth degree, or is in error above or below these points so much, in tenths of a degree. This certificate is then the measure of the commercial value of the glass. It enhances the price, and gives the purchaser a positive assurance of its value and a guide to the habits of that particular instrument. It sometimes happens, for reasons beyond the control of the maker, that a glass may exhibit such variations that it is valueless, and in that case no certificate is given, and if offered for sale without the certificate it is either a fraud or a cheap and useless tool. If the physician buys it, he does so at his own, or rather his patient's, risk. Certainly no physician, oil-tester, furnace-man, navigator, or manufacturer using thermometers has any longer an excuse in buying poor tools. If the dealer cannot give a certificate, the glass is not worth buying, and if it has a certificate its value is guaranteed, and its known variations may properly enter into the calculations based on its use. Although the Bureau has been in operation but a short time, it has already done a good work in raising the standard of workmanship in such glasses. Some makers who have submitted their glasses to the Bureau already show better ratings for their work, and have decidedly advanced the commercial value of their goods.

The horological branch of the Bureau is devoted to the examination and rating of clocks, watches, and chronometers. The aim is to compare them with clocks of standard excellence, and to observe and record their variations under the influence of changes in temperature, barometric pressure, and position. The greater part of this work is performed upon watches, and in examining the methods of testing them a clear idea of the whole system may be obtained. In rating watches, the first requisite is some method of obtaining standard time. The ordinary watch-seller depends upon some large clock, and, if he is near an observatory, corrects his clock by the beat of the pendulum of the observatory clock, sent to him by wire. In the Bureau, the Horological Department is part of a first-class astronomical observatory. Three standard clocks of the best American make are placed in the lower story of a brick building and inclosed in an airtight closet with thick walls, for the purpose of

keeping them in a constant temperature at all times. Near by, and in a separate building, is a high-class transit instrument, for comparing the clocks, as often as the weather permits, with actual sidereal time. In making these comparisons, no dependence upon the eye or ear is allowed, nor is it possible in this case, as the clocks and the transit observer are in separate buildings, but all the comparisons are made by means of a chronograph. This apparatus records by means of a stylographic pen, making a trace upon a revolving cylinder driven by clock-work and controlled by delicate machinery. The swing of the pendulum of the standard clock makes and breaks an electrical current that causes the pen to move aside, and, as a result, the trace of the pen is broken or dented with each swing of the pendulum. The observer at the transit instrument holds in his hand a circuit-closer in electrical connection with the chronograph, and, on observing the passage of a star across the field of his glass, closes the circuit, and the pen makes a dent in its trace. It is easy then to compare the dents on the trace marked by the pendulum and those that record the transit of the star, and the difference between these dents records the difference, in tenths of a second, between the clock and the star.

At some distance from the observatory, in the office of a safe deposit company, is a second chronograph, also recording the beats of the standard clock. In the vaults of the company is a set of drawers, designed to be closed air-tight and securely locked, for containing the watches to be examined. Under the drawers is a refrigerator, with the proper water-tight tanks for holding the watches while undergoing the cold test. Next to it is an oven for the hot test. This oven is heated by hot water pipes (heated by gas), and is properly supplied with chemicals for obtaining a perfectly dry air. On the arrival of a watch for testing, it is at once removed, numbered, entered by its maker's name and number in the books, and placed, with the dial uppermost, in a compartment in one of the drawers. If it has run down, it is wound up; but in this case the tests do not begin until it has been running five days. The temperature in the drawers is maintained between 65° and 75° Fahr. at all times, and the watch is never touched except by the observer in charge. At a fixed hour every day the watch is tested. This consists in observing when its second hand passes a fixed point of the day and minute. The observer holds a circuit-closer, connected by wire with the chronograph, in his hand, and at the right instant closes the circuit, and a dent is made on the chronographic trace. A comparison of the mark with those made by the beats of the standard clock shows in tenths of a second the gain or loss exhibited by the watch in the past twenty-four hours. These tests are made on twelve successive days, and the differences are recorded. If the gain or loss exceeds ten seconds in a day, the tests go no further, as the watch is not worthy of examination, and no certificate of its rating can be given. The owner of the watch can, however, have a letter stating the amount of the loss or gain, but this is not regarded

as a certificate in any sense. At the end of the twelve days, the watch is kept for one day in the refrigerator at about 40° Fahr., and then one day in the oven at a temperature of about 90° Fahr. It then returns to the ordinary temperature, and is kept for fourteen days with the dial vertical (hanging) and with the pendant up, two days with the pendant to the right, and two days with the pendant to the left. It then rests two days with the dial down, and then eight days with the face up. Each day it is tested and recorded on the chronograph, and its rating recorded. Proper limits of variations are placed at each change in position or temperature, and if the watch passes all the tests it may be rated in the first class. A certificate showing the mean of its variations, and signed and sealed by the Bureau, is given with it to the maker, and this becomes the measure of its commercial value. The purchaser, as in the case of the thermometer, has a right to demand the certificate, both as a guarantee of its value and a record of its rate of variation. Cheaper watches, in being rated, may go through fewer changes of temperature or position and examinations, and are rated in lower classes, and receive certificates to that effect. Watches that do not obtain certificates are not necessarily valueless. The letter stating their rate of variation gives the truth about them, and while not the highest-class watches, they may be very good, and sell accordingly. Clocks and chronometers are examined in essentially the same way, except that in the case of clocks, their variations under changes in barometric pressure also enter into the tests. While only a few of the leading makers of watches and thermometers have availed themselves of the advantages of the Bureau, and while it has only been in operation for a short time, public interest has been awakened in the subject, and the Bureau, it would seem, has a wide and useful field before it. The system of buying watches and glasses by certificate is entirely new in this country, but it has been found to work well in Europe, and it cannot fail to be of great benefit, both to trade and science. The Bureau is under the control of Winchester Observatory, of Yale College, and is protected by every possible precaution to secure accuracy of observation and truthfulness in the reports.

American Progress in the Manufacture of Stained Glass.

THE use of colored or stained glass in windows, and so disposed as to represent figures or pictures, is a very old art, and in its history it appears to have passed through two stages. At first, it was arranged in geometrical forms or simple pictures, depending upon the form of the cut pieces of glass for the outlines, and upon its varying thickness for shades of color. Afterward, glass was painted to heighten the effect of the picture, and this style of work has continued to the present day. While stained glass windows are still made without the use of paint, they are not common, except in the representation of mere conventional figures, or in windows where only simple masses of color are used, without regard

to any special design. Believing that the ancient art of making pictures in stained glass, both with and without the use of paint, might be greatly improved, two of our American artists, Mr. John La Farge and Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, have turned their attention to this art, and have not only produced new effects in this field of art work, but have virtually introduced a new industry of the most promising and interesting character. The art work does not come under this Department, but the mechanical methods by which it is secured may properly be considered as part of the advanced work of the world. In this work the aim has been hitherto to suppress as much as possible the "leading," or sash used to hold the glass. It was formerly used only in the outlines of the design or picture, and was ignored wherever possible, painting in part taking its place in defining the picture. In the new system, the leads are treated as parts of the picture. For instance, in a piece of foliage the lead represents the twigs and stems, and is made thick and rough to indicate the wood, or in representing drapery it follows the seams of the fabric, and is gilded. This roughening and gilding produces a new effect not before obtained in stained glass. Seen at night, with a light inside the window, stained glass is usually a confused mass of lines, representing nothing. In the new method, the leads actually represent the outlines of the picture, while the gilding heightens the effect, and the window has an increased decorative value. Besides this, the lead is made of varying thickness, to give character to the lines of the picture, a shaded or softened line being secured by making the lead much wider on the outside of the window, thus overlapping the glass and casting a shadow dimly seen through the window. The lead is also made in very delicate lines, and treated as part of the design, whether supporting the glass or not. The use of glass of varying thickness is not new, but in the new method of work this is carried out in a manner that is entirely novel, and gives effects never before attained. The hot glass, while at a red heat, is rolled with corrugated rollers, punched and pressed by various roughened tools, or is squeezed and pressed up into corrugations by lateral pressure, or is stamped by dies. The "bull's-eyes" produced in making sheet glass, by whirling it round on a rod while still soft, are also cut into various shapes, or, while still soft, are gently pressed into new shapes. These blocks or tiles and sheets of colored glass may then be used to represent natural objects, as flowers, clouds, rays of light, the folds of hanging drapery, fringes, or even parts of landscapes, as the sea, or a hill, or the forms of fruit, by simply using the lines formed by the corrugations, or the raised ribs or uneven surfaces, to represent the lines of the object, whatever it may be. To illustrate, we may take a simple white lily. The stem is formed by the lead, the flower is a piece of thick white (porcelain) glass, stamped to represent the petals of the

flower in relief. The thick parts are dark, the thinner portions are light, and in its place in the window, with light from the outside, it looks like a lily painted with more than common skill. In fact, it would be impossible to paint on glass any such delicate gradations of color as are here obtained. Fruit is represented by a mass of glass of varying thickness, and thus it is shaded in a manner that could not be obtained by painting. Added to this, is the further effect gained by the specular reflection from the raised surface of the glass, which, in the night, when the window is lighted from within, gives the outline of the fruit or flower; moreover, if there is in the room a cross-light from another window the raised surface reflects it, and gives the fruit or flower still another touch of light. While this method of treating glass is not new, it may be fairly claimed that an old idea has been carried far beyond anything hitherto attempted, and that here is practically a new art. Next to this comes a development of the familiar process of etching "flashed glass" with acids, but in place of merely eating away one of the colored surfaces in the form of letters, the acid is, as it were, painted on, and the work becomes picturesque. To obtain still other effect, flashed glass is etched on the colored side so as entirely to remove the color. Stained glass of another color is then placed behind it, to give new combinations of color or shade. Several sheets of glass, more or less etched or corrugated, are placed one over the other to give other combinations of tints. Next to this comes a revival and modification of the old Venetian method of imbedding bits of colored glass in sheets of clear glass. This is done by scattering filaments and irregular bits of colored glass on the table on which plate glass is made, and then pouring the hot glass (either white or colored) over the table, and rolling it down in the usual manner to press the colored threads or pieces into the sheet. New styles of opalescent glass, new methods of mixing colors in the glass-house, have also been tried, and with many surprising and beautiful results. Lastly, comes one of the most original features of all, and this is the use of solid masses and lumps of glass, pressed while hot into molds, giving a great number of facets like a cut stone, or by taking blocks of glass and roughly chipping them into numerous small faces. These, when set in the window, have all the effects of the most brilliant gems, changing their shade of color with every changing angle of vision. Both Mr. Tiffany and Mr. La Farge have made stained-glass windows by these methods with great success; each has invented certain of the novel processes described above, and, aside from considerations of art, the glass-making interest cannot fail to be greatly benefited by their labors. It should be said, however, that while Mr. La Farge was, we believe, first in the field of experiment, some of these methods, invented by Mr. Tiffany, have hitherto been used only by him.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Captain Dick.

UPON the shores of lofty Lake Tahoe,
Or, rather, in the little hidden bay
Called Emerald, there lived, some years ago,
The sailor, Captain Dick, whose beard was gray
And grizzled with much washing in the ocean's
salty spray.

Long years he sailed upon the stormy sea,
And saw his comrades perish, one by one,
And go to feed the sharks. At last, thought he,
"I'll leave the ocean ere my days are done,
And have some Christian ceremony when my race
is run."

Upon the bosom of this quiet bay
He found a little isle of solid rock.
"Here," thought he, "is the place for me to lay
My shivered timbers down, safe from the shock
Of tempests, and of tourists who at sepulchers do
mock."

Long time he worked there, long and patiently,
With hammer, chisel, crow-bar, sledge, and
drill,
And digged himself a grave, six feet by three,
And then pulled over home, took out his will,
And told the world about it in the final codicil.

Above his sepulcher he built a roof,
And nailed a cross upon it for a charm;
Then fancied that his final home was proof
Against the rain, the devil, and all harm;
A very comfortable bunk, and very snug and
warm.

His house was now in order, and he found
It rather lonesome here, with naught to do
But trim his little yacht and cruise around
The island where his grave was in full view;
Which recreation made him feel at times a trifle blue.

So often, on fine days, he would repair
To Rowland's custom-house across the lake
(A gin-mill is a "custom-house" out there),
And there the captain would spin yarns and
slake
His thirst with whatsoever drink the boys asked
him to take.

Sometimes he took too much, at least he did
On the momentous day which we deplore.
Twas calculated that he soaked his quid
Some twelve or fourteen times, and then, before
He sailed for home, he filled his jug with half a
gallon more.

Oh, fearful are the storms on Lake Tahoe,
And often take the sailor unawares—
And when the tempest once begins to blow,
He has but little time to say his prayers;
Nor always makes the best of this, but reefs
his sail and swears.

Next day they found the sail-boat upside down,
An oar or two were floating there close by.
The only other relic was a brown

Half-gallon jug, a-bobbing high and dry;
Half-empty now, but it had been full of perni-
cious rye.

But Captain Dick, they found him nevermore;
To look for him was hardly worth the while.
When Lake Tahoe's deep water closes o'er
A man, he sinks a quarter of a mile
Before he stops, as has been proved quite fre-
quently by trial.

So, reader, if of this you have a doubt,
Just take a pilgrimage to Emerald Bay,
In whose green nook there stands, with latch-string
out,
The summer cottage of Ben Holladay,
Where Sailor Jack will welcome you if Ben should
be away.

There you will hear the burden of this rhyme,
And see the captain's picture on the wall,
And see the ship he carved in idle time,
And see the oars they picked up from the squall,
And see the empty grave, which is the surest
proof of all.

The Dead Moon.

The moon is in a state of decrepitude, a dead world.—*Proctor's Lectures.*

THE moon is dead—defunct—played out—
So says a very learned doctor;
She looketh well, beyond a doubt;
Perhaps she's in a trance, dear Proctor.

At any rate, she's most entrancing
For one of such decrepit age;
And on her radiant beauties glancing,
She charms the eyes of youth and sage.

And so the man upon her 's perished!—
He lived in doleful isolation;
Poor wretch! No wife his bosom cherished,
No children squalled his consolation.

Yet she's adored by all the gypsies,
Whose lovers sigh beneath her beams;
She aids the steps of staggering tipsies,
And silvers o'er romantic streams.

And once she caught Endymion sleeping,
And stooped to kiss him in a grove,
Upon him very slyly creeping;
He was her first and early love.

But that's a very ancient story,
And was a youthful indiscretion,
When she was in her primal glory,
Ere scandal-schools had held a session.

Dear, darling moon! I doat upon her,
I watch her nightly in the sky;
But oh! upon my word of honor,
I'd rather she were dead than I.

Ingram's "Life of Poe."*

AN Englishman, Ingram, has written Poe's life;
We recall, as we slowly toil through it,
How keenly Poe wielded the critical knife,
And we wish he were here to review it.

* Life and Opinions of Edgar Allan Poe, by John H. Ingram. London: H. H. Hogg. New York: Cassell. 2 vols.

The Universal Language.

CHRISTIAN or Hebrew, Turk or Greek—
Babies the self-same language speak.
In every clime their tongue holds sway,
From Rio unto far Cathay.

Responsive, with their earliest breath,
To love that never suffers death,
Their first affection, near and far,
Finds sweet expression in "Ma-ma." *

On Ganges' banks, the young Hindoo
Crows cheerily the same "Goo-goo" †
That babes of English birth employ
To manifest ecstatic joy.

When Afric's sable scion ails,
He utters forth such plaintive wails
As Oriental babies use—
The while his dusky thumb he chews.

In anger, grief, or stern command
Alike they speak in every land;
While all with the one cry delight
To rouse their parents in the night.

Their language, innocent and sweet,
Admits nor lying, nor deceit,
Nor scandal; yet the virtuous young
Find full expression in this tongue.



Terpsichore in the Flat Creek Quarters.

LISTEN when I call de figgers! Watch de music es you go!
Chassay forrad! (Now look at 'em! some too fas' an' some too slow!)
Step out when I gibs de order; keep up eben wid de line;
What's got in dem lazy niggers? Stop dat stringin' out behin'!
All go forrad to de center! Balance roun' an' den go back!
Keep on in de proper 'rection, right straight up an' down de crack!
Moobe up sides an' mind de music; listen when you hear me speak!
(Jes' look at dem Pea Ridge niggers, how dey's buckin' 'gin de Creek!)
Dat's de proper action, Sambo! den you done de biznis right!
Now show 'em how you knocked de splinters at de shuckin' tudder night;
Try to do your lebel bel's, an' stomp it like you use to do!
Jes' come down on de "Flat Creek step" an show de Ridge a thing or two!
Now look at dat limber Jonah tryin' to tech de fancy fling!
(Who ebber seed a yaller nigger dat could cut de pidgin-wing?)
Try dat lick agin, dar, Moses; tell you what, dat's hard to beat!
(How kin sich a little nigger handle sich a pile o' feet?)
Swing your corners! Turn your pardners! ('Pears de motion's gittin' slow.
What's de matter wid de music? Put some ros gum on dat bow!
Moobe up, Tom—don't be so sleepy! Let 'em see what you kin do!
Light off in de "gra'-vine-twis" an' knock de "double-shuffle," too!
Gosh! that double-j'nted Steben flings a hifalutin' hoof!
He kicks de dus' plum out de planks an' jars de shingles on de roof!
Steady, now, an' check de motion! Let the fiddler stop de chune!
I smell de 'possum froo de crack, an' supper's gwine to call you soon!
De white folks come it mighty handy, waltzin' roun' so nice an' fine;
But when you come to reg'lar dancin', niggers leabes 'em way behin'!

* A well-authenticated fact.

† Discussed with much ability by the Am. Philological Society, 1879.